

THE DARK BLUE.

OCTOBER 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FUNERAL PILE.



HERE is a great funeral pile ever and ever burning in the world—a funeral pile that is never lessened, never extinguished, never exhausted: it is the vast moral pile of our desires, our passions, our inexhaustible sufferings, our wasted joys, our missed aims, our spent lives, and our utter despair. Heap up that pile, grim Death, let it not diminish! Now and then it smoulders—the flames become a little less—some peaceful period passes over the earth's surface—but again it bursts out in all its fury; new victims have been brought, and the red-tongued flames of the everlasting pile of human sacrifice paint in grotesque characters grand Dante's ominous warning:

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.

Dante was mistaken: hope had long gone, had disappeared before, because hope is human joy, and joy is lost when we come to that pile;

we are already hopeless when our burden is thrown there and when all our better part is engulfed in that terrible charnel-house of mankind's noblest and weakest desires—of Lucifer's image, who reached for 'heaven' and sank to 'hell.'

And on that fearful pile had been heaped the poor French girl's suicidal end, Frau von Zollwitz's wasted life, and the shabby man's mad despair. There it burns ever and ever taking in its food, ever and ever showing the grinning fantasie of '*lost life*'—*life without fulfilment of purpose*. Oh, black and scorching monument of human weakness, must you ever have opposite to you that bright hill of sweet life, and joyous loves and dainty sympathy and flowery paths? There they stand, the lurid blackened mountain and the green hill; and *must* it ever be that while one part of mankind blooms the other *must* wither?

Professor Holmann and Mary got home and crept to bed, thankful that the Major had retired early. Their exhausted frames sank to rest for a few hours and then awoke again to life and mental suffering—to life and the consciousness that a dear lovely friend and a gentle mother had lived seventeen years in a strange land, in the odour of ill repute—ill repute undeserved—the victim of foul aspersion and of one '*Judas kiss*' *that would be paid!*

Holmann tossed on his bed: what could it mean? His ideas could take no defined shape or form. How in the world had Mathilda Zollwitz come to England alone? how had she lived so isolated? how had it been possible for her to disappear so utterly that no one had found her? Before his imagination rose up that sinister night in Berlin, when her husband had been told that his wife had been kissed by her lover in the shade of the young spring foliage, when that husband had damned her unjudged and spurned her from him as guilty, and when she had disappeared, as was supposed with her lover, to return no more!

Before Holmann arose also the scene when Mathilda Zollwitz's husband was found with a bullet shot through his head—to expiate his disgrace—and when Major Zollwitz swore that big oath of vengeance upon his brother's body, which Holmann ever dreaded would be carried out, regardless of the children's welfare. Holmann heaved a deep sigh and looked up—Major Zollwitz stood before him ready to go out!

'For God's sake, what do you mean, Major? You are surely not going out this time of the morning? Why it can scarcely be five o'clock.'

'Where is Christian? Why was he not at home last night to wait upon me?' asked the Major sternly.

'Where? I suppose at his lodgings.'

'You suppose a thing, Professor, of a man, that is impossible; Christian never fails in duty. I will tell you what it is, there is some mystery going on around me. I am not to know something or other, because you are afraid of me; because all of you are temporising with the world and its likes and dislikes, and you fear I shall spoil

your pretty silken webs. So help me God, as there is straight justice up there in heaven, so will I mete out straight justice down here; our family has always lived straight unblemished lives, serving our God, king, and country, and disdaining the meaner worship of the world. I'll carry out this motto, and again I say I'll find out this mystery, and, so help me God, I'll crush it!

'Major, Major,' called out Holmann in agony, 'have you no respect for an old friend's words, none for one who has proved his attachment to you?'

'None,' answered the Major, eyeing him askance; 'you are a philosopher and time-server—you are all alike. I do not trust you with your quibbles and questions. I'll take my sword and cut the knot.'

'Then you'll cut something else—the children's lives.'

'No, I won't; you don't know us stern military men. Leave me alone—I'll find the right one—I'm on the scent.'

Holmann jumped up. 'Major, I *must* know what you mean to do'—he seized the Major by both arms. 'Major, dear Major, I'll tell you what I know, if it breaks my heart; but you must be patient and wait.'

The Major was subdued; some great stories of human distress cannot be told aloud; they are told in whispers, for fear the words would wake the shadows they are to paint; so the Professor began his tale in whispers, for fear the walls would listen to that deep voice of distress.

'Major, Christian found a lone miserable woman in a London street, a woman who had once been your sister-in-law, a woman whom to know it was sweet, who enchanted all that came near her, who was the beauty and pride of Berlin society—such a woman as nature gives but few. That woman I saw yesterday in her death-struggle; I closed her eyes, and then I learned that that woman had remained virtuous, true to her lawful husband, and had lived, reviled and despised of men, for seventeen years, and died an angel of goodness.'

The recital made a different impression on the Major than the Professor had expected. He sprang up.

'And who's the criminal?'

'I do not know yet.'

'Then I do. Good morning, Professor. I have nothing to do with the dead—let the dead bury the dead. I'll try this on the living!' And he pointed to his sword, being already in full dress.

The Major left, and the Professor could do nothing better than dress as quickly as possible. When he, after some ten minutes, rushed into the Major's room, the Major was writing quietly.

'Don't frighten yourself, Holmann. It was a short story you told me, it shall have a short end.'

Holmann thought it best to let the Zollwitz spirit have its own way, but to watch it; he said nothing, and quietly withdrew to his room.

Breakfast was early, at eight o'clock; Mary appeared, looking like a ghost, her uncle was taciturn but not ungracious, Holmann wearied beyond measure.

The day had begun, but the day had not ended. How many of the world's wise saws are true? The saw says: 'Dies vulnerat, dies sanat.' Does it do so always? The day does not always cure at its close what it has done amiss at dawn; nor can one day often redress the evil another has wrought.

Breakfast was over. Major Zollwitz had not again asked for Christian, and had resumed his writing, Professor Holmann prepared for the heavy duties of the day, and Mary sat with hands folded, the constant tears in her eyes. It must be done, that work in the Chelsea street, thought Holmann, and Mary must be left to guard the Major. The Professor beckoned her from the room.

'Mary,' he said, 'I must go *there*. I leave you *here*. Whatever you do, watch the Major closely; he must not go out alone. I shall arrange all I have to do to-day, and trust we shall in a few more days be on our way home, sending *her* on before us with Christian.'

'Then you will not leave my poor mother in foreign earth?'

'No, no; her place is at home in Castle Freiberg, near her husband.'

Mary sat down by her uncle with some work, and Holmann went.

Half an hour later he stood in that miserable room, where Christian had watched all night, the little girl cowering at the foot of the bed. The little one's eyes were wild—the insidious curse of madness was working in her brain—she was fast losing her firm place on earth, and would sink down on that same blackened scorching pile. The father had been an unfortunate speculator, had died through drunkenness; the mother, weak of intellect, had also died in Bedlam asylum raving mad—the little one had been given by a fine callous aunt to Mathilda Zollwitz, who had begged her on leaving the place *cured*. Ah, there are stories hidden in those madhouses of London—stories whose moral images would even haunt Dante's 'Inferno.'

Shall I be tempted to tell some? Even in my experience there are half a dozen such wild actual stories floating in my recollection. No—let the dead bury the dead—that charnel heap will have them all! But do not believe that a romance writer can overdraw—he never *can*—none of us, of the most unrestrained imagination, however unartistically they *may* paint, can ever *overpaint* the real horrors of mistaken 'lost life.'

And Holmann stood there opposite the corpse, hidden under its thick white shroud; and Holmann looked at that form humbly. *His* philosophy was not a sham bit of learning from the books of those ancients whose lives had been so real and earnest; *his* philosophy took a higher flight, it went up into the actual: if it could, it would have risen up, up, up to do but one thing, to bring down from those spheres of thought but some drops of that Lethe of 'sweet, divine humanity, that might smooth the hard couch and soften the dry crust and warm

the naked limb; but above all might pour one drop of Divine healcraft upon that most excruciating pain, that intensest misery, a suffering soul.'

He stood with folded arms thinking of those seventeen years, measuring them in their depth, measuring the misery of each day, of each hour, realising with every pulse of his heart that consecutive building up of the funeral pile. 'I cannot bear to think of it,' he exclaimed at last.

The little one was roused. She stared up at him:

'Won't she sing any more?'

'No, my dear, you shall come with me.'

'Oh no,' she laughed cunningly, 'thank you. Who are you? I do not know you. I shall go with her, even if you put her in the black hole down there, where I have seen so many put. She used to take me to that place sometimes, and she used to sing there on the graves. I'll find her there again, for she promised never to forget me, and she said, "Mad people never forget." Oh, she was an angel!'

Christian sat by the bed more upright than ever, and now and then might be heard single snatches of his favourite hymn.

'Christian, have you the papers?'

'Beg to report here they are. Beg to report, Professor, will she be left here?'

'No, *you* will take her home to Freiberg. I have no time to read these papers now; within a few hours I must order the coffin, get the doctor's certificate, go to the Consulate for assistance to send you over, and quickly return to the Major. Christian, I fear him, but I *cannot* leave *her* alone here with these people.'

'No, no, beg to report, Professor, I *would* not leave her. The little girl will eat nothing. What am I to do with her?'

'Nothing can possibly be done, her eyes tell me she is doomed. To separate her from the corpse would drive her brain into madness, to leave her here will be to let her pine away. Let her pine, there will be one more—she will die young; I am sure there is no help.' He caressed the soft hair of the little one; she shook off his hand. 'Who are you? I do not know you,' she said. 'She will sing no more, but she will wait for me.'

Holmann took a last survey of that desolate room; he secreted the papers about him, and tried to find some other token of former years. There was none: the miniature Mathilda Zollwitz had retained in her death struggle, and it had to be left her, so tightly had she grasped it. The rest, the few clothes, were given to the woman, who was asked kindly to nurse and watch the child, and she should be well rewarded.

'Ah, poor dear,' said the woman, 'in winter and summer them two went out, always to be singing in some outlandish spot; them two'll go up yonder together, I knows it. She was crazy, and the young un

is the same. Hark, sir; do you hear *that*? They have found him, her follower—here they come with the stretcher. The Lord save and preserve us, it's awful, such doings! I cannot abear looking at him, for I did sometimes holler sharp like at him. What's come to the world? it's all gone stark staring crazy?

She covered her head with her apron and ran into the shop parlour, and Holmann stepped out; could *he* do anything more here? They would bury that husk—gone to heap up the funeral pile—he could do no more. He went to plunge into business and life and dealing with sharp intellects and quick wits. Why, once out in Sloane Street in his cab, it seemed all a dream, that Chelsea Street. Surely that heap of human misery was all a mistake. He put his hand to his head: 'Ah, and what will follow? I know we are not at the end—I feel it. Cabman, for Heaven's sake be quick, I'm in a hurry—I'll pay doubly, trebly. Be quick, quick!'

Cabby stared: 'All right, sir. Got a screw loose—always is, when gents goes to such harum-scarum places.'

CHAPTER XXX.

VENGEANCE.

It was an ugly, hot, sultry day, that day of Holmann's visit to Chelsea. The sun shone not, it glared. Certes, that beneficent, softening, modifying mixture of gases called our atmospheric air was in a negative condition, since it allowed the solar rays to shoot down in fierce wantonness upon the earth and its peopling myriads.

Mary Zollwitz had sat by her uncle's side for some hours. The glare without meeting the hopeless sombreness within had benumbed her; she became absent, drowsy; nature had been exhausted and wanted rest. Mary's head fell back on the corner of the couch, her rich curls also fell back, and Mary was thrown into one of those heavy slumbers that last for hours, leaving the sleeper unconscious of all that was going on around her.

The Major took up the letters he had written, looked softly at Mary, went up to her, gently kissed her on her cheek, and left the room. He went to his own room and rang the bell. The bell was answered by the Swiss waiter, who could speak German.

'Jean, can I trust you?'

'Yes, sir. I think I know how to be discreet.'

'I want you to go out with me—go and ask leave—here are two sovereigns for yourself. Give those letters to Professor Holmann to-morrow morning—not before mind, Jean, *not before*. Call a cab.'

Major Zollwitz, in full uniform, the slight wound in his arm scarcely

healed, put a soldier's spacious cloak round him and stepped into the cab with Jean; he insisted that the waiter should go with him.

'Tell the coachman to drive to the next gunsmith's,' said the Major.

Into St. James's Street they drove, the Major and Jean entered a gunsmith's, and the Major selected two first-class revolvers and all necessities. He did not load them. He looked at his watch: it was four o'clock in the afternoon.

'You can go back now, Jean,' he said. 'I have written to my friend Professor Holmann where I shall be to-morrow; but mind the letters are not handed to him till the morning. Will you carry out my wishes?'

Jean looked at the two sovereigns, and said, 'I will.'

The waiter left, and the Major said 'Knightsbridge' as well as he could. Off went the cab, rattling down Piccadilly among hundreds of other vehicles, small and great.

The Major showed the cabman an address, 'Crofton House,' and in a few minutes his cab stopped before it. During that time the revolvers had been loaded.

'Count d'Alvensleben?' the Major asked.

'Yes, sir.' And the foreign-looking officer, whom the servant did not recognise, was at once ushered into the study.

D'Alvensleben was writing—he looked up and saw Major Zollwitz; his eyes remained fixed on the Major's countenance, and slowly, slowly a cold creeping sensation came over the Count. He knew that the punishment for an evil deed was coming, coming surely.

'I don't speak much to such as you. Come and dress—the cab is waiting. We cannot do it here in England, nor there in Germany. I'll take you to France.'

'What do you mean, Major von Zollwitz?'

'Nothing. I lose no words—you know—come.'

'I will not.'

'Then we'll do it in your wife's house.'

'I shall call the servants and the police.'

'Do, and you will welter in your blood.'

'But why do you attack *me* now?'

'Why, *she* died last night in a wretched London street—you know *why*; my brother died seventeen years ago by his own hand—you know *why*; you killed them both and you shall die by *my* hand.'

'How did *I* kill them?'

'By foul dirty work *I* know, so do you. No more words. Come, or I'll blow your brains out here.'

Visions of the uproar and talk of such an affair came across D'Alvensleben's mind—he would trust to good fortune for an escape, and would go.

Both men stepped into the cab; the cabman was told 'Piccadilly'—

when arrived there, 'London Bridge.' At London Bridge these two entered the train to Dover and arrived there in the evening.

The Major took D'Alvensleben's arm, having put the revolvers in his capacious pocket, and keeping his hand on them. Never for an instant had there been a chance of escape. D'Alvensleben counted on the boat. They went on deck—the evening was dark—the spray flew up in surging, hissing foam, and, aimless, tumbled back again. Not aimless sat that determined man on deck, the Count's arm in his as in a vice. So the Major held him, now and then throwing a side look over him. They sat—

While *Vengeance* in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm exposed and bare,
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait.
Who, *Fear*, this ghastly train can see
And look not madly wild like thee?

On those two men sitting there in the dusk of the lowering night on the deck of the steamer waited that ravening brood of fate, and ghastly did D'Alvensleben's face turn ever and anon upon that avenger next him.

They neared Calais. D'Alvensleben became hot and nervous. With a creaking grunt the boat stopped—they disembarked.

'Come outside the town.'

'Wait till the morning.'

'Not a minute.'

On the beach they could have been seen; D'Alvensleben shook: his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth, his hand trembled, his bad craven heart sickened.

'Stand there—here is the revolver—take it—fire as I do—while I hold you. Fire, or I shoot you down first and then myself. I'll let you die like a gentleman, you cur, if you have the courage.'

The Major roughly pulled his arm—crack! off went the revolver. At the same moment the Major had pulled *his* trigger; both men lay bathed in blood. Both were shot in the head.

This is no overpainting—such a duel really did take place.

A telegram flashed across from Dover to Calais: 'Arrest two gentlemen—come by to-night's steamer from Dover—one in uniform, the other in plain clothes.'

The Calais police were on the alert; but the steamer had discharged its passengers. As the sergent-de-ville and his superior were standing at the landing-place they heard a report of pistols—they rushed to the place on the beach where it came from, groping along in the darkness—too late, they found the two ghastly men in the death struggle.

Back flashed the telegram: 'Too late—found both gentlemen dead on beach—shot with revolvers. Send instructions.'

Professor Holmann and one of the principal London detectives were in the telegraph-office when this arrived. Holmann read it, screamed convulsively, 'Good God! all is over—my poor, poor Major!' reeled and fell. Every care was used, and when he reopened his eyes, kindly English faces were bending over him. All the man's energy returned.

'Quick, quick! let us save what we can. Come with me quick.' He addressed the detective.

'Please, sir, give those Frenchmen instructions first.'

Again flashed telegram: 'Keep quiet—some one will be over in the morning.'

Holmann directed the chief to send a trusty officer at once to Dover and thence by early boat to Calais, to keep matters quiet till they could both follow. 'I *must* first attend to the living innocent victims of this misery,' said he.

Mary had slept. Holmann had returned towards evening from Chelsea and found her sleeping still. At once he asked for the Major. Jean told him the Major had taken him in a cab to St. James's Street, had there bought two revolvers, sent him home, and driven away.

'Where to?'

'I do not know, sir.'

Holmann rushed to Lord Wharnton's. His Lordship had been in the country for two days. With a worse foreboding he drove to Knightsbridge. Count d'Alvensleben had driven out with a foreign officer, and had not returned to dinner.

'In a cab?'

'Yes, sir.'

Where to find that cab? Returning to the hotel, the Professor said:

'Jean, tell me, where did you fetch that cab?'

'From the stand in Piccadilly.'

'Go there with me and enquire.'

They both went; by this time it was late. Cab had not returned to stand; would send him to the hotel if he did.

Holmann drove to Scotland Yard—saw the chief—took a detective home with him. Mary was alarmed. Where was her uncle? What did the Professor think of it all?

'Cannot think, my sweet darling; can but be patient and act. Remember your dear, dear brother, Mary; don't waste *his* life—there has been waste enough.'

Mary overcame her anxiety and nervousness, and sat still. The hotel people became excited and anxious; they knew the detective—had him there before. What could it be? The money was safe; they paid like princes; it must be something else. Hoped there would be no disgrace to the house; respectable, very respectable name, nothing had ever happened there.

'Don't be foolish, Mr. Miller,' said the detective; 'got you out of a worse mess than this, with that Italian Countess and the American swell. Come, these people are first-class; let them manage their trouble and you keep quiet.'

A cab drove up to the hotel.

'Gentleman want me?'

'Yes,' answered the detective. 'You drove the officer to Knightsbridge?'

'All right, sir.'

'And took two gentlemen to——'

'To London Bridge—all right, sir—gent paid like a brick; gave a sov.—would take no change. Threw down sovs. to railway clerk—'cause I saw it—I went arter him to give him change. Took great care of other gent—looked mighty bad, crestfallen like. Officer wouldn't let him stir from his side; railway clerk had to send messenger arter him with change; never saw such a thing. Think he had too much tin. Took through tickets to Calais: everyone stared at them.'

'All right, my man, leave us your name and number, and don't ply on any other stand till you see me.'

'Thought it best to come at once, 'cause gent left this in cab.'

The man handed a beautiful signet ring to the detective, with two crossed swords engraved on it—the most determined sign of old German vengeance.

The detective and Holmann drove to the chief Telegraph Office, in Telegraph Street.

To station-master, Dover: 'Have you seen two gentlemen, one in uniform, one in plain clothes, arrive by evening train?'

'Yes, left for Calais in boat.'

'Telegraph over to Calais, to arrest both.'

'Done.'

The result we know. Holmann had heard it was too late, had succumbed for the moment, and revived to save what he could.

They drove back to the hotel.

'Mary, my darling, your uncle has taken his revenge on D'Alvensleben, who is supposed to have caused all the misfortune in your family. Come, look up at me, my sweet treasure, look me straight in the face. Can a woman have courage to bear quietly, without fuss and repining?'

'I can, dear Professor.'

'Your uncle is no more; in a hand-to-hand duel those two lie dead at Calais. Will you help me? You know who lies dead there in Chelsea.'

Mary threw her arms round her friend. 'Dear, dear Professor, why does God punish us so?'

'Why, I cannot tell; perhaps *some* have to bear the burden of

human life doubly, that others may escape. Think of your brother. Let *him* go free.'

'I will.'

The detective entered. 'A messenger from Lady Julia Crofton. Count d'Alvensleben had not returned, had driven away with a foreign officer; she supposed it to be Major Zollwitz. Was the Count there at the hotel?'

Holmann gave answer that he would see Lady Crofton within half an hour.

Holmann and the detective drove to Crofton House. Lady Julia, a little flushed, received the Professor in her drawing-room, while the detective waited in the cab. She looked up.

'What is the matter, sir? you look despairing.'

'There is no despair when all is over.'

'What do you mean? Speak plainly, if you please; I hate enigmas, they are vulgar. Where is the Count, my husband?'

'Not in England.'

'Not in England? but he left this house but a few hours ago.'

'He lies dead on the beach at Calais, having been shot in a duel with Major Zollwitz.'

'Count d'Alvensleben?'

'Yes, Lady Crofton. Do you want to know why? I think not.'

'No, no, no. Can this be kept quiet?'

'I think it may be—I shall try hard.'

'I want to know nothing, hear nothing. It was despicable and mean to have deceived me so. I hate all noise, all rush, all newspaper flurry, I could not bear it. I married the Count, because he was the most discreet man I knew and handsome; he has behaved well, and now he cheats me at a blow. I shall go to-morrow to Italy—give up this house at once: I have faithful people around me, and my own fortune. I will touch nothing belonging to such a man. Here is my lawyer's address in Lincoln's Inn. Pray make any communication to him, or to the Count's family, but I forbid you, sir, to make any to *my* family: ours is an English nobleman's house, and we harbour no human vermin. Good evening, sir.'

Holmann said nothing; he bowed and withdrew—that woman would have *her* day, he felt.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RESULTS.

Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue sunk supine
Alike in naked helplessness recline.

NIGHT, black night, met Holmann as he went from Crofton House, sunk back in utter helplessness in his cab. Go to Chelsea he must, for the morrow had new sorrows for him, and Christian must have instructions. That drive was a death's drive, that halt before the shop in Chelsea a moral death-struggle: for the first time in his life courage left the Professor. 'Would I had never come!' he mentally ejaculated. And then the little crazy girl and the mad suicide rose before his vision—if *they* could cling to that poor dead friend, could he not, who had loved her from youth upward; whose soul she had enchained like that of others; who had been her brother's college friend, her devoted though hopeless admirer, and who had, with her image in his heart, remained unwedded all his life? To have closed her eyes in death, to have heard that unconscious question at death's door, 'Won't you sing any more, ma'am?' reminding him of that delicious voice, the kindest gift of nature, was such a strange mixture of sad consolation, that with a trembling hand Holmann wiped away a tear. And then his sadness took a wider range, as all things will with large imaginative minds, who may often fail in the *little* when they grasp the *great*. Over ages swept that philosophical spirit, ever seeking for causes, for combinations, and just deductions. He saw wise Socrates the Greek drain the hemlock chalice in his bare prison, and its numbing effects creep up from his feet to his heart, while friends stood weeping by; he saw the divine sufferer Christ on the Roman cross, and His mother mourning at its foot; he saw early Christians thrown to the wild beasts in the Roman Amphitheatre, and the populace shouting; he saw Huss burnt at Constance, and wild soldiers stir up the fire; he saw Savonarola strangled in the monastic cell, and Pope Alexander smile at the news; he saw Christopher Columbus in the coffin, his chains by his side, and Spanish grandees gloat over the new-found gold; he saw sweet Camoens die in the Lisbon hospital, his old servant beg bread in the streets for his master, and Portugal look on unconcerned; he saw noble Cranmer hold his hand in the burning pile, and fanatical Mary be satisfied at his condemnation; he saw philosophical Condorcet drink the hidden poison in the village prison of Clamar—all, all had but one meaning for him, the sacrifice *humanity* demands. 'Those and others we know of, because their deaths wrought great ends; but the thousands and millions we know not of,

that fall away the victims of social combinations—one more lies here'—for Holmann just stopped before the odds and ends shop—'another in Calais. Where shall it end? Can joy only leave its mark upon mankind to bring sorrow in its train?'

The woman had to be called up. Christian had improvised a couch on the floor by his poor mistress's side, and the little girl was still cowering by the bed in sleepless watchfulness.

What news for Christian? His master dead, lying in France shot, having punished that subtle, cunning serpent that had seventeen years ago stealthily planned Mathilda Zollwitz's social ruin, in order to get her into his serpent-fangs—devoured as he was with the unlawful desire of possessing her!

'Christian, I leave in the course of the coming day for Calais. The coffin will be here to-morrow night; have it all done properly, and then wait till you hear from me. The woman must be paid well to allow you to remain a few days longer. I have enquired, we can do nothing for that poor shabby man's body, but decent burial; that shall be done. The police are trying to find out his lodging; we may be able to trace his former whereabouts and name, for he was a German. Would to God that so many of our countrymen did not think gold could be picked up in London streets! Christian, I almost regret having come, and yet we closed *her* eyes; but that other tragedy—it is dreadful! I must endeavour to save the name. And poor dear Mary, she bears up wonderfully, but I am much afraid that her young life will be undermined.'

Holmann made Christian uncover *her* face, looked upon it for the last time, stroked the poor little wan cheek that was watching by its dead friend, and departed.

Christian could not even sing his hymn; the great trust was still there, but it could find no words; mutely it appealed from the old soldier's heart to that power above for support!

Holmann came back to Dover Street in the middle of the night. Jean was sitting up for him and gave him the letters the Major had entrusted to him. He had earned his money.

'Why did you not give me those before?'

'I was ordered not to.'

'What, when you knew the trouble the Major's absence caused us. Most likely you were paid for it. Strange ideas of trust there are!'

'I did my duty, as I promised.'

Holmann looked at Jean as a curious specimen.

Mary was there, in tears; she put her arm around her friend in dumb despair; he sat down for a few minutes by her.

Yearning they sat

Sadly.

Weeping they met

Lovingly.

Mourning the lost
Tremblingly.
Loving them most
Hopingly.

'Mary, I must write to the Damers; remember, we were to have seen them to-morrow.'

'Ah, yes. What will you say?'

'The truth to such noble-minded people, that tragic circumstances have occurred which will force us to remain but a few days longer here, and then leave for our home, and that these tragic circumstances include the Major's death.'

Mary's tears flowed.

'Mary, darling, you are my inheritance from your mother. Mary, Mary, I loved her first—I loved her early in the brightest part of my life—she trusted me as a brother, and drove the first pang into my heart by telling me of the love a prince had for her, asking my help. I saw her before your father did, and I have been faithful to that love ever. Mary, let me see you bear up, and live *her image*.'

Mary smiled incredulously, but satisfied the Professor by promising to go to rest.

The weary man took up the Major's letters and read.

He took up the first:

'Professor Holmann,—You have been dear to our family for years, you have shared our misfortune honourably. For one thousand years has our family maintained an unbroken thread of rectitude, and has now been covered with the black spots of crime. Thank God, *she* can rest in her husband's grave; take her there—promise me that. You know how our business matters stand, you know in whose hands they are, you know that great wealth will come to those children if all goes right. My will and all necessary papers are at Torgau. I enclose here a letter which I found among a bundle of old letters that I have always carried with me as the last writings of my beloved brother. When I began to suspect that some mystery was kept from me, and when you assured me that that Lord had nothing to do with Mathilda von Zollwitz's disappearance, then all my old suspicions revived. I had once before nearly completed the chain against D'Alvensleben—a few links were always wanting. They are complete. Evidently for his own purposes he destroyed my brother's confidence in his wife, that had been somewhat shaken by so many admirers surrounding her. I write composedly because I am determined. In this world you see me no more. Do you know what family honour means? Man, friend, almost brother, do you know what an ennobling thing it is to bear such a name as ours? Then know that to me that name is worth more than life. Not to debase that name before vulgar curiosity at Berlin, I buried it, myself, and the children in obscurity. Ha! it shall shine again bright and spotless, for I'll rub off the rusty spots with the blood of our

destroyer. When you read this D'Alvensleben and I will be no more ! God bless the children !'

'That is already fulfilled,' groaned the Professor.

He took up the enclosure.

'By God,' he exclaimed, 'this is D'Alvensleben's handwriting disguised. How could Herr von Zollwitz not have noticed it when he received it ?'

'Dear Friend,—This is the third time I write and send you warning ; your happiness has been undermined—your wife has listened to the overtures of guilty passion. Go and watch this evening in the covered walk to the right of the "Schlossgarten," during the *fête*—you will see something—and have to thank a friend for the kindly warning.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the Professor, 'and the Prince told me that he had been enticed, goaded on to that meeting. Lord Wharnton never appeared at that *fête*, and D'Alvensleben watched, watched that whole night near Zollwitz, driving him to despair by his innuendoes. Oh, I cannot pursue it further now, but I know at home I shall find the proofs of his entire guilt.'

In a third paper followed a number of instructions, referring to the property, to Hermann and Mary, and the steps that were to be taken to bury the Major in the vault at home.

Holmann's head sunk on his arm and rested on the table—so he remained : a couple of hours' troubled sleep nature demanded, and had it. Like a drunken drowsy man he stared at the glimmering morning light—surely the shadows came thicker than ever.

The detective came early with a telegram from Calais, that the police had taken the bodies and revolvers into their care and that all publicity had been avoided.

Uneasily Holmann walked up and down. How much was he to tell that detective ? He dreaded to compromise D'Alvensleben's name, as there were English connections. The solicitor's name occurred to him.

'Do you know this gentleman ?'

'First-rate firm. We have little to do with them, they are not in our line—Chancery lawyers—but Mr. Ross is a very clever man.'

Mary entered. 'How pale you are, Mary. Would you like to go to the Damers ?'

'No, no ; their bright healthful life would oppress me. Leave me here near you.'

A short consultation with the detective and a rendezvous for two o'clock. At eleven o'clock Professor Holmann stood in the outer office in Lincoln's Inn, and sent in his card with a remark in pencil 'Sent by Lady Julia Crofton—pressing.'

It was enough ; Mr. Ross received him at once.

Mr. Ross measured his man: a new genus—had not yet come under his cognizance—would wait the result.

'I scarcely know how and where to begin, sir; but it seems to me few words are necessary with a man of your experience. I have come here to tell you that Count d'Alvensleben, Lady Julia Crofton's husband, lies dead at Calais.'

'Good God! I saw him yesterday; gave instructions for a new will.'

'Which he won't make now. There was an old family feud in Germany; a Prussian officer came to this country, met the Count, called him to account, and they went to Calais to settle it; that was done, for both are dead. I am the representative of that officer's family.'

Mr. Ross looked very hard at the Professor, and then said slowly, very slowly:

'I—understand—don't say any more, sir—I see it pains you. I understand. I told Lady Julia to enquire.'

'You mistake, outward circumstances were most favourable—standing and means unexceptionable.'

'Then it was the inner man; that is just what I mean, my dear sir. Let us see, here among my letters is one from Lady Julia. Pardon me.' Mr. Ross opened the letter and read:

'Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that Count d'Alvensleben is dead. Please to make all necessary arrangements with a gentleman who will call on you. He must not be buried in English earth, nor must it be known to my family how he died. The man was not worth my hand—he deceived me. You said he would. I go to Italy, and shall have left when you receive my letter. Discharge the servants instantly; leave Jones in the house to pack up a few valuables I have mentioned in the list I enclose. Quietly and privately dispose of house and furniture. When new people are in it, I shall not be talked about. I shall draw on Drummond's bank as usual. I am going to Como in the first place. Do not trouble me with instructions; the Count's papers go to his family. Give none my address—I *will* not write to them. Do your best and place money to my account, and never by any chance mention that man again to me. In future I am, as I always have been,

'Yours truly and obediently,

'JULIA CROFTON.

'P.S.—Say he went suddenly abroad, was taken ill and died, and I left in consequence. No, say nothing; he is not worth it; let him pass away like chaff.'

'I read you the letter, as I can in this case have no secrets from you. What do you wish me to do, my dear sir? I see you are almost worn out.'

'I am. I shall go to-night to Calais with a detective, from there to

Paris, see our ambassador, make arrangements to keep the matter strictly *sub rosa*, and then return to London.'

'May I be allowed a remark? You scarcely appear to me used to such work. I have still to hear how the affair came off in Calais. Come now, take me with you. I might manage to be a day away; then I can hear the whole on the way. According to Lady Julia's instructions, Count d'Alvensleben's body is to be interred where his friends desire.'

'His family ought to be apprised of it.'

'Will you undertake that, sir?'

'Yes. How about his property?'

'It is curious he lately sold out his stock and invested it in Berlin; there you will have to find it. His share of the house property may go under Lady Julia's name and so avoid law difficulties that would bring up his name. But, my dear sir, I beg of you to go home and take some rest before we start.'

Holmann had to follow this advice—his head reeled with excitement.

Again three passengers went over to Calais: Mr. Ross, Holmann, and the detective; again the spray surged up and fell back again; but not again were the heavens lowering upon humanity. Holmann looked up into that starlit sky, his favourite constellation, vulgarly called 'Charles's wain,' stood right before him, and in the mutely-speaking language of those unknown bodies he found that softening and strengthening expression of sympathy which lifted him from earth's despairing round of ill to something pure and bright, though unknown. Could he have seen it he would have found poor Mary looking up in Dover Street to that same, that noblest of all constellations, the very sign of invigorating hope.

Calais was reached. Holmann had informed Mr. Ross of all that was needful. Mr. Ross was a very clever man—but Mr. Ross was more; Mr. Ross had a leaning to great minds and big hearts, and Mr. Ross had taken a wonderful liking to that pale German professor, with spectacles over his lustrous eyes, who spoke English so correctly and precisely. Mr. Ross said little, but Holmann felt that in those quiet unobtrusive business men of London a fund of intellect lay hidden, which needed but the brightening influence of a more general education and the cultivation of larger social sympathies to show the world that England was *not* going back in intellectual strength.

Those three stood before the sad spectacle at last in the dead-house at Calais. Pity for inherited rashness was Holmann's principal feeling on looking at the Major's remains. Sterne's short epitaph, 'Alas, poor Yorick!' and that other, whilom to be seen in the churchyard of Waltham Abbey over the remains of the last Saxon King of England, 'Eheu, infelix Harold!' were most appropriate here.

Courteous as the French authorities are in affairs of romance, so were they to Holmann and Mr. Ross. The then Prussian Ambassador

procured, on Holmann's urgent appeal, a strict ministerial police order, that all should be done to allow the remains to be quietly removed to Germany, as the necessary depositions to verify the bodies had been made, and there being no accuser, the public procureur would take no notice of the matter. Holmann had through a Prussian attaché at Paris communicated the Count's death to his family, and they had telegraphed back that some one was on the road to take the body in charge and remove it quietly to a family vault on one of the estates.

'The Times' had the following, under the heading of deaths:

'Suddenly, abroad, Augustus William, Count d'Alvensleben.'

It was the shortest notice possible.

The detective remained in Calais till the Major's body should be sent for.

Professor Holmann and Mr. Ross returned home, and arrived in Dover Street; Mary received them, and when the English lawyer saw that resigned spiritual face, and received those simple words of thanks, 'We thank you, sir,' something like great humanity was stirred in his breast; he could not trust his eyes for a minute or two, and he squeezed that little white hand tenderly, for there in Kensall Green lay the owner of just such another little hand—once very dear to him.

Says Klopstock's Ode:

Jünglinge schlummern hin, und Greise bleiben
Wach. Es schleicht der Tod nun hier, nun dort hin,
Hebt die Sichel, eilt, dass er schneide, wartet
Oft nicht der Aehre.¹

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOVE'S FLAG.

MILTON begins 'Il Penseroso'

Hence, vain deluding joys;

and 'L'Allegro'

Hence, loathed melancholy.

Of the first he says:

But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!

Of the last he proclaims:

But come, thou goddess fair and free!

¹ Youths fall asleep, and old men remain

Awake. And Death doth creep, now here, now there,

Lifts the sickle, hastens, that he may cut, waits

Often not for the ripened ear.

And both encircle us for ever, and both whirl in sad and in gladsome flights for ever round mortal life; borne down in heaviness, uplifted in joy—

Oh! thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

How far will your imagination reach? Will you come with us, swing yourself off from this planet's revolving axis, and hang in space? You nor I can do it bodily, but we may spiritually; our imagination *may* reach beyond worldly needs, and worldly desires, above joy and melancholy. Come, imagine yourself above our planet; look down upon it: there it revolves, this oblong, rounded body; this mass of concentrated gaseous matter—nothing more; this regulated, striving power of unknown forces; this habitation of organised beings, whose wills and actions are held down to that habitation's sphere, and whose thoughts may rise into immensity, into the idea of eternity, into that which we are doing now—into space!

You see it, clothed in bright, fresh green, interspersed by fluid matter, strengthened by layers of stony substance—you see it, the ever-changing home of birth and death, of joy and melancholy, of sunshine and storm, of hatred and love! And what is it that holds it there in its place; holds it firm in position, ever revolving, ever moving, ever active, ever creating, ever changing—never still, never dead, never slothful—doing its appointed work, going its appointed sphere—what is it that keeps it there, shone on by the sun, lit up by the moon, softened by the stars, in unison with them all, not able to exist without them, but forming one more link to that eternal, ever-existing corollary of creations—what is it? One power—'attraction!' Well may you and I study that word, and turn it over and over, and look at it all ways. It pervades the universe, it holds the various heavenly bodies in place, it fixes their inhabitants to their abodes, it brings purpose into chaos, it unites creation, it maintains it, for it peoples the world—'it is Love's Flag.'

A young heart led by an old head has tried—only tried, as was said before—to write a romance. What is romance writing? Is it merely the rapid succession of social scenes to be led across the reader's mind, but half conscious of their meaning; or is it the touchstone for thought and imagination? He has thought and imagined honestly: in thinking, has he excited thought? in imagining, has he excited imagination? If he has not, then he has daubed, not painted. The author is young, he values criticism, he believes in it; he has listened to the kindly criticism of many and taken it to heart; he is ready to wait patiently to be understood by others who have not yet seen his drift; he remembers that Sterne 'would kiss the hand of the generous critic' and that Pope said 'critics from heaven must derive their light;' he cherishes the upright commendation, and regards the candid blame; and he thinks that surely the honest man and gentleman

will not soil his pen from possible personal motives, to detract from what he has already praised—not because he has to fear, but because it might mislead him in the estimation of his strength and the *reader* in that of his intention! The writer must write, the critic judge according to their lights—and neither must mislead. Romance must touch everywhere where thought can go, for on thought is built the conception of life; and romance is to paint *life*—paint it daintily, rather exciting than overgorging the reader's fancy—life everywhere, ancient and modern, spiritual and realistic. Oh, let us avoid the cant that would refuse to romance a wider field, forsooth because that field belongs only to him who has dipped a little deeper beyond the surface on some single subject; let romance be large-hearted and high-souled, and speed us on our way!

From Halle streamed the students—the vacation had begun; some drove off in parties singing a favourite chorus; others, humbler, took their knapsack on their back, their staff in their hand, waved a cheery adieu to some fair face behind white muslin curtains, and went on a wandering tour to the Hartz mountains, or Saxon Switzerland, or the Rhinelands, or some southern place; others more methodical, started by train with orderly luggage to opulent homes; some few stayed behind, dreaming of homes they had not, or anxiously plodding for some time longer over their books. Zollwitz sat in his room, moody and dispirited; he had reached for that 'flag of love,' and it was exercising its power upon him; it was waving him on, on, where the beloved object dwelled. There was surely something the matter with Halle, it seemed so prosaic; the club of the Enthusiasts was broken up, friends all had left; he had seen the rector and professors, and been kindly readmitted to his classes; and he knew that he ought to study hard for a couple of months, to expedite his degree. The classics seemed tough, mathematics flat, history out of date, philosophy stale and trite—it would not do; there *would* come up that soft green sward in the London park, the light foliaged trees, the gay riders, and he one of them, glancing down into those brown eyes with a touch of the gazelle and the deer in them; the moon *would* rise right before him over the shadowy leaves in the Square garden, and a soft silvery voice close to him say: 'Do you laugh because we are fond of you, Mr. Zollwitz?' It would not do—he sprang up; stout Luther, dreading the tempter in the castle of Wartburg, threw his inkstand at him on the opposite wall; and bold, restless Zollwitz dashed Tacitus, Locke and Descartes on the floor all in a row.

'I have been in Halle five days; I must to Torgau; Holmann has not been here; what will they say? And then I must go back—I was so abrupt, so stupid—I said so little. And if some one else approached her? The mere idea is madness; but what *can* I do—what have I to offer? Nothing; can a *man* come only with his

father's goods in his hands? no, I never will. I *dare* not ask her love, her hand, till I can stand before her on my own ground, supported by my own deserts. I do not want her goods; I want her, and she must take me for what I am worth. What do I care for tradition! Let us make tradition daily, hourly. Shall I go to Torgau first? (the flag was frantically waving all the time). 'No, I will not; I must go back again, I must see her once more; I must explain and I must be assured that she will wait, or I cannot work and shall surely go mad!'

Thought and action performed the process of lightning in Zollwitz's frame; in the evening he sat in the railway carriage to go by the quickest route to Ostend. A couple of days later he drove as fast as the Hansom would carry him to Eaton Square; and saw William at the corner of the Square; out he jumped, and nearly upset the young man's mind, standing before him so abruptly.

'Is Mr. Damer's family still in town, William?'

'Beg pardon, sir, where do you come from? Oh! I am so glad. Beg pardon, sir, Mr. Damer is; Mrs. Damer, Miss Ethel, and Master Harry left yesterday morning for Suffolk, because Mr. Damer was afraid that Miss Ethel would wish to nurse her brother, who is very ill with the brain-fever, and would catch it herself. So he sent all the family away and stayed behind himself, till Mr. Harrowby should be out of danger. Beg pardon, sir, do take me with you.'

'Thank you, William. Good-bye.' In jumped Zollwitz back into the Hansom: 'To the Great Eastern Railway, quick,' he called to the man.

'Please, sir, please your——' but the words were lost; poor William wanted to communicate the arrival of Zollwitz's friends; the cab was gone.

Newstead Hall had been born to renewed freshness; gracefully it lay in the green frame of its richly timbered surroundings. Here they were all, the friends of 'this blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England.' Here flourished the oak and the chestnut, the beech and the sycamore, the lime and the elm, the graceful willow, the proud poplar, and the hanging larch; here the stunted northern pine looked up to the dark cedar of Lebanon, and one was vying with the other to form the background to that pleasant home of the Damers.

Out came Ethel, with book in hand, wandering over the green sward up to the copses, on to the wooden bridge, looking down into the lucid rivulet as it skipped over its sharp pebbly bed; the afternoon shadows flitted over the grass, and the dreamy youthful leaves cozened with the sunrays for more warmth and light and life. Ethel had positively grown; her walk had become more stately; her *maintien* more self-assured—that slight touch of the 'flag' had ennobled her whole being, and evidently given ambition to her mind. Ever dainty in her dress, she seemed to have become more dainty still; as if to please some other eyes, though they were far away. Toward the river-side Ethel

wandered, where the road led round to the hall; she heard wheels pass at a distance, and looked dreamily beyond the trees to the spot from where the sound came. It died away; perhaps it was some one for the hall, perhaps some news from her brother. A deer stood by her, looking up trustingly and snatching the green twig from her hand; suddenly a quick, impatient step broke through the underwood from the road-side; Ethel started, looked up—Hermann Zollwitz was before her.

Where were all the resolutions gone to, that he would speak out? Where? The flag's behests were realised—it rested lazily on its accomplished work, it had brought the two together. Ethel was at that moment the braver of the two.

'Mr. Zollwitz!' she said faintly.

'Miss Ethel!' he answered more faintly still. And then he took in the whole charm of that sweet image before him; he could have snatched at the prize, he could have carried it off aloft, like knight of old; he could have challenged the world to gainsay that prize's worth. Fear took hold of him, the fear of losing it; and *fear not love* loosened tongue; love was satisfied, the two were together, it was enough; where love reigns truly, faith responds; and no flowery phraseology will gain a heart that has not been given spontaneously.

'Miss Ethel, the other day I ventured, oppressed by the sense of my unworthiness, to tell you in a few broken words in my mother tongue that I loved you; I asked but to be remembered, I asked you but to wait. I had nothing to offer—I have no more to-day. I have come back from Halle, from my University, where I mean to finish my studies, because a dread took hold upon me that I might lose you. Miss Ethel—here I am; here I bring my life and soul. I do not know what goods I can bring—do goods marry goods? Was it so always? If I bring my life, may I—oh, may I ask yours? I want nothing, nothing but yourself; I want you to think with me, to work with me, to be my own, my equal! Miss Ethel, here I proclaim it—my equal in all! Not to be caressed and fondled and treated daintily, but to reign supreme in my heart, to be my companion, to be my helper, to be my staff! To be one! My life will be an arduous one, it aims high—will you share it? Work will have to be done! We cannot rest on luxurious idleness; as that sun does its appointed work so must we; will you, will you help me? I cannot beg for love, it is not in me—I offer mine and I ask yours—oh, look at me!'

Ethel, almost frightened by that impassioned address—Ethel did look at him, looked into his glorious blue eyes; he grasped her hands, he held them to him, he pressed them almost painfully in his own, he covered them with the warm kisses from his hot lips; and he was gone—gone through the rustling underwood, the deer chasing him all the way.

Ethel's first thought was, does he know *they* are in London? meaning the Professor, Major, and Mary; it was too late, Zollwitz was out of earshot.

'Ethel, Ethel, you naughty girl to run away by yourself. Pray, Miss, who was that speaking to you, and rushing off like that?' said Harry, coming up breathlessly.

'Some one, Harry, who wanted to speak to me.'

'Some one, Miss; look at your red face. Who was some one, Ethel? You are playing me false; it won't do, because,' and Harry whispered in her ear, 'because I am but a boy, and I'll kill you! Ethel, for Heaven's sake, tell me, was it Zollwitz?'

'Harry'—love gave strength, though the boy frightened her—'Harry, and if it had been, can you not follow his instructions better than by giving way to immoderate passion and suspicion? If you cannot, then you were unworthy to have been with such a superior spirit as Zollwitz's. Come, let us see your mamma, she is wiser than either of us!'

Harry was cowed: 'That is all very well, but it's a horrid shame.'

Ethel's book had fallen to the ground; she picked it up, and chance would have it that her eyes fell on the lines:

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;

A spark from that immortal fire,

With angels shared, by Allah given,

To lift from earth our low desire:

Devotion wafts our mind above,

But heaven itself descends in love;

A feeling from the Godhead caught,

To wean from self each sordid thought;

A ray of Him who form'd the whole,

A glory circling round the soul!

[To be continued.]

SPAIN SINCE THE SEPTEMBER REVOLUTION.

ON September 17, 1868, the Admiral Topete, commander of the squadron of the royal navy stationed off Cadiz, declared himself in insurrection, and his defection was followed by the revolt of the entire city, with its extensive arsenals, the most valuable in Spain. On the 21st of the same month the important port of Santander, at the other extremity of the kingdom, had followed the example of Cadiz ; and though, three days after, the royal troops, under General Calonge, succeeded in recovering the town, events, meantime, had progressed and were progressing which more than neutralised this local victory. The flame of revolution which within a few days had leaped from Andalusia to Old Castile was advancing with the rapidity of a prairie fire throughout the country, and where it passed the ensigns of the old authority existed no longer. The whole fleet joined in the *pronunciamiento* of its favourite admiral. The resistance of the army, already undermined by the agencies of years, dissolved before the influence of leaders so popular as Serrano, Duke de la Torre, and Prim, Marquis de Castillejos, after the dead O'Donnell the hero of the Moorish war. It was in vain that Gonzalez Bravo, the premier of a government doomed to destruction, hastened to despatch from the capital whatever soldiers could be mustered in defence of the dynasty under Pavia y Lacy, Marquis of Novaliches, a staunch *Borbonist*, whose family name recalls the memory of days when the banished chivalry of Ireland led the forlorn hopes of a continent. It was again a forlorn hope, and fated to failure, which was entrusted to this Spanish descendant of the Irish Lacys. The decisive battle of the Bridge of Alcolea, fought on September 28, saw the total defeat of the royal forces and the fall of their stout old chief, severely wounded, while heading his troops for a final rush over those fatal arches, enfiladed by hidden riflemen, against which his artillery had fruitlessly played since the morning. Within a week Isabella the Second had fled across the frontier, and the Duke de la Torre was in Madrid. On October 7 Prim entered the capital in state. At the palace of the government he took occasion to declare, as he embraced Serrano

before the assembled people, that it was by the co-operation of those trusty allies, Serrano and Topete, that the revolution had triumphed. On the following day the list of the provisional government showed the names of Serrano as President, and Prim and Topete respectively as Ministers of War and Marine. To-day there is no longer one of that formidable triumvirate at the head of affairs. Prim, the idol of those Spanish Prætorians whose swords have made and unmade governments for half a century, has fallen a victim to undiscovered assassins. Serrano and Topete have both been driven reluctantly, and not without bitter reproaches, from the helm of the State. Of the irresistible combination which overturned in a fortnight the throne of the Catholic Sovereigns, there no longer remains a visible vestige. We have thought the moment opportune for considering the nature and the work of the last Spanish revolution.

As a concrete result, it was the coalition of the *Unionists*, *Progressists*, and *Democrats*, or as we should call them, Conservative Liberals, Advanced Liberals, and Radicals, that made that revolution. The difference of views between the Unionists represented by Serrano, and the Progressists whose chief was Prim, had long delayed its accomplishment. It was the Democrats, however, who had been the most distinctly necessary, while, as their opinions were the most extreme, the difficulty of compromise was the greatest. More attached to principles than greedy of place, the Democratic leaders had rejected every overture which did not imply the recognition of their favourite theory, and had persistently made the replacement of the hereditary monarchy by the popular will, *la soberanía nacional*, the fundamental condition of their active alliance. It was nothing to them that the monarch should remain the puppet of a soldier-ministry, conservative or liberal. They insisted on being allowed to overturn thrones as constitutionally as administrations. To conciliate their indomitable temper, Prim erased the name of Queen Isabella from the standards of his party. Events proved that the erasure was interpreted by the majority of the Democrats as a pledge of the abolition of royalty itself. The Unionists and Progressists were to be found among the middle classes, and in the naval and military services. The strength of the Democrats, without excluding many adherents among the same classes of society as the other parties, lay above all in the masses of the town population, *los obreros*, the avowed and natural sympathisers with French ideas according to the sense of the *ouvriers* of France.

If, however, at the actual epoch of the September revolution, it might be as invidious to try to decide which of the revolutionary elements did the most of the movement, as to try to decide which blade of a scissors does the most of the cutting, the case is very different at an earlier stage of the fermentation. The most efficacious way for rendering revolutions possible is, beyond all comparison, rendering constitutionalism impossible. It can be the boast of the Progressist

party that, beyond all rivals, outstripping all emulation, they made constitutionalism impossible. We do not seek to impugn their motives. They may have been influenced by the loftiest motives. We only state their method. Election after election took place in Spain. The Progressists resolutely declined to take part in the elections. They disdained the example of the French Liberals who, commencing with a minority of five members, were steadily working to convert that minority into a majority. Ignoring the constitution, they left themselves no resource but revolution, unless they were prepared to accept the doom of political extinction, and this was the very doom which the Progressists had least thought to accept. Their policy was decided by the military predilections of their leader, Don Juan Prim, a rifle-and-grapeshot politician, who believed himself a Spanish Cromwell, and who, for the rest, had exhibited throughout an adventurous career the singular fatality of successively turning against every hand which had loaded him with favours. Espartero had made him a colonel. In 1843 he pronounced against Esparto, and the vigour with which he pacified the city of Reuss, his own birthplace, on behalf of Narvaez, deserved for him at the hands of Narvaez the title of Conde de Reuss. Abandoning Narvaez, he courted the favour of O'Donnell, through whom he obtained command in that Moorish campaign which was worth to him the Marquisate of Castillejos, and to O'Donnell the Dukedom of Tetuan. With exemplary impartiality, he next became the foe of O'Donnell, concluding by feeling it his duty to draw against his queen the sword of honour on whose hilt he had magnificently sworn an allegiance above fear and above suspicion. His was, in truth, a peculiarly unprejudiced mind. His direction of the Progressists was the final pledge that the advanced Liberals of the country were definitely committed to the policy of reforming the State by the drastic measures of conspiracy culminating in military seduction and military insurrection. The same circumstance definitely committed every Spanish government, naturally reactionary or not, to the stern necessities of inflexible repression. It was another exemplification of the tame, trite truth, *Inter arma, silent leges*. On June 21, 1865, O'Donnell became the head of the administration. No one has ever confounded the illustrious marshal with illiberality. This did not, however, prevent the Progressists from seeking to overthrow the government in the January of 1866 by the military conspiracy of Aranjuez, and again, on the terrible 22nd of June in the same year, by the military conspiracy of Madrid. On that dreadful morning which saw a regiment of the garrison imbrue their hands in the blood of their own officers, and a park of thirty pieces of artillery in the power of the insurgents, it was believed for some hours that the cause of the monarchy was lost. By the evening, the influence and genius of the head of the cabinet, assisted by the patriotism of a number of distinguished generals, had succeeded in averting the danger. But there

was one thing which could not be averted—a policy of precaution. Could liberty of the press be advocated, it was asked, while soldiers were incited to turn the public arms against the public authority? Could the right of meeting be approved, while the assemblage of multitudes might mean the gathering of insurgents? It is the old, old story of revolt and reaction. On the morrow of that bloody day O'Donnell had to assure the Cortes that the law would be vindicated against lawless combinations. With a voice interrupted by emotion, the old warrior-statesman uttered these words: 'The government believes it necessary to suspend the constitutional guarantees, and asks the authorisation of the representatives of the country. It is the universal feeling that after what has happened it is impossible to leave society without protection. I wish for liberty; I wish for it to-day as I wished for it yesterday, as I have ever wished since I defended it with my sword on the fields of battle. But to have liberty we must have society.' A tide of alarmed conservatism set in. It proved too strong for the Duke of Tetuan. A thousand imperilled interests insisted that had the government been less liberal, treason would have been less daring. Within eighteen days from the explosion of the Progressist insurrection, Marshal Narvaez had been borne to office by the reactionary wave. Sadly and forbodingly O'Donnell and his friends had to bow to the inevitable triumph of a policy in which the preservation of order silenced every other consideration. This was how the Progressists were making revolution possible by making a liberal administration impossible. In the August of 1867 another unsuccessful rising took place in Arragon and Catalonia. O'Donnell died on the 5th of November of the same year. On the 23rd of the succeeding April his great rival, Narvaez, followed to the grave. For two years his iron hand in the civil world, his influence among the soldiery as a marshal of Spain, had suppressed every turbulent manifestation. No reactionist by conviction, he had believed himself entitled to say only a few days before his death: 'Order has now struck such roots in Spain, and its enemies have received such blows, that we shall soon be able to drop the policy we have had to follow.' But he died, and a civilian premier, Gonzalez Bravo, found himself in presence of an irreconcilable opposition, sworn to pursue unconstitutional action, and an army accustomed above all things to obey the beck of some military favourite. Not daring to relax a single precaution, not daring to admit one guarantee of freedom which might also be a guarantee of revolt, the ministry found themselves impelled from one unpopular step to another, and felt, without being able to help themselves, that they were doing the work of the Progressistas. The hour at length came, and quickly, when Prim and the able men who surrounded him were able to say to all discontented parties, to all moderate opponents who deplored while they knew not how to remedy the public condition, to Montpensier whose ambitions nursed the hereditary treason of Orleans to the ties of

blood, to Serrano who had ridden by O'Donnell's side against the insurgents of Madrid, 'See, we have made the situation untenable; the radicals are entirely ours; the army is divided in our favour; the leaders of the fleet are in our confidence; if need were, we would prevent the introduction of reforms for years; even without you the soldiers may win the victory for us; only by a junction with us can an end be put to the present disasters.' Perhaps an end was not put to the disasters. But an end was put to the old order of things. To those who not only approve the results of the September revolution, but believe that results can justify the most reprehensible means, who have no thought of the crookedness of the ways so long as the goal has been attained, there can be nothing but good in the devious policy of the Progressists. To those, however, who look with horror on desperate conspiracy, on civil bloodshed, on the seduction of soldiers from their allegiance, on the perpetuating to another generation of the old régime of military *pronunciamientos*, the thought will occur that reform might have been preferable to revolution.

As the events of September 1868, were the triumph of Progressist strategy, so the history of Spanish affairs since that date has been the history of the successive triumphs of Progressist ideas over the ideas of Unionists and Democrats alike. In 1868 the Progressists led the attack on the old dynastic system. Since, they have been engaged in impressing their principles on the new situation. In this undertaking they have successively released themselves from the restraints of the one and of the other of their revolutionary colleagues. They have victoriously advanced from confederation to supremacy, from alliance to isolation. It is their pride and their peril.

The Progressists had won the Democrats by repudiating the dynasty. But Prim, at any rate, had no mind to be a republican. His followers might extol him as a Washington, but he had resolved to be, if not a king — which perhaps he regretted — at least a king maker. The monarchical resolution occasioned the first breach in the union. The extreme radicals threw themselves into opposition. They were soon to take up arms. Perhaps any leaning to republicanism would have cost as large a secession in another quarter. It was an unavoidable difficulty. The revolutionary combination had been excellent for destruction, for demolition. But to build up, there was the rub.

The Bourbons were done with. That was agreed on. But when the ancient line had been found wanting, what was to be expected or sought from a novel creation, or a novel importation? — thus argued the Republicans. The whole magic of royalty lay in its venerable associations. When there was nothing venerable there would be no veneration. Even on the part of the persons who believed in the traditional, it was doubtful if belief could subsist for an object that had nothing to do with tradition. It could not be for persons who followed reason alone, that a brand new royalism was to be invented.

These knew that a king was an ordinary man, and very possibly a disreputable one, that tailors made the royal mantle, that crown and sceptre were simply composed of precious metals and precious stones—perhaps—such things had been known—of electro-plate and paste. Was it for them that such gewgaws were to be got up? Was this to be the end of *la soberanía nacional*? Pierrad, and Garrido, and José Maria de Orense, and Pi y Margal, and Castelar, vowed they would see if this were to be so. A distinctly republican policy was declared. The peculiar circumstances of Spain modified this policy in a federal direction. Spain had ever been *las Españas* rather than *la España*, to Spaniards at least. Incorporated at different epochs, separated by geographical, climatic, and race distinctions, the various provinces of Spain have always presented an individuality almost as distinct as marks Meath from Yorkshire. The ties of a common religion and a common history for hundreds of years have never succeeded in amalgamating Granada with the Asturias, or Andalusia with Catalonia. Perhaps a common-sense repugnance to over centralisation added its weight in the scale. The scheme of the Federal republic opposed itself to the scheme of the United Monarchy. Committees were formed. Processions were organised. But the work of the political propaganda was interrupted by a collision with the authorities, precipitated, according to varying accounts, by the ardour of the populace or the militaryism of the triumvirs. To a demand for disarmament the Republicans retorted that the Progressists had refused to disarm for the ministers of Isabella. When the cannon of Caballero de Rodas had swept the barricades of Cadiz and Malaga, it became better understood that rebellion was as great a crime as ever. The close of the first three months of the successful revolution saw the old debate between liberty and order again at decision by the old arbitrament of blood.

On February 11, 1869, the Cortes, charged with the construction of a new constitution, was opened with all due solemnity. On May 21 the famous article 33, by which it was decreed that the form of government should be monarchical, was carried, after hot debates, by a majority of 214 to 71. Unfortunately for the Revolution, all Spanish monarchists are not monarchists of the new *régime*. On June 17 Marshal Serrano was sworn in as Regent. On September 28 the resolution of a council of ministers to propose a boy, called Duke of Genoa, then at an English school, as a fit and proper candidate for the throne, was the public declaration that the Great Spanish King-hunt had reached a certain stage.

The edifying spectacle thus impressively inaugurated is the dominant fact of Spanish politics down to the present year. The Duke de Montpensier, Don Carlos, the Prince of the Asturias, a Hohenzollern prince, the Duke D'Aosta, have been definitely disposed of one way or another, or occupy as indefinite a position as ever. We beg pardon

for the vagueness of this language. We know we ought to be precise. We wish to be precise. Most unfortunately the facts will not let us. Ministers have shuffled the cards, have sent begging expeditions all over Europe, have fallen out on the question, have fallen in, and have fallen out again. There have been votes of the Cortes and votes of the country. Castelar has thundered. The ex-Queen has protested. There have been Carlist risings, and there will probably be more. There have been Republican risings, and there will probably be more. Ciudad Real, and Pampeluna, the mountains of Catalonia and the mountains of New Castille, Reuss and Valles, Saragoza and Valencia, are names in a phantasmagoria of conspiracies and tumults, guerilla warfare and street fighting, which has scarcely sweetened the temper of all parties concerned. The government has thanked its faithful and incorruptible army which has known how to save society from unconstitutional machinations, precisely as some half-dozen governments or administrations have previously thanked the same faithful and incorruptible institution for precisely the same reason. Perhaps we are wrong in describing the King-hunt as the dominant fact of recent Spanish politics. There is another question of very nearly as tremendous importance—*la integridad nacional*. We do not mean the common honesty of the country. The national integrity, in the sense in which the distinguished persons at Madrid use the term, has, they are happy to state, nothing whatever to do with honesty of any description.

It was on the 10th of October 1868, exactly three weeks and two days after Don Topete and friends had proclaimed *la soberania nacional* in the bay of Cadiz, that thousands of miles away another company of men, assembled where the hills of Manzanilla rise to the westward by Santiago de Cuba, ventured in their turn to apply the same enfranchising principle actually on their own behalf. What made this boldness the more extraordinary was, that never was community more justified, by odious and unbearable tyranny of every kind, in attempting to right itself. Half a century of martial law, the deprivation of every political and nearly every social liberty, all the shifts of a mean and cowardly terrorism, had been the abiding lot of the beautiful, the miserable Queen of the Antilles. For generations the Cubans could not elect a representative, could not assemble for any political purpose, could not even petition. On the other hand, they were regularly supplied with captains-general. The institution of captains-general, as it flourished in Cuba, was not unknown to the ancients. Verres, if all Cicero says of him is true, was a model captain-general. Of course there was one class of the inhabitants of Sicily who did not object to their Pro-consul—the satellites. The big robbers have need of little robbers. It is a necessity. So in Cuba the sixty or seventy thousand natives of Spain ordinarily sojourning at any one time in the island—always excepting such Spaniards as forgot themselves so far as to sympathise with the Cubans, and always including the twenty-five

thousand soldiers who were retained as 'good lookers on'—had no particular reason to find fault with the situation. In fact all the offices of every sort were dedicated to them. No Creole—white colonists born in the Spanish Antilles are called Creoles—was allowed to compete with a Spanish-born Spaniard. This was the blessing of having a mother-country. Were there none but the three or four hundred thousand Creoles, this state of things would have been bad enough. But there was worse. Beneath the white Creoles, beneath the freed mulattoes and negroes—a hundred thousand or so of these latter—beneath the plundered, the oppressed, the suffering—there came the trampled-under-foot, the bruised-with-whips, the tortured, the brutified; in a word, the three-quarters of a million of God's human creatures of whom the Devil's human creatures have made slaves.

It would not have been hard to persuade the Creole planters to emancipate their slaves, if not at once, gradually and as quickly as possible. A strong feeling in favour of emancipation has long been rife among the Creole population. It was Spanish officialism that would not hear of freedom for the negroes. To Spanish officialism, Cuba meant above all things revenue. And Spanish officialism feared that emancipation might temporarily, at any rate, interfere with revenue. Abolitionists, accordingly, had a bad time of it in Cuba. They were incendiaries; they were assassins. In fine, they were innovators, and innovators should be shot, or imprisoned at the very least. Besides, Spanish honour required that liberal compensation should be granted to owners of slaves. Now Spanish officials being continually engaged in fleecing the treasury, the treasury was never in a condition to grant compensation. There was one thing, however, which Spanish honour might have been suspected to do. It might have been expected to keep the solemn treaties which forbade the importation of fresh numbers of unfortunate Africans. In 1817, in 1838, in 1841, in 1842—oftener for all we know—Spain had engaged herself, in various degrees of stringency, to put a stop to the accursed slave trade. It might have been better for the poor captives had there been no engagements of the kind; for Spain lied, and the means necessitated to hide her lie only withdrew the traffic somewhat more from the light and the restraining observation of men.

It may be imagined that this mass of misery and discontent did not seethe over for the first time in 1868. The history of Cuba is the history of unsuccessful revolution. Unsuccessful revolution! what a terrible phrase! To go no farther back than 1844, there was a great conspiracy. And were not the conspirators, the rebelly traitors, punished! The matter not being, as often in the mother-country, a question of one Court favourite supplanting another, or the proclamation of some paper charter, or the *desamortizacion* of some more church lands, but a desperate striving for dear life and liberty, there could be no extenuation of such monstrous guilt. In 1848 there was a con-

spiracy. In 1850 another. In 1851 a new one. Lopez was garrotted for this one, after having participated in the two preceding. In 1852 and 1854, two more. In 1859 another. There was no cessation. There could be no cessation. And now, on October 10, 1868, a body of Cubans had again declared that death was better than such a life; and the interesting revolutionists of September, and the interesting conservatives whom the revolutionists had displaced, and everybody in Spain except a little knot of foolish philanthropists and humanitarians, cried out upon such exceeding insolence and groundless disaffection, and treason, and rebellion, and all the other words known to those learned in the law. They did more than cry out upon them. Whatever forces they could spare from cutting one another's throats were dispatched to cut the throats of the Cubans.

We distrust ourselves—and you, reader, may not have time—or we might tell tales of glorious courage and bright derring-do in that island warfare, round about Bayamo, at Villa del Cobre, and Alta Garcia, and Moran, and Baire, and Las Tunas, which would ‘summon up the blood’ of races more effeminate than yours or ours. There have been Morgartens since Thermopylæ, and neither the coat nor the complexion makes the hero. And could we but see the slender cohorts of a Cespedes or a Marquis of Santa Lucia—all ranks and all conditions are united under the Cuban banner—or a Donato Marmol or a Quesada, ill-armed, ill-fed, couching in the thicket, watching on the hill; could we track them to their fierce and sudden onset, springing like mountain panthers up against the disciplined masses, defying the rifle-shots with bare breasts, wresting aside the bayonets with quick half circle of the curved wooden daggers—their *horquetillas*—with which inventive necessity has equipped them, hewing through the shaken and reeling ranks with their long forest-knives—their rude *machetes*; and could we but call up in thought what wealth of superhuman, nay downright human bravery and deathless endurance, has during the past three years, against overwhelming numbers and organisation, supported and still supports—but what is this we are writing? Is it not a question of *la integridad nacional* against insurgents, against revolutionists? Then *viva la integridad nacional!* And *viva* the captains-general, and *viva* the faithful and incorruptible army, *los salvadores de la sociedad*, and *viva* the volunteers of Cuba, terror of *los rebeldes*, and *viva* the most loyal mean whites, the illustrious overseers and slave-drivers, the patriotic riff-raff, the bullies of the Havana hells! *Viva* the crushing of the revolt! And what then? Let the poet answer.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts.

Ay, the sap lasts. There was a voice that breathed in fearful whispers in the homes of starving tradesmen and the huts of an oppressed and plundered peasantry. It rose above the din of revelry in courtly mansions. It spoke in lordlier tones, and assumed a more commanding majesty in the halls of the National Assembly. It rolled in reverberating thunders over a hundred fields of battle. To the music of the Marseillaise, with the war-cry of the Republic, the untaught valour of the enfranchised masses broke the pipe-clayed ranks of despotic Europe. Cuba is weak. The blood of her hero children drenches their native shore. But—but really we are again forgetting *la integridad nacional*.

A few weeks ago a member of the Spanish Cortes, Señor Labra, after an eloquent exposition of the unhappy condition of Cuba, had the impropriety to ask in his place in the House of Deputies whether there was any intention of introducing into that island the various handsome reforms which were the object of the September revolution. It is to be noted with satisfaction that the Minister for the Colonies, amid the general applause of the Chamber, replied to this impertinence, that so long as a single rebel against the national integrity remained in Cuba, there certainly would be no reforms. He, *el Señor Ministro de Ultramar*, on the part of the government of the revolution, could not understand how any deputy could be found to advocate the cause of persons who avowedly pursued such unconstitutional methods.

In happy conformity with this admirable firmness every mail from Cuba brings the gratifying intelligence that butchery without quarter continues to be the practice of the Spanish authorities in the island. Among the prisoners who have been lately shot in cold blood may be mentioned the gallant Juan Osonio, commander of the Cuban marine, the touching dignity of whose last moments recalls the memory of one who died—

Für Land Tyrol—

in Mantua long ago—the ‘rebel’ Andreas Hofer. A Habana telegram of August 12, just published in the official gazette, runs thus: ‘Carlos Quesada, cousin of the so-called general, and Miguel Figueredo, brother of the so-called subsecretary of war, have been made prisoners and shot (*hechos prisioneros y fusilados*) in Cuba. Afterwards Gustavo Figueredo, son of the last, and who generally accompanied Cespedes, was captured and executed.’ On August 9, it is announced that as a sequel to a skirmish between a Spanish detachment and the peasantry, the troops destroyed all their crops and cottages (*todas sus siembras y bohios*). It were strange did not the kinsmen of those murdered cousins and brothers, the tenants of those ruined homesteads, feel themselves drawn by new ties of loyalty and love towards a government which authorises such acts of conciliation and humanity.

The history of affairs and parties since the assassination of Prim and

the installation of Amadeo is not hard to tell. The last Cortes had been dissolved on the last day of 1870, and as the constitution ordains that a new Cortes must assemble within three months at furthest from the demise of its predecessor, the government were clearly allowed to do without a Cortes until the first of March. The new Cortes was, accordingly, summoned for the very last day permitted by the constitution. There was an immensity to do, and the government wanted as much time as possible to do it. The country had to be prepared, or who knew but the popular vote might invalidate the royal election in the last Cortes. People were already saying that Prim's majority just took up Amadeo pretty much as they had taken up the Harrow school-boy a twelvemonth previously. The elections to the Provincial Assemblies charged with local legislation, which took place in February last, showed that Carlists and Republicans had united to oppose the new king, whom the one party despised because he was new, and the other party hated because he was king. Monpensierists and Isabellinos or Alfonsists contributed their portion of animosity. The popular sentiment against the Savoyard foreigner was not without its influence. In spite of the utmost exertions of the government in a country where utmost exertions on the part of a government are peculiarly significant; in spite of the multitude of enlightened waiters on Providence which the demoralisation of politics has produced; there were 528 irreconcilable returns as compared with 913 ministerialists; 913 would be a respectable majority were there nothing but a cabinet question involved, but 528 was an ominous minority to have ranged against a dynasty on the morrow of its creation. When the Cortes met, the irreconcilables still formed more than a third of the congress of deputies. The proceedings of the chambers afford the best proofs of the deadlock which has resulted from so powerful and so merciless an opposition. The discussion of the royal message, and its reply, extended from the opening of the session almost to its close. The forms of debate, the standing orders of the House, have had to be altered, in the vain hope of arresting the strategic eloquence of menace, or protest, or denunciation, which interrupted every stage of progress. The ministerial crisis may be said to complete the business of the session.

Since the events of September down to a few weeks ago Spain was ruled by a coalition of ministers representing the coalition of parties. Minor changes had frequently taken place. While Serrano was regent of the kingdom, he could not be a minister. The candidature of the Duke of Genoa had resulted in the resignation of Topete. The assassination of Prim caused a profound perturbation, but restored Topete to the cabinet. Always substantially the same unbroken front was presented by the administration. On July 26 the advent of a ministry from which the whole Unionist party found themselves excluded, announced that that unbroken front was now to be a tradition of the past. The Progressists under Zorilla, the able and ambitious ex-

Minister of Public Works, have ousted Serrano and Topete. This success has excited the hopes of the radical section of the House, but the chill of distrust has fallen heavily on that party of conservative liberals that was an indispensable ally of the revolution. 'I thought to form a ministry of conciliation,' said Serrano, as he related his fruitless efforts to maintain the coalition: 'for I understood that the important thing was to create a cabinet and not a fresh opposition.' 'I strove to form a ministry of conciliation,' cried Sagasta, Minister of the Interior since the revolution, 'because, Progressist though I be, I believe that an exclusive policy will never conduct the ship of the State into safety.' The width of the gulf which separates the late allies is naïvely enough admitted by Señor Martos, who, though not in the new ministry, gives it his warm support. 'The coalition was impossible,' he said 'because the coalescing elements would not unite.' This is explicit, at any rate. The new ministry is distinctly a ministry of advanced liberals. The difficulty is that Spain is not advancedly liberal, or at least is not advancedly liberal after the same pattern. Serrano and the powerful party he represents are not advanced liberals. Serrano shot and sabred the friends of Senor Zorilla when the advanced liberals rose in 1866. He joined them in 1868, when they consented to a policy of compromise with his conservative liberalism. Will he continue the alliance after they have rejected the compromise? The busy rumours that circulated in Madrid, and which linked the names of both Topete and Serrano with projects tending towards a Bourbon restoration, sufficiently attest the public suspicion as to the possible consequences of baulked ambition and personal resentment. It is improbable, indeed, that either Serrano or Topete will take such a step for themselves. It is certain, however, that it is not so easy to answer for numerous members of the conservative-liberal party. The whole force of the coalition was hardly able to make head against an opposition which includes almost everything except the military and the bureaucracy. Will a single fraction have more success? It is no wonder that Castelar hopes for the best. It is no wonder that the royalist parties hope for the best, as well the partizans of the exiled dynasty whose emblem is the ancient Bourbon lily and the Carlists who have chosen the daisyflower, the *Margarita*, in honour of their prince's gifted wife. Meantime Don Amadeo d'Aosta, whose queen can hardly find a noble lady to attend her court, whose presence at the theatre or opera is the signal for the instant and contemptuous withdrawal of Spain's intractable nobility, now finds himself, amid a republican populace and a conservative peasantry, trusting to the support of politicians who reject one another, and of soldiers who have never known what it was to keep their allegiance, and who have just lost their latest favourites. Prim, and Serrano, and Topete, might answer for army and fleet; but for what will Córdoba and Beranger answer, the new Ministers of War and Marine?

But is it true that the events of the past three years can show nothing but this dreary conflict of political or individual ambitions? We are surprised at the tone of this question. Have we not had *la soberania nacional* and half a dozen insurrections, *la integridad nacional* and the Cuban revolution? The government is much disturbed also about Puerto Rico, and there is a certain *Cofradia de San José* in the Phillipines that is gravely suspected. Then there has been a great piece of educational legislation. Before the revolution, gratuitous education, religious and secular, had been established for the entire people. The government of the revolution have made education no longer religious—a modification which has produced this great advantage, that, the majority of Spaniards being devotedly Catholic, the people refuse to countenance the schools. Similar measures of conciliation have also been adopted to remove several other causes of misunderstanding between the State and the Church. Thus freedom of association has been provided for by ordinances dissolving all religious communities for a quarter of a century back. Senor Zorrilla has just promised in addition that, inasmuch as the Catholic churchyards are frequent sources of irritation between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities—the State regarding them as secular cemeteries, and the Church holding a different opinion—for the future the State theory is to prevail, when if harmony is not the result it must be because churchmen will never be satisfied. It is evident that these measures, besides being essentially liberal, must singularly attract and attach a body so politically important as the Catholic Church in Spain. Every capable observer must also recognise with satisfaction that Spanish budgets display as healthy an impotence to make ends approach—meeting is out of the question—as ever.

But it is not with light heart or light words that it is fitting that we should conclude. There is something irrepressibly saddening in the aspect of a great nation delivered over to the unchecked operation of almost every evil which can befall a people—conspiracy with its counterpart, militaryism—contemptible cabals with their counterpart, maladministration—unrest, discredit, and disaffection at home—senile cruelty and injustice in colonial affairs. Did the future hold out hopes of amelioration we might be content to wait for the future. But amid the strife of ignoble passions what hopes has the future for the distracted Peninsula? Rebel hecatombs are being offered, it is boasted, on the ensanguined altar of Spanish patriotism. Spanish patriotism! If we are unable to recognise the sacred sentiment in the *pronunciamientos* of prætorians and the recriminations of rival renegades, still less do we acknowledge it on the inhuman lips of the village-burners and prisoner-slayers of unhappy Cuba.

APPENDIX.

We translate from an able series of articles which appeared in the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' a few weeks ago, a passage descriptive of the situation in Madrid on the accession of the Duke d'Aosta. The startling revelations it contains, and which entirely answer to our own information, may receive more attention than if they had only our personal guarantee.

'The public and social life of Madrid,' writes the author in question, 'was exclusively occupied during the past winter and spring with the great event which was accomplished at the close of the year by the arrival of the new king Amadeo I. His adherents, for the most part belonging to the needy official class of the capital, expended every effort, in compliance with the intimations of the king-maker Prim, and his colleague Ruiz Zorilla, in creating an "atmosphere" for the distinguished immigrant. The populace revenged themselves by satirical songs and wicked wit for the imputation of being suddenly burning with love for the son of the land of maccaroni, and the nobility omitted nothing in order to make his stay on the banks of the Manzanares as uncomfortable as possible. . . . The crowding of the shop windows with photographs of Amadeo and his wife *vice* the now unsaleable ones of Leopold of Hohenzollern and his wife, the animated portraiture of the honourable reception prepared for the ambassadors of the Cortes in the Pitti Palace, the narratives of the virtues of the youthful prince, failed to take hold of the people. . . . The Royalists considered it necessary to adopt stronger measures in order to compel the Madrileños to become enamoured of the Elected of the Nation. They called the *Partida de la Porra*, or Bludgeon-gang, into existence—a society, like the French *Gourdins réunis*, of shameful memory. It had the duty of visiting the promenades, the theatres, the newspaper-offices, in order to cudgel, strike dead, or shoot down those who by word, writing, or gesture, signified their distaste or indifference for the scion of the House of Savoy. For weeks Madrid was under a bludgeon-and-revolver reign of terror. Only when heavily armed did men venture on the Prado or at the theatre. Matters continued so desperate that at last a resolute man, *Paul y Angula*, took pity on his fellow-citizens, and organised a body of Anti-bludgeon-leaguers, who at nightfall patrolled the streets and challenged the Bludgeon-men to fight. On the occasion of a conflict which took place in broad daylight in the Calle de Alcala, and in which Ducascal, the leader of the *Porra* or Bludgeon-party, was severely wounded with several pistol-shots by Paul y Angula, it seemed as if this street warfare had found an end, especially as the

"authorisation" of the *Porra* had afforded matter to the opponents of Prim and his king for the most passionate attacks in the Cortes. But there followed a frightful afterpiece. One evening the police in the Calle del Turco perceived suspicious movements and a number of masked forms armed with blunderbuses, who seemed to lie in wait for some one. The police thought that it was an affair of the *Porra*, who were lying in wait for some Carlists or Republicans, and accordingly circumspectly withdrew. The victim of the murderers was no other than Prim.

Comment would be superfluous.

F. H. O'DONNELL.

APRÈS NOUS LE DÉLUGE.

THE angels wept at the poor man's pleading,
 But what should Louis the Much-loved care?
 Such cries might seek in heaven for heeding,
 But never be heard in the Parc-au-Cerfs.
 The 'ancien régime' could say, and truly,
 'For us, at least, the world is good,
 And when our course is run out duly,
 Why then, if it please, may come the flood.'
 And though the deluge each hour waxed stronger,
 They kept it off, did that old noblesse,
 Till they went their ways where they cared no longer
 For dice or women, for drink or dress.
 And what if their coffins for shot were melted,
 And their corpses trod in the Carmagnole?
 Their dry bones crumbled and never felt it,
 Their spirits slept through the muskets' roll.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

IN LOVE'S ETERNITY,

BY ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

My body was part of the sun and the dew,
Not a trace of my death to me clave;
There was scarce a man left on the earth whom I knew,
And another was laid in my grave;—

I was changed and in heaven; the great sea of blue
Had long washed my soul pure in its wave.

My sorrow was turned to a beautiful dress;
Very fair for my weeping was I,
And my heart was renewed, but it bore, none the less,
The great wound that had brought me to die—
The deep wound that *She* gave who wrought all my distress
Ah, my heart loved her still in the sky!

I wandered alone where the stars' tracks were bright;
I was beauteous and holy and sad;
I was thinking of her who of old had the might
To have blest me and made my death glad;
I remembered how faithless she was, and how light,
Yea, and how little pity she had.

The love that I bore her was now more sublime,
It could never be shared now or known;
And her wound in my heart was a pledge in love's clime,
For her sake I was ever alone,
Till the spirit of God in the fulness of time
Should make perfect all love in his own.

My soul had forgiven each separate tear
She had bitterly wrung from my eyes;
But I thought of her lightness—ah, sore was my fear,
She would fall somewhere never to rise,
And that no one would love her to bring her soul near
To the heaven where love never dies.

She had drawn me with feigning, and held me a day ;
She had taken the passionate price
That my heart gave for love—with no doubt or delay—
For I thought that her smile would suffice ;
She had played with, and wasted, and then cast away
The true heart that could never love twice.

And false must she be ; she had followed the cheat
That ends loveless and hopeless below ;
I remembered her words' cruel worldly deceit
When she bade me forget her and go.
She could ne'er have believed after death we might meet,
Or she would not have let me die so !

I thought and was sad ; the blue fathomless seas
Bore the white clouds in luminous throng,
And the souls that had love were in each one of these ;
They passed by with a great upward song :
They were going to wander beneath the fair trees
In high Eden—their joy would be long.

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An age it is since : the great passionate bloom
Of eternity burns more intense ;
The whole heaven draws near to its beautiful doom
With a deeper, a holier sense ;
It feels ready to fall on His bosom in whom
Is each love and each love's recompense.

How sweet to look back to that desolate space
When the heaven scarce my heaven seemed !
She came suddenly, swiftly, a great healing grace
Filled her features and forth from her streamed !
With a cry our lips met, and a long close embrace
Made the past like a thing I had dreamed.

'Ah, love,' she began, 'when I found you were dead
I was changed and the world was changed too ;
On a sudden I felt that the sunshine had fled,
And the flowers and summer gone too ;
Life but mocked me ; I found there was nothing instead
But to turn back and weep all in you.

When you were not there to fall down at my feet,
And pour out the whole passionate store
Of the heart that was made to make my heart complete,
In true words that my memory bore,
Then I found that those words were the only words sweet,
And I knew I should hear them no more.

- 'I found that my life was grown empty again ;
Day and year now I had but to learn
How my heaven had come to me—sought me in vain,
And was gone from me ne'er to return :
Too earthly and winterly now seemed the plain
Of dull life where the heart ceased to burn !
- 'And soon with a gathering halo was seen,
O'er a dim waste that fell into night,
Your coming, your going—as though it had been
The fair track of an angel of light ;
And my dream showed you changed in a spirit's full sheen
Fleeing from me in far lonely flight.
- 'My Angel ! 'twas then with a soul's perfect stake
You came wooing me, day after day,
With soft eyes that shed tears for my sake and the sake
Of intense thoughts your lips would not say ;
'Twas a love, then, like this my heart cared not to take !
'Twas a heart like this I cast away !
- 'Ah yes !—but your love was a fair magic toy
That you gave to a child who scarce deigned
To receive it—forsook it for some passing joy,
Never guessing the charm it contained :
But you gave it and left it, and none could destroy
The fair talisman where it remained.
- 'And, surely, no child—but a woman at last
Found your gift where the child let it lie,
Understood the whole secret it held, sweet and vast,
The fair treasure a world could not buy ;
And believed not the meaning could ever have past,
Any more than the giver could die.
- 'And then did that woman's whole life, with a start,
Own its lover, its saviour, its lord ;
He had come, he had wooed her,—and lo, her dull heart
Had not hailed him with one stricken chord
Of whole passion—had suffered him e'en to depart
Without hope of a lover's reward !
- 'But, surely, there failed not at length his least look,
His least pleading, his most secret tear
Quite to win her and save her ; her heart truly took
A fond record of all : very dear,
Very gracious he seemed ; and for him she forsook
The drear ruin her soul had come near.

'For him she made perfect her life, till she laved
 Her soul pure in the infinite blue:
 O thou Lover, who once, for a love deathless craved
 A brief heaven of years frail and few,
 Take the child whom you loved and the woman you saved
 In the Angel who now blesses you!'

She ceased. To my soul's deepest sources the sense
 Of her words with a full healing crept,
 And my heart was delivered with rapture intense
 From the wound and the void it had kept;
 Then I saw that her heart was a heaven—immense
 As my love! And together we wept.

BROWNING AS A PREACHER.

FIRST PAPER.

'L'ART POUR L'ART' is a motto that supplies us with a very satisfactory definition of the aim and purport of the poetry of those early times when men, not having lost their fresh childlike rejoicing in the present, sang—if they had the power to sing—aimlessly 'wie der Vogel singt,' just only because

Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt
Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet.

But every year is now carrying us farther away from a state of things in which it is possible that there should be produced poetry of the kind to which this definition is applicable. 'The great flood of subjectivity which has made its way into all modern thought has brought with it problems pressing for answer in such a crowd as to leave no room for thinking or feeling to be exercised unconsciously and without purpose. Of the poets now writing amongst us we cannot say that their work is 'pour l'Art.' In the generation immediately preceding theirs there was, indeed, one poet—Scott—who contrived to keep himself apart, as on an island, untouched by the waves of restless subjective thought that had come over the intellectual life of his age, and who retained the power of purposeless poetical utterance. But has there been produced, since his, any poetry seeking no further office than to become a beautiful or noble piece of art? Does not all, or by far the greater part of that which is of recent origin, seem to be sent forth for the purpose of gaining satisfaction of one kind or another for the craving self-consciousness of the writers, and of their contemporaries who are to share in the results of their quest? Poetry, like every other power which man has at command, has now been forced to take its part in supplying the two great wants, Pleasure and Truth—which, little felt in simple primitive times, become passionately urgent in a state of high civilisation and culture. We have not now—and probably the world will never have again—poets who are poets and nothing more. What we have now is truth-seekers and pleasure-seekers gifted with the power of

artistic perception and imagination, of rhythmical or melodious expression, and using these gifts to seek what without them they would have sought by other means.

The school of thought which is content to regard pleasure as the satisfaction for which all desires are craving, uses its poetry to go forth and bring in full richness of pleasures; careless, if only there can be found in them beauty and delight, from whence they come and of what sort they are. Not the value of a man's work as art, but the power it has to awaken in writer or readers a stranger susceptibility to pleasure of sense or imagination, is here the measure of his success. There is a great deal of poetry which seems on its surface to be altogether the free playing of spontaneous instincts, but which we find, if we look a little deeper into it, to have at bottom the principle of utilitarianism, not of art.

Nor can the men whose desires are towards the satisfaction of truth be poets more unconscious of a purpose. To find that satisfaction for themselves and for others is the aim towards which all their faculties are bent, and in proportion as their search is successful these men become teachers and preachers. The poet on whose characteristics the following pages will contain a few thoughts—Mr. Robert Browning—is one whose gifts as a poet, strong and true as they are, are perhaps oftener than any contemporary artist's, merged in his character as preacher of what he has gained as a truth-seeker. I cannot but think that the full value of his work can only be estimated by recognising him first in his office of preacher rather than of poet.

Any reader who has had patience enough to force his way through the bristling hedge of complicated sentences that forms so much of the outer fence of Browning's writings, and has gone in and got hold of intelligible meaning, must surely perceive that he has to do with something which cannot be judged of by æsthetic tests. We feel that what is to be found there is the work of a man who is bound by all the impulses of his nature to preach what he believes and to persuade other men. He seems to have chosen the office of poet voluntarily, for the sake of this preaching; partly because the rhythmical form of words will carry his doctrine where it might not otherwise reach and partly because amongst the truths he would set forth there are some which are of the kind that to men's present faculties must be always only as sights half seen, as sounds half heard, and which become dimmer and fainter if the attempt is made to define them into the accurate form and articulate speech of ordinary prose. Browning's place is amongst the teachers whose words come forth allowed by their own conscious will; not amongst the artists controlled by involuntarily instincts.

His poetry is not a great artist utterance that has fulfilled its end—or at least the only end with which the artist is concerned—when once it has got outside the mind in which it originated into audible sound

or visible form, whether that sound be heard or that form be seen or not; but it is a message intended to travel (the sender hardly cares *how*, provided that the end be reached) from the heart and brain of one man to the hearts and brains of those who will hear him. The necessity that is laid upon him, through his instincts, is the 'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren;' and the setting himself to his work as a poet seems to be his choice of the way in which he will obey that impulse. Not for his own sake does poetry seem to be a necessity to him. As far as his own needs are concerned, such a man could afford to be silent. It is neither for the relief nor for the pleasure of self-utterance that he speaks. Nothing that he has written betokens the weakness and incapacity of reticence that have opened the mouths of so many poets in a great strong bitter crying, which they tuned into beautiful music whose sweetness might ease them of their pain. Nor has he that irrepressible joy in beauty for its own sake which forced Wordsworth to tell of the loveliness of the visible world.

And we cannot attribute his becoming a poet to the pressure of dramatic instincts. Though in power of imagining dramatic characters it is he and he only who at all fills the office of modern Shakespeare, yet there is something in his manner of exercising that power which tells us that in him it is subordinate to some other motive. This difference there is between Browning and other poets who could create 'men and women,' that whereas with others the production of life-like characters seems to be the aim and end, with him it is only the means to a further end—namely, the arguing out and setting forth of general truths. He cannot, as others have done, rest satisfied with contemplating the children of his imagination, and find the fulfilment of his aim in the fact of his having given them existence. It seems always as if his purpose in creating them was to make them serve as questioners and objectors and answerers in the great debate of conflicting thoughts of which nearly all his poetry forms part. His object in transferring (as he can do with such marvellous success) his own consciousness, as it were, into the consciousness of some imagined character, seems to be only to gain a new stand-point, from which to see another and a different aspect of the questions concerning which he could not wholly satisfy himself from his own point of view. He can create characters with as strongly marked individualities as had ever any that came out of the brain of dramatist or novelist, but he cannot be content to leave them, as Shakespeare did the characters he created, to look, all of them, off in various directions according to whatever chanced to suit best with the temper and disposition he had imagined for them. Still less can he leave to any of his men and women the *vraisemblable* attribute of having no steady outlook at anything in particular. They are all placed by him with their eyes turned in very much in the same direction, gazing towards the same class

of questions. And, somehow, Browning himself seems to be in company with them all the time, hearing their different reports of the various aspects which those questions present to each of them; and judging and choosing between all these different reports, in order to give credence to the true one. The study of no individual character would seem to him of much value, unless that character contained something which should help to throw light upon matters common to all humanity, upon the questions either as to what it is, or as to what are its relations to the things outside humanity. Desire to know the truth, and to make other men know it, seems to be the essential quality of his nature, and his poetry only its separable accident—a garment which it wears because it finds such best suited to it in the nineteenth century, but which it might very likely have gone without, if placed among the surroundings of some other age. If we can fancy him transferred back some five hundred years ago, he would be found surely not among the followers of the 'gaye science,' as a trouvère or troubadour, exercising his art to give pleasure at the court or the knightly castle, but rather in the solitude of a monastic cell, gazing with fixed eyes into the things of the unseen world, until they became the real, and the shows of earth the unreal, things; or, later on, would surely have been a worker, not in the cause of the great art revival of the sixteenth century but of its Reformation movement. One can fancy how grandly he would then have preached his gospel of the sanctity of things secular, in rough plain Luther-like prose, with the same singleness of purpose with which he now, as a poet, sets himself to preach a gospel—needed more than all others by his contemporaries—of the reality and presence of things immaterial and extra-human.

Browning's poetry has one characteristic which gives its teaching peculiar influence over contemporary minds. I mean the way in which, all the while being perfectly free from egoism, it brings its readers in some inexplicable way into a contact with the real self of the author, closer and more direct than that which we have with any other poets through their writings. Once you succeed in construing the complicated thinking and feeling of this or that passage of his, you feel, not that you are seeing something that a man has made, but that you are in the immediate presence of the man himself. I know of no other writings (except J. H. Newman's) having this peculiarity to such a degree (it is in this that the secret of the fascination of those wonderful sermons of Newman's consists). These two men, so different, have yet this in common, that there is something in their written words which communicates to the men who read them the thrill of contact with the pulsations of another human life. And the knowledge that there is the real living mind of another man speaking to your mind, gives a restful sense of reality that is the starting-point of all belief and of all motive to action. Surely anyone who has received this from Browning must feel as if there would be a miserable ingrati-

tude in the sort of criticism which should carp at his poetry for its lack of polish in style or prettiness in ideas.

Browning is greater than his art, and the best work which his poetry does is to bring you into his own presence: and once there you no longer care what brought you there, and feel as if it mattered very little whether the means of communication had been poetry or other form of words. Tennyson's art is greater than Tennyson; and it is with *it*, and not with the man himself, that you have to do.

Of course, though Tennyson can have no direct influence as a teacher over anyone who feels thus about him and his work, yet his indirect influence over the minds of men is not to be lightly accounted of. His poetry is what it is, and may be accepted by us as we accept a beautiful painting or piece of music, as an end in itself. Acting through our æsthetic perceptions, it affects the tone and colour of our moods. And most of us know by experience that the character of our thinking is in a great measure dependent upon moods and feelings open to impressions of this sort. It is of course no slight gift that Mr. Tennyson has given to his contemporaries when he has shown them ideas so pure and calm and noble, by the contemplation of which their own lives may unconsciously become purer and higher.

Acknowledging this influence that he *has*, and giving him due honour for it, all I would say is that there is another kind of influence which he cannot exercise, and that his poetry, though making nineteenth century problems so constantly its theme, is not to be reckoned amongst the books that give any real availing help against the modern 'spectres of the mind.' To the needs of vital doubt it is no more than if it told us tales of fairy-land. And this because of its failing to give us that entire satisfaction as to its being truth *subjective*, which alone could be our guarantee for its being able to help in guiding us to truth *objective*. In the times when neither our hearts nor brains can get hold of the sense of reality in anything around us, we find that instead of aiding us 'aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen,' all that Tennyson's poetry seems to have done for us is to have made a beautiful word-phantom, having a semblance of wise human counsel, to add another to the number of the appearances that with aspects beautiful or horrible are floating over and under and around us, and perpetually eluding our grasp. Far more is to be gained at such times from poetry even such as Clough's, which, though it carries you to no farther resting-place, at least lets you take hold of one substantial thing—the veritable mind of a human being, doubting with its own doubts and having its certainties its own, each of those certainties, however few and imperfect, having a distinct place as independent testimony to truth.

Browning brings from out of his own individuality something which he did not receive from his age, and which he offers to it as a gift, and which is of a spirit so foreign to the atmosphere into which it comes that he requires men to accept him as a teacher before attaining to

sympathy with him. This that he has to give is some of the intense earnestness of Puritanism, and the strenuousness of effort which gave heroic grandeur to the old asceticism. He offers this to a state of society, which along with all its practical vigour and perseverance in the affairs of men's outer lives, has so much of aimlessness and abandonment of self-direction in all that concerns the life of inner thought and feeling.

Other men of present and recent times have had a like gift to bestow, but their manner of giving it was such as to make its acceptance for the most part impossible. J. H. Newman and the company of men who, with him, were the Puritans and ascetics of the nineteenth century, have gained no permanent influence as teachers of their age. Teachers of their age, indeed, they did not attempt to be, but only of whoever should be willing to betake himself out of it back into mediæval modes of thought; and with the thoughts and difficulties of the men who refused to do this, they either could not or would not sympathise nor have anything to do. Hence, the vigour and thoroughness of their own individual lives was able only very partially to affect the thinking and feeling of the world around them. But Browning undertakes the work which they would not attempt. The chief glory of his labour is that he has taken so much of what was good in the old Puritan spirit, and has brought it into harmony with the wider knowledge and larger life of later times. He devises for the fixedness of moral purpose and power of asceticism, which are the inherent characteristics of his own nature, another and a worthier use than the uses which in old times men had been wont to make them serve. He sees in moral fixedness a means that may be used not to check intellectual advance, but to help it forward by steadying its aim; and he finds that asceticism is capable of becoming, from having been the old monkish discipline of repression, the nobler *ἀσκησις* of the mental athlete, which is to prepare him for strenuous exertions whereby all parts of his human nature may develop themselves to the full.

The idea of a struggle and a wrestling in which the *wills* of men are to be engaged—the central idea of early and mediæval Christian thought—is recognised fully and distinctly by Browning in all that he has written. He holds that men's business in this world 'is labour and strife and conquest, and not merely free unconscious growth and harmonious development. He differs thoroughly from the modern thinking, which sees no moral evil distinct from and antagonistic to good; and again and again, directly or indirectly, his poems let us see how wide is his separation, both in belief and feeling, from the many poets of these present days, who have returned to the idea round which the old Greek poetry had all revolved, of the powerlessness of man's will and the drifting of his life before an unalterable destiny. In a recent criticism on Tennyson's and Browning's characteristics,¹

¹ Professor Dowden's lecture on 'Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning,' *The Dublin Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art* (1867-68). London: Bell & Daldy.

Browning is distinguished as being pre-eminently the poet of impulse. This he doubtless is, but it seems to me that his *chief* point of difference from the majority of modern poets, is his being emphatically the poet of the will.

That this is the characteristic feature of his poetry strikes one most forcibly if one chances to take up a volume of it immediately after reading his contemporary Matthew Arnold's sufficiently to have let one's mood take the impress of his. The transition from the one man's conception of life to that of the other seems like the waking from one of those nightmare dreams in which we have the sense of being for ever passive (all the while struggling in vain not to be) under some Compelling that is horrible and yet mockingly sweet; to find ourselves restored from this to the wide-awake state of things, in which we regain the consciousness of freedom of action.

There is much in which he makes common cause with J. H. Newman and the men who were imbued with his spirit. They and Browning alike realise the individuality of each human life, and the struggle which is for each man a separate work to be entered into by his self-determined will, and feel the intense mysteriousness of human personality. And they may be classed together as protesters against nineteenth-centuryism—the habit of thought which makes so little account of these things. The question on which they part company is the question as to whether the impulses which men find within them are to be opposed by their wills as enemies, or to be accepted by them as allies in the struggle that has to be engaged in. While, on the one hand, by Newman and those like-minded with him, the only guide internal to man which is acknowledged as having the authority of a voice from the invisible world, is the conscience—the sense of a law binding to the doing of one sort of actions and the refraining from another sort (the law by making its presence thus felt being in itself evidence for its giver); by Browning, on the other hand, *other* mental phenomena to be found in human nature are accepted, as having first their intellectual significance as evidences 'whence a world of spirit as of sense' is made plain to us, and afterwards their moral uses in raising us from the world of sense into the world of spirit.

Our human impulses towards knowledge, towards beauty, towards love—all these impulses, the feeling of which is common in various degrees to all men, and the expression of which by some few among them is Art—are revered by him as the signs and tokens of a world not included in that which meets our senses, as the

Intuitions, grasps of guess,
That pull the more into the less,
Making the finite comprehend
Infinity.

—not of course that Browning does not also recognise the evidential force of conscience as an internal witness, but still, I think, it is *chiefly*

in the human impulses which in the world of sense are never satisfied, that he considers the subjective evidence for the spirit world to lie.

And from this difference in the grounds of his and Newman's beliefs there results a difference in their whole conception of man's life and its aims. The part of human nature which alone Newman will acknowledge as a divine guide is a part which in itself furnishes no principle of growth or progress (the conscience being only a power capable of restraining and directing), and the ideal life in this world is therefore, according to him, only a state of *waiting*, a walking warily in obedience, until some other state shall be reached in which man shall be in a condition to begin growth. According to him the business of the earthly life is only to get safely out of it as out of an enemy's country.

And as a natural result of his theory of the earthly life, we find that Newman, even with all his vivid perception of each human soul's individual existence, becomes unable to sympathise with *diversities* of individuality: no scope for human diversities being allowed by the theory which sets all men to the same sort of work—the mere work of escaping (each with his unused individualities) to some future condition in which life, in the sense of an active and growing state, may begin.

But Browning, on the other hand, having taken all the higher human impulses and aspirations to be evidences whereby we discern an order of things extending beyond the world of which sense is cognizant, becomes able to conceive of the life that now is, as a condition, not of mere waiting and watching—not as a struggle only on the *defensive* against evil, in which safety is the only kind of success sought for—but as a state in which growth and progress are to be things of the present—in which the struggle is to be for acquisition and not alone for defence. His recognition of impulse as a guide to be accounted divine, makes him recognise human nature as being furnished with means of self-evolving growth and action, and not merely of obedience to laws given from without.

Browning's theory of human impulse removes him from a sort of asceticism which he would doubtless have been capable of exercising (if his judgment had decided in favour of it) as unflinchingly and as fiercely as mediæval monk or modern ascetic, such as Newman or Faber. He, like them, could have preached and practised the restraining of human feelings and hopes, and the reducing of life to a toilsomely-maintained condition of high-wrought quiescence. He is too entirely filled with the sense of the resolute human will to have ever let himself be driven along, Swinburne-like, by mighty art impulses. He would have been able to separate his thinking wholly from their influences, had it not been that he had deliberately accepted them as guides which ought to be followed. The moral half of him is stronger than the æsthetic; and the stronger could have crushed out the weaker if it had not chosen to yield it willing honour. A mind such as his is solitary and ascetic in its natural temperament; yet by his creed Browning

gains catholicity of thought and of interests. Wide sympathy with dissimilar types of human character would be a thing not to be looked for in a thinker who realises so intensely the mysteries of his own individual existence, if it had not been that he had taken those very things in which their dissimilarity lies—their multiform impulses—as the many witnesses for the same truths, each witness requiring to be understood by a reverent and appreciative sympathy. To a man whose whole soul could be absorbed by the vividly realised vision of an Easter Day, desires such as Abt Vogler's towards ideal beauty of sound; as those of Paracelsus towards knowledge; of Aprile towards love; and the restless battle-ardour of Luria, would seem trivial, and not worthy of detaining the eyes to search into them and analyse their peculiarities, were it not for his belief that in all such desires an infinite meaning could be discerned; and that they were the varying pledges, given to various human beings, of the individual immortality of each. From this his belief there follows a wide development of human sympathy which has a peculiar value, because of its not being the expression of naturally gregarious tendencies, but of an originally self-concentrated nature, transferring, as it were, its own consciousness, with all its intensity, into the diverse human individualities that come under its notice.

Very wide indeed is this sympathy. All human feelings and aspirations become precious in Browning's eyes, not for what they are, but for what they point to. He becomes capable of seeing a grandeur (potential though not actual) in human aims whose aspect would be, to careless unsympathising eyes, ridiculous rather than sublime. For instance, the instinctive craving after perfection and accuracy, which had for its only visible result the expending of the energies of a lifetime on the task of determining the exact force and functions of Greek particles, is treated by Browning, in that very noble poem of his, 'The Grammarian's Funeral,' with no contemptuous pity, but is honoured as being a pledge of the limitless future, which, lying before all human workers, renders it unnecessary that a man should slur over the minutiae of his work hastily, in the endeavour to compress into a lifetime all that he aims at accomplishing.

The sort of asceticism which Browning's theory of impulse makes impossible to him, is that which fears to let the senses enjoy the whole fulness of earthly beauty, and seeks to narrow and enfeeble the affections, and to stifle men's noble ambitions. Yet his poetry keeps for its characteristic spirit that other asceticism which implies the using of the world's material beauty and human passion, not as ends in themselves, but as means whereby man's spirit may reach to the heights above them, there to find new steps by which to ascend. He counsels no abstinence from beauty for the senses, but it is to be to men not as a banquet, but as a draught which will give them strength for labour, the fuller the draught the greater the strength.

He, more than any other poet, has ever present with him these two ideas: that the world—the material and the human—contains what is ‘very good;’ and also that ‘the fashion of this world passeth away.’ His noble christianised Platonism takes ‘all partial beauty as a pledge of beauty in its plenitude.’ *His* mood the pledge never wholly suffices. The earth is to him ‘God’s ante-chamber’—God’s, not a devil’s—yet still only an ante-chamber.

Asceticism of this kind is the great glory of his doctrine as a *preacher*. It may be that, considering him solely as a poet, he loses somewhat by it. One sort of beauty there is of which it deprives his work, however great may be the compensating gains. This is the artistic beauty of pathos, of which Browning’s poetry is wholly, or almost wholly, devoid. There are two kinds of pathos lying on opposite sides of the position which Browning occupies as a thinker. One of these is the pathos of mediæval art, and the other the pathos of pagan art. And with neither of these has he anything to do. The old ascetic conception of the earthly life gives a strange yearning tenderness, infinitely pathetic, to the manner in which the early and mediæval hymn writers and the modern mediævallists, Newman and Faber, look onward as if from out of a desert or an enemy’s country to the far-off unseen world—their ‘Urbs Beata Jerusalem,’ their ‘Paradise,’ their ‘Calm land beyond the sea.’ But Browning has no need nor room for pathos of this sort: the tender ‘Heimweh’ of this has no place amongst his feelings. He does not image to himself the life after death as a *home*, in the sense of a state that shall be rested in and never exchanged for a higher. He conceives of it as differing from the life that now is, not in permanency, but in elevation and in increase of capacities. And the earth has its own especial glory, which he will not overlook, of being first of an infinite series of ascending stages, showing even now, in the beauty and love that is abroad in it, the tokens of the visitings of God’s free spirit.

The feeling which we commonly call *pathos* seems, when one analyses it, to arise out of a perception of grand incongruities—filling a place in one class of our ideas corresponding to that in another in which the sense of the ludicrous is placed by Locke. And this pathos was attained by mediæval asceticism through its habit of dwarfing into insignificance the earthly life and its belongings, and setting the meanness and wretchedness which it attributed to it in contrast to the far-off vision of glory and greatness. But by Browning no such incongruity is recognised between what is and what shall be.

Another sort of pathos—the Pagan—is equally impossible to him. This is the sort which results from a full realising of the joy and the beauty of the earth, and the nobleness of men’s lives on it; and from seeing a grand inexplicableness in the incongruity between the brightness of these and the darkness which lies at either end of them—the infinite contradiction between actual greatness and the apparent

nothingness of its whence and whither—the mystery of strong and beautiful impulses finding no adequate outcome now, nor promise of ever finding it hereafter—human passion kindling into light and glow, only to burn itself out into ashes—the struggle kept up by the will of successive generations against Fate, ever beginning and ever ending in defeat, to recommence as vainly as before—the never-answered ‘Why?’ uttered unceasingly in myriad tones from out all human life.

The poetry of the Greeks gained from the contemplation of these things a pathos, which, however gladly a Christian poet may forego such gain for his art, was in its sadness inexpressibly beautiful. The *Iliad* had a deep under-current of it even in the midst of all its healthy childlike objectivity; and it was ever present amongst the great tragedians’ introspective analysings of humanity.

High art of later times has for the most part retained this pagan beauty. Though there is no reason to think that there was any paganism in Shakespeare’s creed, yet we cannot help feeling that, whether the cause is to be sought in his individual genius or in Renaissance influences, the spirit of his art is in many respects pagan. In his great tragedies he traces the workings of noble or lovely human character on to the point—and no further—where they disappear into the darkness of death; and ends with a look *back*, never on towards anything beyond. His sternly truthful realism will not, of course, allow him to attempt a shallow poetical justice, and mete out to each of his men and women the portion of earthly good which might seem their due: and his artistic instincts—positive rather than speculative—prefer the majesty and infinite sadness of unexplainedness to any attempt to look on towards a future solution of hard riddles in human fates. ‘King Lear,’ for instance, is pathetic because of its paganism; and would be spoiled, or at all events changed into something quite different, by the introduction of any Christian hope. One of the chief artistic effects of the story is the incongruity between the wealth of devotion poured out by Cordelia’s impulses of love and the dreary nothingness in which those beautiful impulses end. If there was anything in it to leave with us the impression that this was *not* the end of all, and that this expenditure of love was not in vain, but had its results yet to come, the story could not call forth in us an emotion of such keen and tender pity. And in this tragedy, as in Shakespeare’s others, one of its greatest effects, as art, is produced by the idea which had acted so mightily on the minds of old Greek poets—the powerlessness of man’s moral agency against his destiny. Hamlet, for instance, ends in accomplishing nothing of what he has set before him as his aim. Something, over and above his own irresoluteness is hindering him. He becomes, through no fault of his, the murderer of a harmless old man, and breaks the innocent young heart of Ophelia, becoming to her another link in the chain of involuntary evil, and being the cause of her unconscious sin of self-destruction. (It is as sin that Shakespeare

regards Ophelia's suicide; and this paradox of his, of guilt without moral volition is thoroughly Greek—akin, e.g. to the tragic aspect of the crime of (Edipus.)

So too, in Othello's character, there is no lack of noble impulses; yet they are productive of no results. His fate, taking advantage of the one vulnerable part of his nature, impels him to the destruction of all his happiness by the murder of Desdemona. And the artist breaks off, taking the murdered and the murderer out of our sight, and leaving with us only the impression of the irreparableness of the deed, and of the mysteriousness and inevitableness of the innocent suffering and almost involuntary guilt that came upon two human creatures. The effect of the tragedies depends upon the total absence in them of anything which might suggest the possibility of a future answer to the great 'Wherefore?' which their endings evoke from our hearts. Their pathos arises out of their tacit exclusion of hope.¹

The contrast between the spirit (apart of course from any thought as to the relative poetical rank) of Shakespeare's tragedies, and of Mr. Browning's greatest tragic work, 'The Ring and the Book,' is very striking. The impression which the latter leaves upon the reader's mind is that of a great solemn looking forward, which absorbs into itself all emotions of pity that might have been awakened by Pompilia's innocent suffering and Caponsacchi's love; and which mitigates the hatred which we must feel for Guido, by the thought that even for him a far-off possible good may be waiting. The spirit of Shakespeare's tragic art (however much the form may differ from the classical) has much of the sort of completeness which was characteristic of Greek art. There is no suggestiveness in it of a state of things out of the reach of his art, and therefore he allows you to feel to the full (as far as you are able) any emotion which the character and circumstances of his dramatic creations should properly give rise to. When once he has shaped and fashioned his men and women, he leaves them with you—fixed as a sculptor might leave his work—in attitudes which appeal perpetually to one or other of your human feelings, with no indication of such attitudes not being the only possible ones in which they might appear. But Browning never completes, or would have his readers complete, the emotions called forth by his dramatic art. He checks them, while as yet only half realised, by his perpetual suggestiveness that what his art represents is only a portion of a great

¹ There is an analogy between the poetry of ancient and modern paganism, and some of the greatest poems in the modern art—music. The spirit which seems to pervade Beethoven's is essentially pagan. He is the great musical poet of unanswered seeking. There is joyousness enough in his music to contrast with its tones of mighty Faust-like despair; but I have never heard a passage of it that suggested emotions of hope or deep restful happiness. Outside the world in which Beethoven and his art move, there is for him only a 'dim gray lampless world.' Outside the world of Mendelssohn, however, who is no pagan, there is an infinite encircling love, to which he sings his 'Lobgesang.' He seeks—and finds.

unknown whole, without knowing, which neither he nor you can determine, what the feelings with which you regard the portion ought to be. Considering, as he does, every human life as only a glimpse of a beginning, its minglings of greatness and imperfection have not for him the same aspect of pathetic mysterious paradox which they have for those poets who, either from their creed or from their *ἥθος*, regard it as a rounded whole.

The absence of any pagan spirit in Browning's writings deprives them also of a sort of beauty that belongs to so much of the modern poetry of external nature. Paganism is the source whence many poets have drawn their adoration of that loveliness of the earth—serene and terrible, outlasting and unmoved by human struggles. When these men behold the infinity of her beauty, they merge in their adoration of it all dissatisfactions with human life; attaining to one kind of intellectual repose, by giving up hope to find satisfaction for thought or moral feeling, and by taking instead, for solace, the unmeasured pleasure of æsthetic perception.

Shelley's creed, taking the visible world for its all in all, has for its product the intense vividness with which he perceives the richness and glory of the sights of that world. He looks *at*, rests *in*, the beauty that he sees; and it becomes more to him than it can be even to Wordsworth, who, with all his devotion to external nature, looked *through* rather than *at* her. And Shelley's poetry derives its strange intangible pathos from its having all this æsthetic brightness to set in contrast over against the darkness that surrounds those 'obstinate questionings' from *within*, which again and again, in spite of his own desire, distract his mind from its joyous vision of what is without. And there is a sort of passionate grasping, clutching rather, at the light of the sun, and all the sights and sounds and fragrances of the earth, which belongs especially to pagan poetry, ancient or modern, and which tells of a prizing of these things not for their own mere beauty's sake, but chiefly because in the perception of them *life* is implied, and the separation from them means extinction and dark nothingness. This idea, so all-pervading in the old Greek feeling for external nature, finds in our own days its chief exponent in Swinburne. I know of nothing in contemporary poetry that is so supremely pathetic as the perpetual alternations in those wonderful choruses in his 'Atalanta in Calydon,' between a wild revelling in the freshness and exuberant gladness of the earth, in the rush of her joyance, when—

'in green underwood and cover,
Blossom by blossom the spring begins'—

and a wailing lamentation over the life of man who has for his portion on the earth

'light in his ways,
And love and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night and sleep in the night.'

Yet whose doom is only to abide there during a brief space, knowing neither content nor hope.

'His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travaileth,
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes fore-knowledge of death.
He weaves, and is clothed with derision,
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch or a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.'

The poem of 'Atalanta' is of course a direct utterance of *modern* paganism, and not merely expressive of historical sympathy with *ancient*; and is a specimen, most perfect of its kind, of that æsthetic beauty of which Browning's poetry is rendered incapable by the creed in which his strong, earnest mind, never able to rest without getting down into the realities that underlie the visible surface of things, finds the substantial reality that it seeks.

Yet it may indeed be that the feeling gained by Browning's onward gaze of expectation is higher, even if considered purely as an *artist's* feeling, than that of the wistful pathos that comes to other poets through their sense of a seeking baffled alike behind and before. And it may be that our inability instantly to recognise it as higher, is because of our having, although contemporaries with Browning, lagged behind him in thought and aspiration; and not having as yet attained to the conception towards which his poetry reaches in its beautiful imperfect grandeur, of a Christianity and Art—nowhere destructive of each other—two parts of one great Revelation.

E. DICKINSON WEST.

AN ENGLISH COMMUNIST.

BY J. HAIN FRISWELL, AUTHOR OF 'THE GENTLE LIFE.'



There are only two powers now to be feared in Society—they are the Church and the Secret Societies or Mary Anne.—Disraeli's *Lothair*.

THE recent terrible events in Paris, which in their inception and execution both are unparalleled, and as Mr. Gladstone asserts only to be fully designated by the eloquence of silence, have been described by some as the 'last kick of the Commune.' Whether they be indeed the last or the first, they recall a conversation and experience which may here be fitly recorded.

The year is 1870; the hot summer blazing into autumn; the streets untidy and dusty, very far from fresh, somewhat jaded in fact, and not over-well swept; in the early morning, very hot too, although the street-sweepers and water-carts have been their due rounds. The carts, with a heavy lumbering noise, a splash and a gush, which awoke the sleepers who were wise enough to have their windows open, emptied themselves so vigorously that two men at a pump by the market-place, who looked like two tall half-melted navvies who had been unwillingly reduced to parish work, declared that the water was like a half-quartern of gin in 'a two-out glass, no sooner in than it was out agin,' and every now and then struck work to mop their faces. Little boys sat carelessly on the kerb-stones to let the splashing water run over them, and the water itself was dashed upon the warm stones in the stupid, wasteful English fashion, and washed away as much of the concrete as it could, and then evaporated in an efficient and very quick way.

The only cool people in the street were the sellers of watercresses, who with an old chair, an old tea-tray, and an inverted basket, held a kind of bazaar for green meat, and were careful to use one bunch as an asperge to sprinkle the rest, and so kept a few paving stones damp around them. But the 'creases' themselves had run 'spindly' and were dry and yellowish, and not even the tempting cry of 'here's your fine fresh brown 'uns' caused the slipshod urchins to buy. The connoisseurs in 'creases' prefer the dark shining leaves of the young

watercress in spring ; hence the term of 'brown 'uns.' But it was far too late in the season for them.

The place was Greville Street, Hatton Garden ; the house once a very handsome one when old city merchants dwelt in the 'garden' close to it, and some remnants of the nobility still lingered about the quarter named from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. The street had long been left to wild tribes of workmen, and a colony of Italian glass-workers, mathematical instrument makers, silverers, gilders, looking-glass makers, tube blowers, image vendors, modellers, makers of decorations for cornices and ceilings, and other artists, had settled in the quarter and made it what it was fitly called—little Italy. Here and there a French basket-maker had taken a huge house and filled it from the top to the bottom with baskets, which were delivered in gigantic bundles neatly sewn up in canvas, and which reached from the pavement to the top of the first-floor window.

The insides of these bundles were wondrous specimens of 'packing.' For instance, a wicker cradle as big as that which contained the infant Hercules—for English babies run large—held within it many various sizes down to the tiniest doll's cradle ; and baskets followed the same rule until they were small enough to be stuffed compactly with wicker rattles, which with a piece of bent tin in them emitted strange noises like the ghost of a sheep bell. These huge parcels took certain gentlemen in blouses—MM. Achille, Gustave, Arsène, and others—a whole day to unpack, and during this pleasant operation, A. G. and A., who were wildly republican, but devoted to the ladies as deeply as the gayest courtier in the time of Louis XIV., showed their white teeth, smoothed their black moustaches, and smiled fondly and gallantly upon any 'Misse' who passed by.

Inside one of these tall houses, in a back room smelling of vinegar and as cool as it well could be, sat two men : one was an English gentleman, the other an Englishman too, of the 'base mechanic sort,' as some of the superfine swells in Shakespeare's play are made bitterly and satirically to say. The sick man was of the base sort—if we dare apply that to any class ; that is, he got his living by a handicraft which as surely as it fed him, so surely brought him his death. He knew that, and we knew it too. It was as certain as statistics. The little boy who was apprenticed to it would have ten or it may be twenty years deducted from the sum of his young life, and would be badly paid after all. He was a water-gilder, an occupation fast dying out, as electro-gilding, which is not half as good they say, has superseded it. When we have anything good we have to pay for it.

The occupation of the 'base mechanic'—the notion of a man losing his life by inches and yet being base, although all the while he was making very beautiful things, is not pleasant—would of course account for two or three very beautiful silver vases, parcel-gilt, of excellent art, and glowing inside with a deep reflected red (a colour which made one

understand why the Scotch called gold the 'red siller,' and old ballads talk about the red red gold), and on the outside with a moonlight glory of fine polish, picked out with lighter gilding.

The occupation of the invalid would also account for the pallor of his face, the partial toothlessness of his jaws, though the man was young, the blue marks under his eyes and round his lips, and the continual trembling of his limbs. Mercury had done its work upon him, and a hacking cough which shook and tore him to pieces was finishing him as he sat.

He looked with satisfaction at the vases. 'Them's the last,' he said to his guest and friend. 'I give Mr. Jonson my word, and I worked till I done it. It's finished me though.'

'Mr. Jonson,' said his friend, taking up one of the cups daintily, 'why they have a coronet on them, and, by the way, the arms and supporters of the Earl of Mudford—*Virtus sola nobilitas*.'

'That's the motto. Mr. Jonson is the silversmith; I only know his name in it. What does that mean?'

'Virtue is the only nobility. Virtus means strength as well, sometimes valour.'

'Ah! read it that way. If all's true of Lord Mudford it won't suit the other way. He's strong enough and as big as a bull; he saw me to give me some directions, and spoke to me as if I was dirt.'

'It's his way; he is a good fellow enough, I hear, but rather wild.'

'I wish them noblemen wouldn't fancy every poor man was deaf. He split my poor head open a'most, but I give him my word and I done it.'

It was satisfactory to the poor man this finishing of his last work, for, base as he was, he was honourable.

'You mustn't talk too much,' said his companion. 'Be quiet and you will be better. When I picked you up in the street a fortnight ago, I never thought to see you so well as you are. It was a cold night then—one of those sudden cold nights that we sometimes have in summer, and the change from your hot workshop was too much for your lungs, poor fellow.'

'Very kind of you, sir; very kind.'

'Yes, a fellow-feeling you see; I had been nearly as bad.'

The conversation was here interrupted by an Italian who, swarthy, black-headed, and full of health, with a huge lettuce in one hand and a flask of oil in his pocket, opened the door gently and took off his cap politely as he entered. '*L' ho apportata*,' said he, putting down the lettuce, 'we will make salad. Here is something also.' He placed a little packet on the table by the side of the dying man. 'From the society,' he said. 'We had a meeting, and I opened to them your case.'

'I won't touch it. I have kept at work and don't want it.'

The Italian waved his hand. 'You are a good workman, and we

know our duty' said he. 'If not you, yet for the signora—she will need it, Mister Walsh.'

The water-gilder sighed and let the parcel lie.

'Madre Natura takes care of her children,' said Giuseppe softly with a smile, 'which is more than the State does.'

He moved about the room, found a basin, rinsed the lettuce, mixed oil, vinegar, and sugar, tasted the mixture, and cutting the lettuce into shreds, pronounced the salad capital; then saying, '*Avrete del vino e della latte*,' went out to get those articles.

'He's a good Samaritan,' said the gentleman with a smile. 'I suppose in this Italian quarter you like salads and foreign dishes.'

'We get used to them.'

'And to other things—to Madre Natura, for instance; I have heard about it. What is that?'

'A great society which has branches all over the world. You will hear about it soon. Do you know the name of Mary Anne?'

'Not meaning a woman? Yes, I have just heard about it and that is all; in Sheffield and elsewhere.'

'At Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, down here; in New York, Paris, Berlin, and at San Francisco, Melbourne, and Victoria; for the matter of that, all over the world.'

'A large society. What does it mean?'

'Labour against capital, that's *all*,' said the water-gilder in a whisper, for his voice was weak.

'You have to fight with a giant,' answered his companion.

'And we shall beat; at least I think I shall be out of the struggle soon enough, but I leave a boy who may come after me. It will be better for him.'

'*Del vino*,' cried the bass voice of the Italian, bringing some thin white wine, cheap enough in those quarters, and mixed with water very delicious in the hot weather.

A Samaritan indeed, for he brought oil and wine, and declaring that he meant to take a holiday, '*Avremo vacanza, amico mio*,' he said to the poor sick fellow, constituted himself his watcher, took the place of the Englishman who went away sadly, hardly expecting to see the poor water-gilder again.

As it was, however, he lingered on some weeks, and from conversations between him and his visitor, and many explanations from Giuseppe and one of the French basket-makers from over the way, certain truths were picked up which are here given.

The kindness of these men, foreigners and exiles, both of whom had fought in the streets of Paris or of Naples, and to whom revolution was a creed, was remarkable. They were as tender as their creed, according to some, was cruel and wild. The difficulty which society will have in dealing with such political regenerators is that theirs is not the conspiracy of bad men for a mere chimerical object selfish in its

end, but the combination of good men driven to despair at the present state of society, for an end which the world holds to be Utopian, but which they believe to be in their grasp.

Here, then, follow some of their sentences. Edward Walsh, the water-gilder, a good sound English workman, who, whether he has culture or not, whether his education be defective, or he has imbibed some sweetness and light, was an excellent workman, and had died at an early age, leaving his wife and child—through no fault of his own—almost at the mercy of the world. Three men were left: the guest who first sat by Walsh's side when the narrative commences, Arsène the basket-maker, and Giuseppe the Italian modeller, his decent black clothes somewhat whitened in patches with plaster of Paris, as if it oozed out of his pores or dusted from his finger-nails. These after the funeral are debating the matter.

'The service is very simple, and the Padre was a good kind gentleman, but that won't bring Walsh back to his family or do any good for him.' So far the Italian.

'No. We have grown tired of you gentlemen and your religion. We take our wives to our bosoms and put our dead in earth without forms or priest. Christianity is very pretty, very touching sometimes, but for the world, look you there, *m'sieur*, it is exploded.'

'*Senza dubbio*,' said Giuseppe. 'The time has past for it. We have had men of genius who loved it, men of science who admired it: Dante, Galileo, they were its friends—it persecuted and condemned them.'

'The priesthood did: the Church if you like, not the faith.'

'We make no difference, *nous autres*. Here am I; look at me, Arsène Dubois, I loved the faith; it was sweet in my childhood. I have outlived it. What Church does good? Not even to the few who love it, the rich, the comfortable, as you call them. And remember beneath them are the thousands of workers who are strange or antagonistic to it; why these bear the same relation to what they call here the "upper crust" of society as the body of one of your cakes of Christmas does to the thin sugar which makes it look white and pretty on the top.'

'And you have not made them Christian in eighteen centuries. The sugar does not mix; it thinks itself superior to the cake, and yet the cake has all the goodness; is all the food, I mean—produces everything like the workers. And these, my faith, they live in Paris, Berlin, New York, or Manchester, nine and ten in a room, and die like this poor Walsh. Christianity has failed.'

'No; we have failed in making our Christianity real. What would you have?'

'Law!'

'Law; why *that* is not justice even in England, where it is best administered.'

'Not lawyer's law, good sir, but social law,' answered Arsène, 'administered by society—"a supreme headship chosen by other societies"—that is what one of our English brethren writes.'

'*Si, si.* The Commune. All the good for the good of all. Get thee behind me, priests, kings, nobles! What have you done in your twenty centuries since Christ came and preached the true religion of the Commune, "Love one another"? Why, sirs, they have picked out the best places, the parks, the houses, the carriages, the very ships, rivers, lakes, and waters; they have provided for their families, they have taken hold of the Signor Christ Himself and turned His coat inside out. And during this while Humanity has worked for them or starved and died.'

'It is so,' said the Frenchman. 'Government by the upper classes has failed. We do not blame them; they saw only as far as they could. You have a word which is very expressive; you gentlemen are Conservatives, you would *conserver toutes les choses*—keep things as they are. Well, for you it is very good. It means the Universities, the Church, the army, fine places and parks; and all nice things, the lamb, the turbot, and the lobster; poetry, fine art, and splendid emotions, *c'est ça*; but for others, for us, it means little children of four destroying their lives by dipping matches, gangs of boys and girls driven for miles to weed your fields at half-a-crown a week; labourers who rear the lambs paid at nine or twelve shillings; death in the frozen sea for the man who catches the lobster and the turbot, and half-a-crown a day for self, boat, and peril, while the fishmonger makes a great fortune, and plants a paradise or builds a palace; poverty and hard work for the poet, the paper maker, and the printer of your books, and the fate of Edward Walsh for the preparer of fine art. This is a rough outline of our view. As a rule it is a true one, though there may be exceptions.'

'*Vero è vero!* True by the good God who has suffered all this, that is, for ninety out of a hundred. Some giants fight their way upwards, but the flock dies as its fathers.'

'Now we don't hate you—we did once—we could have slain all of you, *vous autres*, but we do not wish so now. But look you, we will remove you.'

'Who will?'

'*Madre Natura.* The Commune, the Contrat Social. Is it not time to shuffle the cards?'

'For from the workers,' continued Arsène, 'in brain or by hand—and you are one of these and should be one of us—come all things. There are exceptions, you say. None, not enough to prove the rule. The steam plough, the plough itself, the spade, the seeds that are sown, the breeding of cattle, all proceed from the brains of the masses, and are paid for by the money of the masses. The pictures which adorn your walls, the books which teach you how to live, how to die, how to pray, the very outwork and defence of your religion, all come from the brains of the workers, poor students often starving and neglected; the very faith

you inherit arose from One poor and neglected, who was crucified as a malefactor, and the very theories by which you administer your wealth from the solitary students of political economy who were neglected and laughed at till you found their theories of use.'

'*Bravo! Arsène my son.*'

'Now we have got tired of all that; we have put it aside as useless; others may take it up, a religion which binds us to suffer, and not to redress wrong.'

'Does it do that? The Church will tell you very differently.'

'Bah! the Church she is dead; we have no Church, we live for Humanity. We propose to redistribute wealth, to reward labour, to punish idleness and over-luxury. Instead of one being educated and despising others, all shall be educated and none despised. We live no longer for individual selfishness, but for Humanity.'

'You are Comtists then; you worship the divine Auguste.'

'Not as divine; he was one of us. We worship what he worshipped in his poor ideal, the race, humanity, Madre Natura, all the good for the good of all, as one of your English said.'

'But what becomes of trade, society, law, physic, and divinity?'

'Ah, my friend, you have a long way to go. What becomes of our sons that we furnished for your armies and your footmen; our daughters who were your mistresses or servants, when the whole Society shall move round you, in every city in France, Germany, Italy, America, and quietly dispossess you? We will not slay you if you are quiet—we will remove you.'

'You are dreaming. How many have you?'

'Three millions already, and each one an apostle. Nothing stands in our way. You remember Mr. Broadhead and Sheffield.'

'A detestable murderer——'

'An agent of the great Society, not very wise perhaps, but clear about his duty and his way. We find that it is of no use to appeal to religion, to faith, to patriotism, to learning, to culture, to government by the rich. These do not stop wars nor baby murders, not the death and degradation of millions. We will and we can. We have a president in every country, secretaries in every town, members everywhere. We help our poor—you saw Giuseppe bring money to poor Walsh; you would give him dry bread and the workhouse. Your religion encourages the scamp and the beggar, and gives away at least the half of seven millions of gold sovereigns in London alone, to the cheat and the idler. Our Society would make them work or would let them starve. You allow millions of children in your fields and streets to grow up to vice and ignorance; Mary Anne would take and teach them. At the same time she is pitiless to those that stand in her way. She says, "Move on or I will crush you."'

'A dreadful sentence to thousands who are innocent.'

'Machinery is very cruel to those that are in its way; but as for

removal of incumbrances a certain Voice said, "It hath borne no fruit; cut it down, why cumbreth it the ground.""

'It also said, "Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."'

'Which priests deny. We have few prayers but our labour, but these prayers clothe all, feed all, and yet we are denied acceptance into every Church; so closely are their doors barred in by dogmas. But enough. Let those who like the churches take them. It is a free fight with us; we have done with Faith, we fight only for Humanity. Let heaven lie beyond this earth as it may, why should it be purchased—and even then denied—by misery and degradation here? We will make the world better than it is.'

'What a cruel conspiracy!'

'As cruel as the surgeon's knife, which by removing a small portion—say the scalp if you like—gives health to the whole body. Join us; we are not cruel, but we are tired of so much talk and so little action of reforms which always result in greater comfort for the rich and more work for the poor; of faith which spreads wings of gold, and utters golden words, but has feet of lead; of the press which makes great promises and ends in being the reporter of court circulars, grand doings, cricket matches, horse races, and the grand palaver club, and yet does nothing of patriots who are silenced by a place. All have failed—now we workmen, the creators of all, come forward, no longer to be governed but to govern all. We number three million souls.'

'If we have any, *Fratel mio*; but we leave that to others; we take care only of the body and the mind; we who understand our principles, simple and wise as they are, and who mean to enforce them. You will hear no doubt of our struggles; you will hear us called harsh names, for in brushing the butterflies away we shall dust their wings; thousands of us may die, but we do that every day.

'We are used to it, *Fratello*,' said Giuseppe, giving him an admiring thump on his back. 'We shall die nobly.'

'And whatever society may say, *we* shall not fail, any more than do the nation of ants in South America, which to cross a stream bury their millions in the river that they pass.'

Thus ended our talk for that time, and after events have given it importance. I may return again to this subject.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.



AN hour and a half's pleasant swing in the Hanoverian train brought me to Göttingen. I had been introduced here to German things and German thoughts forty years ago, when Blumenbach and Heeren and Ottfried Müller, and other mighty names now departed, were the great ornaments of the Georgia Augusta. As to external appearance, I found everything pretty much as I had left it; only the Professors, who in my Burschen days used to lecture in their own private houses, have now been provided with lecture-rooms in a university building of imposing and tasteful exterior. The town itself is lightsome, clean, and pleasant; the architecture exhibiting that quaint combination of a certain clumsy unwieldiness in the mass with a light and painted gaiety in the detail, so characteristic of all those German towns that have maintained their original mediæval character in the face of modern encroachments and transformations. Of course there is a gross incongruity in this, but there is a pleasant variety also; and anything certainly is preferable to those long monotonous rows of stone or brick walls, with square holes cut in them, which constitute some of the most prominent streets in certain parts of Edinburgh and London. The town is surrounded by a *vallum* (wall) or rampart, which forms a breezy walk all round, shaded with green trees, outside of which the old fosse has now been turned into gardens—public and private—where the nightingales keep up their lively nocturnal concert, quite close to the screaming whistle of the Hanoverian railway. As to the University, there can be no doubt that it will suffer to some extent from the provincial character which must now belong to it, in comparison with the great central University of Berlin. The division of the Fatherland into so many petty independent states, which Bismark, by two great strokes, has put an end to, carried with it at least this great advantage, that Germany contained more centres of independent and original culture than any country in Europe, and had its intellectual equilibrium less disturbed by the overgrowth of centralisation. But these minor German universities still present, and will no doubt

continue to present, a strong well-ordered phalanx of teaching power which our proudest British universities may not look on without blushing. In the single University of Göttingen, which does not contain more than 800 students, there are eighty persons officially employed in the work of teaching, arranged in the three grades of ordinary professors, extraordinary professors, and *privatim docentes*—that is, in our language, licensed graduates—the consequence of which rich provision is, that instead of the rigid routine of traditional classes which we have in Scotland, there is scarcely a subject of any conceivable human interest which may not find its niche in the scheme of teaching for a German winter and summer session. During the week I spent in Göttingen I attended four lectures from different professors, each of which was of a kind that it would have been impossible to have heard in any university of Scotland. The two first were on special periods of history : on the political relations of Northern Europe during the second half of the seventeenth century, by Dr. Pauli, and on the history of Germany, from the year 1806 downwards, by Professor Waitz. Our professors of history—and it is only exceptionally that in Scotland they exist at all—could not lightly indulge in various specialties of this kind, as, like most public teachers in Scotland, they are tied down to some prescribed scheme, which they must exhaust, and from which they cannot depart. This mechanical arrangement of university work is a public proclamation of poverty and meanness which requires no comment. The other two lectures which I heard were equally significant of the variety, richness, and flexibility of the German academical scheme. The one was by Professor Hermann Lotze, ‘On the Philosophy of Religion,’ a subject that might possibly find a place in a course of lectures on moral philosophy such as we have in Scotland, but which certainly could not be taken up by the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics without raising grave discussions in the church courts, and being productive of very perilous consequences to the University. The other lecture was by Professor Sauppe ; or rather it was a lecture by the students, over which the Professor presided, pretty much in the fashion of the tutorial classes in England, or the general style of the Greek and Latin classes in the Scottish universities. Only, so far as Scotland is concerned, the sad contrast must be fairly stated : that whereas in our universities the Professor superintends the drill of young men as in a school, that they may acquire a mastery of the two learned languages, in Göttingen the Professor trains those who have already acquired a mastery of those languages in the scientific principles of interpretation and criticism. A notable thing also was that the whole performances took place through the medium of the Latin language ; a practice which should never have been allowed to fall into academical disuse, as it has altogether in Edinburgh (the natural consequence of the inherent weakness of our classical training), and as I suspect in Oxford also, for which there can be no excuse. Whatever

languages are taught at school or college ought not only to be read and written, but to be spoken; for the ear is the great natural avenue through which sounds are received into the familiar citizenship of the brain; and it is not, of course, the dead rule of a gray book, but the living power of a human voice, that can convey to the ear, at once, most easily, and most effectively, the impressions which, in the acquisition of language, it has a natural claim to expect.

The most remarkable thing that I saw in Göttingen was a professor of geology who had been forty-one times on Mount Etna, and, as the fruit of his various visits, had constructed a map of its lava streams, as accurate and detailed as any of Graf Moltke's strategic schemes. This is German thoroughness in the grand style. Whatever a German does he does with system and calculation; and Deutschland certainly has a better claim than France to boast that she is *la patrie de l'organisation*. For the rest, I have only to note that in Göttingen living is cheap, that it is thoroughly German in all its ways and habits, and that it has not suffered any elegant corruption—like Heidelberg and Bonn—from the presence of a regular English colony. I therefore think it a most advisable place for young Scotsmen who may wish to take a taste of German language and learning for a *semestre* or two. As for Englishmen, they will naturally go where living is more expensive, and where they will meet with more of their own countrymen. The plain Scot fraternises more easily with the homely German.

From Göttingen, being bent for Berlin, I took the route which led through the two famous sites hallowed by the names of Luther and Melancthon, viz., Eisleben and Wittenberg. The former town lies on the railway line betwixt Göttingen and Halle, between twenty and thirty English miles to the west of the latter town. Of the country betwixt Göttingen and Eisleben there is little to be said. As we approached Eisleben, dark heaps of ashes and débris, and smoking vents on the slopes of the long monotonous ridges of elevated ground, indicated clearly enough the miners' country which the well-known history of Luther's parentage leads one to expect here. The town of Eisleben lies in the low ground to the south of the gradual ascent that leads northward and eastward to the Harz mountains; it is a place of small size and pretensions. The market-place presents the usual strange mixture of the quaint and the unwieldy already mentioned as so characteristic of old German architecture; but the great attraction, of course, is the little *lange gasse*, or 'long-gate,' in which stands the house in which the great doctor of the Reformation was born. An effigy of the venerable Martin—as well known as Henry VIII.—stands on the wall, with the superscription:

*Luther's Wort ist Gottes Lehr',
Darum stirbt sie nimmermehr.*

Luther's word is gospel lore:
Therefore it lives for evermore.

The house is now inhabited in the upper story by one of the school-masters belonging to the Normal Seminary adjacent; but the room in which the prophet greeted the light is, of course, kept sacred, and left in all the barrenness of desolation which naturally belongs to a mouldy old memorial. There is nothing particularly worthy of seeing in this old house, and yet one could not be in Eisleben without visiting it; such consideration belongs to the bones, and even the nail-parings, of the saints.

Thou, too, art great among Germania's towns,
Little Eisleben! for from thee came forth
The free-mouthed prophet of the thoughtful North,
Whose word of power with mitres and with crowns
Waged glorious war, and lamed the strength of lies:
As when a bird long time in cage confined
First flaps free vans, and on the roaming wind
Floats jubilant and revels in the skies,
So did thy word, thou strong-souled Saxon man,
Lift up our wings of prisoned thought, and give
New scope of venture to our human clan,
While we did learn from thy great work to live
Erect, and make no league with juggling lies,
Looking right forward with unflinching eyes.

Another stage brought me to Halle, and thence a journey of two hours to Wittenberg, about half-way between Halle and Berlin. Here I stayed a night, that the scenery of the greatest drama of modern times might have time to paint itself leisurely on my imagination. I had not far to go, however, before the most prominent witnesses of the sacred traditions of the place stood before me; the bronze statues of Luther and Melancthon, on pedestals of granite, after a model which I afterwards found universal in Berlin. This granite, I was informed, came from no quarry, but is the product of those huge boulders which are found in various places of the vast flats of North Germany, dropt no doubt from the floating icebergs of the great pre-Adamitic Sea that once covered the whole of Brandenburg, Pomerania, and the adjacent districts. Everywhere in Wittenberg, where Luther appears, as here in the market-place, Melancthon appears with him. Never were two contrasts more useful or more necessary to one another.

Two prophets stand forth in the market-place
At Wittenberg to draw the wise regard,
Both broad-browed thinkers of the Teuton race,
Both crowned with Fame's unbought, unsought reward.
Two prophets like, yet how unlike! the same
In work, but not in function; he to fan
The strength more apt of the long smothered flame,
To temper he, and guide with chastened plan.

Thus fiery Peter, erst at gospel call,
 Drew in one yoke with gentle-thoughted John ;
 Thus toiled beneath one battle's sulphurous pall
 Hot-blooded Blücher and cool Wellington ;
 And they are wise who read this text in all—
 Man's ways are many, but God's work is one.

The market-place in Wittenberg, independently of these two bronze preachers, is really an imposing combination ; on one side the city church, in the middle the Town Hall, with hotels, and other buildings with a definite well-marked German character all round.

The great historical monument, however, at Wittenberg, unquestionably is the Schlosskirche, to the door of which the famous ninety-five theses were affixed that shook the foundation of the most gigantic spiritual despotism that ever exercised authority over the free soul of man. The church stands quite close to the north wall of the town (for Wittenberg is a regular fortress), a remarkably plain and almost ugly building, beside the two round towers of the old castle, in no respect more remarkable for architectural effect. But, however little can be said of the church, the door has received due honour. Frederick Wilhelm IV., the predecessor of his present Majesty, who was a man of great taste and religious sensibility, caused a new door to be cast in bronze, with the whole ninety-five theses, word for word, in solid scripture, to preach in the eye of day against the vile traffic in sacred things as long as iron shall endure. In the inside of the church, on the floor, the spots are shown where the bodies of Luther and Melancthon lie. Together in life, in death they should not be sundered ; and so the Elector of Saxony in those days took care that the body of Luther, who had died at his own birthplace, should be transported to the place where the principal scene of his evangelic activity had been. The mass-book which he used as a priest is also shown in the vestry. Having paid my respects to this most notable of old churches, I had to retrace the whole length of the town to the Elster Thor, which leads out to the Halle and Berlin Railway. The name of this street, *Collegien Strasse*, bears on its face the tradition of the University whose learning added its authority to the moral weight of the great Reformer's protest ; and at the end of it, just where it abuts on the fosse of the fortress, stand the University buildings, still used for educational purposes. The inscription *Bibliotheca Academica*, on the left, as you enter, declares the identity of the spot. In the court behind, a building originally a cloister, contains the room where Luther dwelt when Professor in the University. It remains in its original condition, with antique panels, worn old timber floor, and two pieces of furniture of rude strength and antique simplicity. The one is the table at which so many sermons and manifestoes were hammered with such Vulcanian fervour into shape ; and the other a curious chair in which Martin and his Kate

used to sit together and hold domestic chirrupings in the most connubial and irreproachable way imaginable. The chair has two seats, looking one another in the face, but made of one block of wood, so as to present the perfect type of that union of man and wife which is both one and two; and it is so constructed that, for perfect ease and comfort, it must be placed close to the window, otherwise there is no proper resting-place for the arm. The window beside which it stands looks out into the court-yard, so that the most vivid picture of the fulminant doctor in his quiet ruminating moments is here presented in rude significant literalness to the eye.

In the afternoon at Wittenberg, having nothing particular to do (people dine here, and in the small towns of Germany generally, at 1 P.M.), I took a stroll beyond the Elster Thor, meaning to go a mile or two into the country, to see if any object might present itself to relieve the wide expanse of flat green monotony, which, to an English or Scottish eye, in this part of the world, is apt to convey such an expression of dreariness. Scarcely, however, had I passed the railway terminus, when my steps were led into the churchyard; and there, finding it as pleasant as any other field of promenade in the cold weather—for it was a chill May everywhere—I walked up and down for an hour. The pious care which the Germans bestow on the resting-places of the dear departed—shown in the frequently renewed flowers of various kinds planted in the mould—is only one phase of the richer vein of feeling and genuine human kindness which distinguishes them, not less from the lofty reserve of the Englishman and the unemonstrative gravity of the Scot than from the finely and somewhat affectedly cultivated mannerism of the French. Not a few pious hands, even in this cold evening, were busied with these kindly sepulchral decorations. But my attention was drawn from them to some continuous beds of apparently recent graves—to the number of above 150—over which one stone stood, with the following inscription:

Les Officiers français
A leurs
Compatriotes
Morts en captivité
A Wittemberg,
1870-1.

On enquiry in the town afterwards, I found that 7,000 of the French prisoners, principally from Metz, had been quartered here; and that, partly from the extremes to which they had been reduced in the fortress, partly from the general distastefulness of German captivity to Frenchmen, they had died here, one or two every day, till the number which I mentioned was summed up. Upon such a theme, in such a place, at such an hour, just before sunset, one could scarcely help moralising. How some of my Edinburgh German-haters and

peace-gospellers would have burst out here in indignant blasts of commercial or evangelic wrath against that 'hoary blood-monger' the King of Prussia, whom, along with Mephistopheles Bismark, it pleases them to regard as the cause of this effusion of Frankish blood! But my vein was nothing indignant; it was only pitiful. I could not help feeling infinite sorrow that such a highly gifted people as the French should have allowed themselves so long to be deluded with that Will o' the Wisp called Glory, which after a short season of flashing prosperity has led them into such swamps of national degradation and shame. Is man a reasonable animal? Certainly, if in all wars love is extinct, in not a few reason has either been absent from home, or has rudely been kicked out at the back door. I have seldom felt so humiliated in presence of frail human nature as in contemplation of this war, which was the pure and unmingled product of French jealousy, French vanity, French insolence, and French ignorance, and should preach a lesson to that people for all time, if Frenchmen are capable of being taught.

I laud them not; but I must weep for all,
 Poor 'wildered Franks, beneath Heaven's bright blue dome
 Who might have reaped home-harvests, but the call
 Of Glory, elfish idol, bade them roam,
 And here they lie. O! if there be in France
 Wise for one hour to nurse a sober theme,
 Let such come here, and from this tearful stance,
 Spell the true meaning of their juggling dream.
 What thing, from reason's sway divorced, is man,
 Vain man, whose epics swell the trump of Fame?
 A monkey gamboling on a larger plan,
 A moth that, fluttering with a mightier name,
 Drawn by the dear seduction of his eyes,
 Bounces into the scorching flame and dies.

I suppose it is not possible to enter Brandenburg, the cradle of Prussian greatness, from any quarter, without passing through barrenness, long leagues of unfriendly barrenness and monotony. In fact, Brandenburg is barrenness; a mere waste of sand deserted by the primeval brine, and shaping itself by help of rain, vegetable remains, and scientific skill, through the slow process of the ages, into a human and habitable trim. But this harshness of the natural conditions with which Nature has surrounded him is precisely that which has made the Brandenburger great; like the Scot, he works hard, because to live at all he must work hard, and work is the price, as wise old Epicharmus says, 'for which the gods sell all things to men.' The best of us are apt at times to put up the foolish prayer that the gods might perhaps have done a little more for us. Nay; but, my good brother, the fact may rather be that they have done too much

already. Certainly we can learn to be like to them, in a subordinate way, only by doing as much as possible for ourselves, and creating, so to speak, our own world ; making a Prussian monarchy out of a wilderness of Brandenburger sand wreaths.

Sand, sand, long leagues of heath and barren sand !
 Long formal lines of dark unlovely pine !
 Know thus the cradle of the mighty land
 Whose lord now sways from Danube to the Rhine.
 Blest in their barrenness full sure were they,
 Lords of a harsh soil and a frosty clime,
 Where thrift and virtue, and in frugal way
 To live, sowed seeds of strength for ripening time.
 Wise, if they keep the memory of their birth,
 And grow, severely strong, as Frederick grew,
 Not shaking wanton wings of sensual mirth
 Rampant, but to the manful maxim true
 That made men wonder at their mounting star—
 Still strive for peace, but never flinch from war.

A pleasant rattle of two hours on the rail brought us through this redeemed sea-bottom to the once little cradle of the Prussian Electorate, and the now mighty metropolis of the regenerate German Empire, Berlin. As we approached the town long lines of houses, stretching towards the south-west, showed distinctly the direction in which the recent great increase of the city has taken place. When I was here as a student, some forty years ago—in the days when Boeckh, Schleiermacher, and Neander were in the zenith of their academical glory—the population of Berlin was generally stated at about 300,000 ; it is now nearly triple that figure, and the increase latterly, they say, has been to the amount of 30,000 annually. This is, to use the favourite expression of the Germans, something quite ‘colossal’—something quite analogous to the enormous growth of Manchester, Glasgow, London, and other busy cities of Great Britain, during the last century. What have been the causes of this phenomenon, which even more than the needle-guns of Sadowa should have made such an astute man as Louis Napoleon think twice before he plunged his people, or allowed his people to plunge him, into a war with the united strength of Germany ? Prussia alone in her present prosperous condition, and with her well-organised military system, was quite strong enough to have made a repetition of Jena and Auerstädt impossible. The causes of this extraordinary stride made by Prussia, of which Berlin is the greatest symbol, though not altogether on the surface, do not certainly lie so deep as to have been beyond the ken of a cool calculator like the ex-Emperor of France. Prussia, as a Protestant Power, was peculiarly marked out as destined to take the lead in Protestant Germany. Austria might preside at the Diet while the

Holy Alliance lasted, and while princes could still continue to rule without regard to the spirit of the times; but, if government really meant the effective hold and control of the public mind, such a government in Germany could proceed only from Prussia. The other Protestant States were too small either to originate or to maintain any movement that could pass the bounds of their own particular province. To Prussia, therefore, all who longed for the unity of the Fatherland instinctively turned; and this great instinct found its realisation in the person of Prince Bismark, and in the bold stroke of policy that prostrated Austria and annexed the recalcitrant minor States in the year 1866. With the Protestantism of Prussia was intimately connected its intelligence, its comparative freedom of opinion, its patronage of science, its nursing of speculation, its substructure of popular education, its truly national and popular and democratic system of military drill. All this had come to glorious growth and blossom, first, from the genius and character of the great Fritz, and then from the social regeneration that, under the stimulant guidance of Baron Stein, had followed the terrible prostration of Jena in 1806. Moreover, the men of Brandenburg, as already mentioned, were a sturdy race, forced by hard labour to subdue the obstinacy of a barren soil, and from their poverty acquiring habits of wealth-producing industry. The Northern Germans are characteristically a hard-working people; hence the manufacturing industry of the Rhine district, which, by the aid of railways and their concentrating action, has recently shown itself on a great scale also in Berlin. Rich merchants, full cousins to those whose palatial homes fringe the banks of the Mersey and the Clyde, now raise their high-tiered warehouses and pile their pictured halls on the banks of the Spree. Berlin is no more a cold, formal, aulic, and military residence, but a populous capital, full of lusty pulsation, of fervid energy, and, especially since the grand stroke of 1866, of vivid nationality. The manifest signs of this are not only the extraordinary increase in magnitude, but, what is much more significant, the great rise in prices, and especially the enormous mounting of house rents. With regard to this latter item, I learned details from various quarters which convinced me that houses in Berlin are even dearer than in London. One evil result of this, naturally, is, that public servants who live on small salaries, and men of moderate fortunes generally, find it difficult to live in Berlin and keep up their natural position in society; an evil, no doubt, but which is balanced by its consequence, that men of moderate fortunes expelled from the metropolis will serve to maintain and to enrich the social centres of the provinces. It is not desirable that Germany should be swallowed up in Berlin, and that Göttingen, Bonn, and Halle should assume the same servile attitude to it that the provincial cities of France, do to Paris.

My object in coming to Berlin was not to see the town, but to see

Bismark. The town, however, is well worth considering to those whose eye has been trained to know the significance of places. No doubt its situation as a dead flat is bad; the river which waters it, or rather tinctures with some humidity its immense sand-beds, is neither large, nor beautiful, nor salubrious; and the horizontal lines of its streets draw themselves out, notwithstanding the stateliness of their edifices, into a wearisome and oppressive monotony. Nevertheless there is something of a grand imperial conception about it; the great soul of the great Frederick seems to be typed in its plan; and in impressing the idea of vastness it is second only to St. Petersburg. To me, however, it seems to possess a certain moral significance that dominates over all æsthetical considerations; I think of Plato and Pythagoras, and look upon it as the stone-impersonation of the principle of law and order.

Look here, and ponder well, and know the land
 That by the sword of crownéd captains grew;
 In rank and file the streets well ordered stand,
 And like a serried host stretch forth to view.
 Here Order, primal Demiurge supreme,
 Sways with firm will and uncontrolled command,
 Nor fears, to lame the action of his scheme,
 The lagging foot, or the rebellious hand.
 Come here who love mad liberty, the dance
 Of wanton wills divorced from sacred awe,
 Come from your fiery maelstrom in hot France,
 And learn how great, how strong a thing is Law.
 Ye would be free—poor fools; be tigers, then,
 Or monkeys, and forget that ye are men!

But, as I have said, I was eager to see Bismark; and as the Diet of the Empire was then sitting (about the middle of May), there could not be much difficulty about that. I attended the Diet regularly, both at that time and afterwards, about the middle of June, on my return from a short flight into Russia, and had the good luck to see and hear the great Chancellor on several occasions. I did not, indeed, hear any of his great speeches, but, both from what I have read and from what I heard from others, can form a good idea of his character as a speaker. He is not an orator, in any sense, like Gladstone, Brougham, Bright, Canning, and that class of men. He is specifically a man of action and of business, who speaks, as Socrates says every man ought to speak, without art, directly, and boldly, and emphatically, when he has got anything to say. He will never be found, like Cicero or Dr. Guthrie, rolling out grand pictorial and sonorous periods; he only knows what he is talking about, and hits hard; yes, hard, and directly in the face, too, not at all concerned whether your nose purples or not at the blow. He is sometimes found struggling for the proper word to

clothe his thoughts, but that hesitation is the growling thunder, which preludes a flash. Whatever faults you may find with his oratory, you must listen to what he says; and you feel in every sentence that he is a true man, and no glittering sophist or astute pleader of a bad case. If he thinks it necessary to pluck your beard, he comes right up and does it; blatant democracy, with its thousand brazen throats, has no terrors for him; he stands alone in front of a storm of babblers, and overawes them by his cool display of intellectual fibre and iron volition. There is nothing of German subtlety or German ideality about him; in this respect Gladstone is much more a German than Bismark; and Bismark, as I have heard an intelligent German public man remark, has something essentially English in his character and attitude. He is pre-eminently a man of deeds; a man of direct broad views, of practical sagacity, of firm determination, of unflurried coolness, of fearless audacity, of commanding survey, with a touch of hot imperiousness, no doubt, in his temper, and of occasional irritability (*Reizbarkeit*), which in a great statesman is a great fault. But it is not necessary to hear him speak in order to be impressed by the feeling that you are in the presence of a great man. His personal appearance at once stamps him as the leader of the congregation. When I saw him first I was sitting in the gallery behind the Speaker, directly opposite to the elevated bench on the side of the House where the members of the Imperial Council or Senate (*Reichsrath*) sit. On this bench the central seat belongs to the Chancellor, and it was empty when I entered the gallery. I had not watched long, however, before a tall, broad-browed, broad-chested, truly Neptunian man, in a military dress, entered and took possession of the empty seat. I asked, Is that Bismark? and received the answer which I anticipated. I then set myself to watch and study him with as much scientific observation as I was capable of. I had read his life by Hezechiel, and thought I understood something of the stuff of which he was made. He sat for an hour, the image of concentrated business and energy, signing papers, reading telegrams, giving intimations to attendants, now looking to the right hand, now to the left; again crossing his arms before his breast, as if buckling down his natural impatience of a sedentary position, altogether as if he preferred the rattling thunder-car of Jove to the soft-padded chair of the Chancellor. Such a man certainly will never fall asleep, nor allow any other person to fall asleep, wherever you plant him. When he was a young man they called him *der tolle Bismark* (mad Bismark): that means, at an age when he had energy without regulation, and without a suitable field of action, he did many strange and, it may be, some very improper things; as young Clive, they tell us, distinguished his boyhood by climbing up to the top of Shrewsbury steeple. Such men are not made to do common things; for red tape, official grooves, and traditional shams of all kinds, they testify a despotic impatience; they are intensely real, and can only

work where working means a real growth and a ripe fruitage. Such a man, the living image of such a man, its very proper type and embodiment, the great German Chancellor, now stood before me.

There stands he now, amid the flock the ram,
A visible king by natural right to reign,
Whose high commission, from the great I AM
Direct, makes other seals and sanctions vain.
He stands as one who hath a steadfast will,
He looks as one whose survey lords the field,
At whose sure-darted glance of practised skill
The doubtful waver and the feeble yield.
Even such I knew from Homer's regal song,
Jove-born, broad-breasted, lofty-fronted kings,
Who like Jove's bird careered both swift and strong,
And boldly soared with venture on their wings:
But he who boldly ventures grandly wins,
And earns a brilliant pardon for all sins.

Less prominent than Bismark, but very regular in his attendance as a member of the Diet, was Von Moltke. I never heard him speak; I believe he speaks seldom; and is even less than Bismark, naturally, a speaking man. His handsome physiognomy is known to all Europe from the windows of the printsellers; if Bismark has somewhat the look of an English bull-dog, Von Moltke has certainly the look of an English gentleman; tall, slender, somewhat stiff and formal to appearance; not in manner, perhaps, to those who know him, but merely in outward attitude. He does not look like a soldier (Bismark has much more of that), but rather smacks of the student, the literary man, the professor; he is the thoughtful strategist, not the stormy combatant; the mathematician, not the engineer; the architect, not the builder; not the woodman who fells the trees, but the master of the forest, who, according to a well-calculated plan, marks out and numbers the trees that are to be felled.

[*To be continued.*]

BENEVOLENCE AND PAUPERISM.

'CHARITY covers a multitude of sins' is one of the most comforting maxims of our life; we pretend to overlook any amount of selfish indulgence if it is topped by the most selfish of all indulgences, 'the easily-gained gratification of bestowing on those needier than ourselves a portion of our possessions.' There are many virtues lauded by us, which, if illumined but in a small measure by the clear light of analytical reason, lose their outward charm and show us in their naked shape that formidable skeleton of humanity '*self-deception*.' Our much-vaunted charity is one of these virtues. Here is meant that modern desire for public charity which endows the giver with a fictitious worth and heaps upon the receiver an undeserved degradation.

There is need of charity in our social system: that is to say, our social system has produced a class which cannot supply the wants of existence without help from the classes that have sufficient, and more than sufficient, means. The action by which such a condition has been brought about is due to the principle that rules human society and has created its fundamental standard—the *principle of success*.

It seems that it has as yet been impossible for humanity to devise another way of ascertaining worth, than by success—the ancient world was regulated by it, the modern bows to it—tempered with such appliances of charity, as seem sufficient to our maudlin ideas of justice in dealing with the feebleness of mankind—feebleness actually or morally. The very clothes we wear, the very houses we live in, the very food we consume, are measures of our individual success or the success of those who left us the means to provide them; but this recognised success carries along with it an inherent condition—that if we are individually successful in obtaining these provisions, there *must be* individually someone who has been left behind and cannot obtain them. Every good garment we wear brings about the positive, unalterable necessity that someone *must* wear a worse one; every good house we inhabit brings about the necessity that someone *must* inhabit a worse one; every good meal we consume brings about the necessity that someone *must* consume a worse one. If, therefore, in this race for success the element of gradation is so involved that we cannot separate it from it, then we must assume that we shall come to a grade on

which the success of all the other grades presses so heavily that it leaves this last grade entirely in the shade, not counting the suffering it causes on its way to this lowest condition. But if we recognise the truth of this definition, then it becomes a duty for society to provide for this necessary element, which is engendered by the very principle on which society exists in its present form. For this purpose charity is not sufficient, whether bestowed in the form of State assistance or individual gifts to private institutions. Charity breeds pauperism, and charity weakens those very social elements that need a healthy, strengthful influence and remedy, hiding at the same time the very sore that ought to be probed, by covering it with the pretentious mantle of false goodness on our part, and rendering us slothful in recognising that our very *bien-être* has produced the contrary in others, and that we are living in comfort on that social ruin 'pauperism.'

If it were possible for charity to meet the case, then a multiplied charity would be the best mode; but let us imagine all kinds of charitable institutions increased *ad infinitum*, where would it lead us to? To waste—human waste. On one side the waste of the substance given, on the other to the greater waste of unemployed bodily and mental energies. If charity breeds pauperism, pauperism brings forth waste—cruel human waste.

The actual means and activity employed on behalf of charity in this country alone at the present moment present so formidable an amount, that if employed in utilising the strength it now keeps inactive it would be no mean lever towards healthful social action. But to understand such action we have to ride roughshod over many prejudices and cherished ideas, and society is little inclined to listen to unwelcome thoughts.

'Naked we come into the world, naked we go out of it; this is the only certainty about our existence—all else is "accident."'

It is *accidental* what germs may be laid in our mother's womb towards our mental or bodily development; it is *accidental* among which race of the world we may be born; it is *accidental* at what time of the world's history we may be born; it is *accidental* under what surrounding circumstances we may be born. We bring ourselves positively nothing else but existence—all else is the chance of our lot.

Of the two naked babies, the one born, *by chance*, of bodily and mentally healthy parents and under comfortable circumstances, will not only have from its birth the advantage of such chances, but it will, as appertaining to that *strong* section of society, from its birth engross a larger share of legislation and attention than that other naked baby, which, *by chance*, the offspring of sickly parents living in poor surroundings, comes inherently weak into the world, and is, as appertaining to that *weak* section of society, thrown by neglect from its birth as a dead weight upon the world. Here we have the first step to that down-

ward ladder of humanity ; there is no denying it, we legislate for the accidentally strong and neglect the accidentally weak, when we ought to do just the contrary. Legislation should let the strong in position take their natural course of social supremacy, and ought to use its utmost efforts for the weak in position.

The first step should be to withdraw the child at the earliest possible period from the weakening influences under which it lives, and give it the benefit of a sound and simple elementary education, supported, as a *necessity*, by the governmental and municipal authorities, but not as a *charity*. Charity is out of the question : duty even is. We ourselves benefit by paying the rate towards the education of those young members of the State whose parents cannot pay for it. But this education must meet its requirements, and be so shaped as to engraft upon this weak social element the first important quality—self-dependence. It is the most radical cure for pauperism ; the child that has been imbued with the consciousness of individual worth, that has gained sufficient knowledge to earn its own bread, that child will grow up into a man who will, by the laws of Darwin's natural selection, *find* the means to support himself out of the pale of pauperism and crime.

Here I would remark that, much as we may esteem every member of the London School Board—much as we must admire the scientific man who has laid before the Board a scheme of the necessary curriculum of teaching, that curriculum is again imbued with the old leaven of 'success,' and there are elements introduced into it which will again let the greatest attention be paid to the *clever* or *mentally strong* child. I maintain that State education has something else to fulfil as its ground-work ; that is, it has to sow the seeds of healthful life among the young population of that grade of society that has been left in the shade.

We must hope that, as we advance in the right direction in education, the charitable principle will more and more disappear, that the 'Endowed Schools Commission' will purify the stream most thoroughly, and that we shall begin to understand that 'if the pretty caps and gowns, the bright buttons and smooth coats, are very picturesque when arranged under the dome of St. Paul's once a year'—these very things say, as plainly as they can speak : 'You are bad social managers if you want charity to educate your children, and have to put them into livery that they may bear this mark of charity upon them.' This very mark of charity annihilates the principle of independence in the children.

Suppose, then, that by a sound and appropriate education—for which we require particularly fitted teachers—the children of the socially weak section are being prepared for that undaunted, independent action which will not let a man starve, what other elements will this weak naked baby meet in its upward growth that are inherent social helps to pauperism ? The 'brute force of accumulated

capital, and the false charity it showers in munificent gifts upon that mankind which it has helped to weaken.'

Capital, it will be said, is necessary for great undertakings—it is not so; congregated labour, the only worthy capital, *is*. Combination is the moving principle of all higher socially economic action, and combination is making more and more head among us. When the weak baby has gained the strength to be independent, then you must also give him the means to be so. What will do it? 'Confining the individual action of the strong party, that would be guided by an undue amount of personal assertion into over-selfish courses, within proper limits.' To large capital almost all is possible, not on account of its own worth but on account of what it can buy—the exertions of thousands. It deals with these thousands almost despotically, ruling their exertions without fear of gainsay. The proof that the disinterested surveillance of legislative control has been beneficial in overlooking the individual selfishness of the strong section of society is palpably apparent in the measures it has taken to bring the time of labour into a rational and humane compass. We have heard a great outcry against paternal government, but as long as the principle of success will give us *any* scope for our 'accidental energies' and our 'inborn cupidity' we want legislative surveillance, as being a disinterested medium between the mutual concerns of the employer and employed. The sacred duties that ought to bind both, as depending on each other, can only be engrafted stronger on both by a more rational and general educational action.

Suppose, then, that the weak naked baby has passed through a good educational process, rendering it capable of maintaining itself and not becoming a burden to mankind—suppose that it has obtained the means of exercising these capabilities and earn a certain amount for its exertions—what does society do for this 'accidentally weak baby' towards allowing it a due share of legislation, in order to let it obtain, for the price it may be able to gain for its exertions, a necessary amount of those supplies that maintain our bodily existence? And here we come to the principal reproach upon society—the ever onward pressure for the development of higher luxuries, and the utter neglect of developing modes of housing, clothing, and nutriment, that will meet the requirements of the weaker section, and grant it a fair representative value for its work, and keep it in health and vigour, not debasing humanity by disease, want, and crime, but ennobling it by showing its capabilities of wholesome maintenance in all grades of its composition. It *does* degrade Dives to be dressed in silks and satins, drive in a fine coach, and fare sumptuously, and see Lazarus pass by in rags—worse fed than the dogs.

How are we to bring into account the long list of causes that have brought forth our 'Public Charity?'

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Bodily ailments | Hospitals. |
| 2. Mental ailments | Lunatic asylums. |
| 3. Needy circumstances | Workhouses and other associations. |
| 4. Needy old age | Almshouses. |
| 5. Needy childhood | Infant asylums. |
| 6. Crime | Reformatories and refuges. |

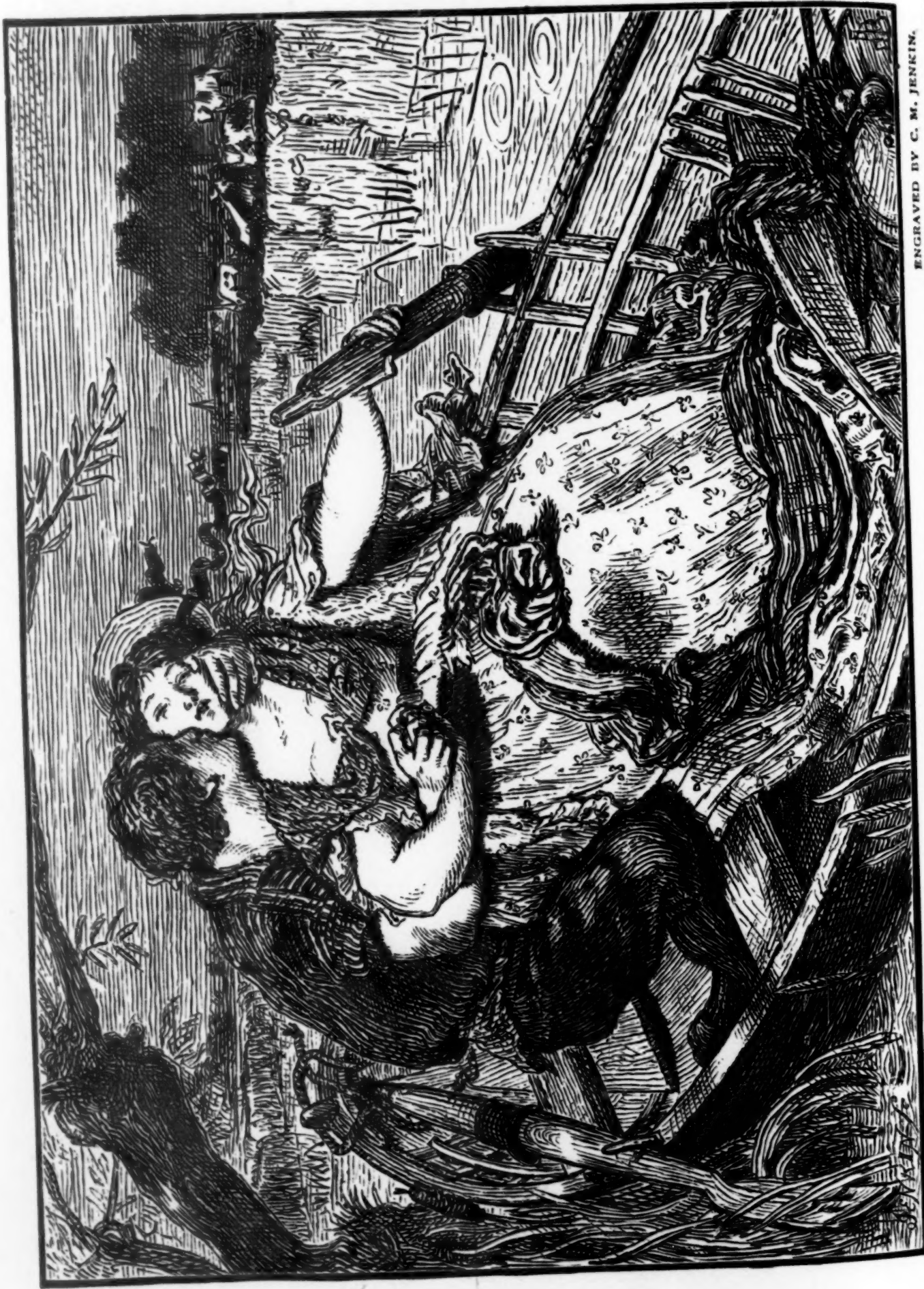
Where do all these come from, and what do they represent? The accidentally weak social baby. Even when education had enabled it to gain its livelihood—even when *fair* competition had allowed it the opportunity—then came the worst of all, the inability to nourish the body in health with the means that could be provided by the value obtained for the work done. It is a growing certainty that ‘Philosophy is only valuable when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.’ It is the end of all science to benefit life, and could we in such researches not find the means of discovering such substances and combinations of wholesome food as can be bought in proper quantities by the section that *can* but gain a certain representative value for its exertions? Is this not a noble end of science; is especially analytical chemistry—which places before us a clearer insight into the composition of natural substances—not destined to benefit mankind more by rendering it generally wholesome and strengthful, than the artistic taste of the Greeks and the martial ardour of the Romans? We are for ever searching for daintier preparation of food for the wealthy; leave them alone, they *can* buy what is needful, but let us search earnestly to bring wholesome food home to all. The same with clothing; let science look for substances that can be bought by a certain representative value, and let some large action be found, which will not only keep the dwellings of the poor, as it does now by sanitary measures, wholesome, but which will control building cupidity, and make decent dwellings an absolute necessity. Bodily ailments arise from insufficient food, clothing, and housing; from inherited disease and excess—whatever shape that may take. If the body is nourished by proper food, an undue consumption of the medium that supplies periodical strength, ‘alcohol,’ the cause of so many mental diseases, will be diminished; if the sound mind in a wholesome body can find rational recreation it will free humanity in a larger degree from that curse of lunacy, only the consequence of weakness or excess. Hospitals or lunatic asylums can never be done away with, but they can be diminished, and may the day come when they will be maintained like the ‘public schools’ as a necessity for our own welfare, not as a charitable contribution from our own goodness. The workhouse system requires the strictest and most extended enquiry; we must hope that the next generation will see with a sounder social action a greater diminution of their necessity; and now, even in their necessity, earnest minds ought to search for a better medium of assistance to that weak naked baby than places that harbour an undue amount of unproduc-

tive bodily energy. The needy old age, the needy childhood, must be supported—but as a ‘necessity’ not as a ‘charity;’ the latter undeservedly debases the recipient.

Lastly, ‘crime’ stares us in the face: for that we reserve another paper if permitted by the Editor. These few remarks on the connection of benevolence and pauperism can really only be hints, suggestive of further thought: let them end with the earnest wish that some day the reproach of ‘pauperism’ and ‘charity’ may be taken off mankind.

AMELIA LEWIS.





DRAWN BY F. MADDOX BROWN.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

DOWN STREAM.

BETWEEN Holmscote and Hurstcote

The river-reaches wind,
The whispering trees accept the breeze,
The ripple's cool and kind :
With love low-whispered 'twixt the shores,
With rippling laughters gay,
With white arms bared to ply the oars,
On last year's first of May.

BETWEEN Holmscote and Hurstcote

The river's brimmed with rain,
Through close-met banks and parted banks
Now near now far again :
With parting tears caressed to smiles,
With meeting promised soon,
With every sweet vow that beguiles,
On last year's first of June.

BETWEEN Holmscote and Hurstcote

The river's flecked with foam,
'Neath shuddering clouds that hang in shrouds
And lost winds wild for home :
With infant wailings at the breast,
With homeless steps astray,
With wanderings shuddering tow'rds one rest,
On this year's first of May.

BETWEEN Holmscote and Hurstcote

The summer river flows
With doubled flight of moons by night
And lilies' deep repose :
With lo ! beneath the moon's white stare
A white face not the moon,
With lilies meshed in tangled hair,
On this year's first of June.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
A troth was given and riven ;
From heart's trust grew one life to two,
Two lost lives cry to Heaven :
With banks spread calm to meet the sky,
With meadows newly mowed,
The harvest paths of glad July,
The sweet school-children's road.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.



WOMEN IN FRANCE.

THE position in the social system at present occupied by women is a subject that has been brought rather prominently before public attention of late. It has arisen spontaneously with the idea that has forced itself upwards in the minds of all who have thought on the subject, that any question with regard to the moral and intellectual condition of the world is involved in the question of the moral and intellectual condition of women. And with this has come the conviction that both are at present in an equally unsatisfactory state, but that no real and radical improvement can be hoped for in the one until a corresponding reform has been effected in the other.

This reform has commenced among ourselves, and its progress though slow has been sure enough to satisfy those who possess minds rational enough not to expect to see great changes effected all at once, or at the first effort; especially when the obstacles opposed to them are—as in this case—rooted in what have been the universal, and still are the most generally prevailing, notions of religion and morality, grounded in the ignorance and prejudices of a people.

But while considering the position of women, we have been too apt, with national egotism, to think only of Englishwomen, and have interested ourselves in their improvement and advancement alone. We seem to have forgotten that the social progress of one nation can hardly be effected quite independently of that of others, and that particularly in these days of incessant international intercourse, the conduct of the people of one country in any such matter as this is really a subject of importance, and should be one of interest to those of another, affecting as it may their own for good or evil more deeply than they imagine.

We have indeed given some superficial thought to the condition of women in the East; we have in our own minds drawn some rough distinction between the social status of the wives and mothers and sisters in our English homes, and that of the ladies in Turkish and Indian harems. We have sometimes, too, been roused to transient indignation by tales of women being subjected to the punishment of

the knout under Russian rule, but our interests and our sympathies have stopped here.

And yet we might with some profit and advantage look a little nearer home, and especially to one country whose close neighbourhood renders our intercourse with its people more frequent and familiar than with that of any other—France. France professes the same religion that England does—the Christian—with only the slight difference of denomination; there is not a political party in England to which a corresponding one may not be found in France; with her language and literature many of us are as familiar as we are with our own, and we do our very utmost to imitate or adopt French fashions in dress and habits, in food, with much of French manners and customs in other matters. But at the same time we have regarded with utter indifference, or at least have given but a very cursory share of our interest to, some of the conditions of French life which are far more worthy our attention—though not our imitation—than the shapes of French bonnets or the flavours of French ragoûts, and in consequence the ideas we have formed on them, when we have formed any, have in general been exceedingly erroneous. And this has been more particularly the case on one subject—the position assigned to women in the social system of France, and the influence exercised by women on French society.

In the first place, owing to some of the marriage laws of France—particularly those which relate to the property of married women—being somewhat more equitable than our own, we have been used to consider Frenchwomen as possessing a freedom in all that concerns themselves not enjoyed by the women of other countries, even our own. In the next, on account of the natural quickness of apprehension, readiness of speech, and vivacity of manner of Frenchwomen, which enable them to shine in conversation, we have acquired the notion that their minds are more highly cultivated than other women's who do not make so brilliant a show in society. At the same time, with these advantages, we have been in the habit of ascribing whatever we consider reprehensibly loose in French morals and contemptibly frivolous in French manners mostly or entirely to the women. In this we have but taken the cue from French satirists and quasi-moralists, the English frown and shake of the head always following the suggestion of the unjust sneers and false sentiments of French playwrights, romancers, and journalists. Whatever knowledge of French life we possess, besides that acquired by our own superficial observation, we gather from such productions as 'Frou-frou' and the 'Famille Benoiton,' popular novels of the same type, and sensation paragraphs in newspapers. Thus our most familiar picture of French conjugal infidelity is always the wife with a lover, as our most notable instance of its extravagance is a *modiste's* bill. English newspapers have been wont to reprint for the benefit of their fair readers wonderful accounts of the

toilettes of Madame A. or the Marquise B. at some ball at the Tuileries or *fête* at St. Cloud, and the fabulous sums they cost. It is always the gay and silly wife deceiving the tender and confiding husband, or ruining him with her milliner's and jeweller's bills, or both. In the case of unmarried men it is still the same. Outside the pale of matrimony we have always before our eyes the melancholy tableau of an amiable and generous youth fleeced and deceived by a calculating courtesan. Our popular notions of the seducer and the seduced are quite reversed when contemplating—from the French view—this phase of French society. We see in the *demi-monde* nothing but the incarnation of heartless profligacy trading upon the affection and generosity of ardent youth.

Now our present purpose is to show that all these views are more or less mistaken or incorrect, owing not only to superficial observation of facts, but a general neglect of looking into the causes of things; and in as brief an examination as possible we will endeavour to prove this.

Taking the second instance we adduced, first, the intellectual condition of French women. A very slight examination into the conditions of female education in France, and the nature of the mental training bestowed upon French girls, will show that natural intelligence of mind, liveliness of disposition, and gaiety of manner, conceal, though they cannot supply, deficiencies of real knowledge much greater, and the bad effects of a system infinitely worse even than our own.

In the first place, parental authority has always been carried to its utmost limit in France. Young men, however, have begun to free themselves somewhat from its power, while unmarried women, of all ages from infancy upward, are still subject to its almost unrestricted control; where the law does not support it, the weight of public opinion gives it a moral force, against which resistance is almost impossible.

Next to the authority of parents comes the influence of the Catholic religion, which is still allowed to exercise an enormous power over the minds of Frenchwomen. To keep a human being naturally gifted with reason and intelligence in a condition of slavery to two such powers as these, the most essential thing is to crush the reason and stunt the intellect, parental authority being evidently designed by nature to take the place first and then assist the reason and intellect while in a state of infancy and childhood, but to cease with their full development, as priestly authority had its use in the infancy and youth of civilisation. French parents confide the education of their daughters either entirely to the hands of the Church, or at any rate permit it such a control and supervision as almost entirely to answer the same purpose. Thus, as the priests are permitted to regulate what books shall or shall not be used in girls' schools, even when those schools are not, as they generally are, convents. The consequence is that while they are trained in a few outward graces, and taught a few superficial

accomplishments, they are debarred from all really useful knowledge. Anything that could shake their belief in the dogmas of the Church and so weaken their submission to its authority is studiously kept from them. And above all they are guarded from everything that could give them any sense or appreciation of their own capacities as women and rights as human beings. That this control over the education of women given to the priests does not proceed from any slavish submission on the part of the educated portion of the population generally to the authority of the Church of Rome, is manifest from the fact that in no other country in Europe, nominally Catholic, has the Catholic religion been so completely cast off by the male half of the population. The majority of Frenchmen who possess any education being avowed free-thinkers, it is plain that Frenchmen, while abjuring the control of the Church over their own thoughts and actions, assent to, approve of, and support its sway over the minds and actions of the women of their country, as the most effectual means of securing their mental subjugation to themselves.

Frenchwomen obtain a partial freedom by marriage, but, as we all know, liberty is of very little use to those who have not been taught how to use it. And marriage, as even the advocates of the fullest and freest equality in it admit, involves personal restraints and obligations peculiar to itself. The imposition of these restraints and obligations is generally the last consummating act of French parental tyranny, imposed as they are quite regardless of the wishes or inclinations of one of the principal parties to the contract. The education and training, then, bestowed upon a French girl are but the fitting preparations for securing her submission to this final decree of the infallible authority of her home. Of men she knows nothing in any sense of the word. She has never associated with any beyond the narrowest limits of her home circle, and even in that she is kept as much apart from her brothers as possible, while her father speaks to her and treats her very much as she does her pet canary. Of the man she is to marry she knows as little as of any, possibly even less than of some. She may be somewhat versed in the arts of *coquetterie*, but of the physical conditions of marriage, with such an education as this, it is needless to say she knows nothing. This ignorance explains the willingness with which a French girl of sixteen or seventeen will submit to her father's behests, and contract a marriage that a woman of ripe years and understanding would shrink from with repugnance. But this 'innocence' of the '*jeune personne*' so studiously cultivated and fostered in France, combined as it is with careful teaching both by precept and example of the arts of coquetry, is not innocence at all in the real sense of the word, but simple ignorance. This is plain by the conduct of Frenchwomen as soon as they obtain the partial liberty with the enlightenment and understanding that comes to them through entrance into the marriage state. It is amazing the rapidity with

which the bashful '*jeune fille*,' who scarcely ventured to raise her eyes and never dared to open her lips in company, turns into the gay daring woman of the world, who stretches her license to its utmost limit. It is in this phase of her career that she most generally falls under our notice—and under our disapprobation. But in judging her in this we have not only overlooked, as has been shown, the conditions of her previous preparation by education and training for the state, than which nothing could possibly be worse, but we have been apt to overlook some of what are too often the conditions of the state itself to a Frenchwoman when she enters on it. One is the fact that for the man to whom she has bound herself to be faithful she has not previously contracted any affection, and thus she is deprived of one very powerful incentive to fidelity. Another is, that there are two sides to conjugal fidelity, upon one of which society—particularly French society—looks much more leniently than it does upon the other; thus it is more merciful to a husband keeping a mistress than to a wife having a lover; at the same time that with the charming inconsistency of its inexorable laws it ordains that the mistress shall be kept out of its sight and out of its company, while the wife—if she would hold her position as such at all—must parade her lover before it on every possible occasion—the discovery of a secret amour being social ruin to a woman who, notwithstanding satirists and moralists, may hold her place in the world for a long time, perhaps for ever, if she only make her cavalier and his devotion conspicuous enough. And so to casual observers, those respectable English people who mix a little in French society, a Frenchwoman's levities is the phase of conjugal infidelity the most apparent and most striking. But nevertheless, it is not really the blackest side of the case, and as society is satisfied when the other is not placed in the straight line of her vision, or thrust directly on her company, anyone can ascertain this to be the fact who will take the trouble to glance a little aside or step for a moment out of the beaten track. Love has generally as little to do with a Frenchman's marriage, as it has with a Frenchwoman's; the only difference being that in his case it is a matter of freewill and choice to contract such a marriage, while in hers it is not. A Frenchman, if he be poor, generally marries simply to replenish his purse, if he be rich to beget legitimate children to inherit his fortune and perpetuate his name. That such love as he is capable of is already bestowed upon a woman whose poverty prevented her from satisfying the first condition, and the meanness of whose birth and position would incapacitate her for fulfilling the second with the distinction he would wish, is no barrier to him in the matter. Nor is his marriage when concluded any barrier to his continuing to indulge his passion for the woman who has excited and is able to sustain it. If she at any time ceases to do so, some other is found to supply her place, that other not being at all of necessity, and as a matter of fact being very rarely, the wife who

bears his name, and who is the mother of his heir. That Frenchmen prefer those connections with women which are terminable at their own caprice to the marriage state, and that they enter on the latter generally with reluctance and only late in life, and for the purposes above named, is a notorious fact; though when passing judgment upon Frenchwomen, its connection with the evils we censure, as one of their primary causes, is too often overlooked. And this brings us to the third and last of those instances we brought forward of popular misconception as to the social position and influence of women in France. That Frenchmen prefer unlawful to lawful connections is explainable by the fact that marriage, however weak and slavish a woman may be rendered by education, gives her some legal rights that, howsoever ignorant she may have been kept, she must know and may exercise; while a woman—called by a miserable irony a mistress—whose position is dependent solely on the caprice of her master will be utterly submissive and subservient to him. At the same time these women who sacrifice all personal dignity, freedom, and honour, to become the slaves of men's passions and the toys of their caprice, do obtain a position in France not accorded to them in any other country in Europe. But what is that position at its best? To be a petted, pampered slave, an admired, cherished toy, and nothing more.

And yet, wretched as this position is at its best, it is the one in which in France a woman is at the acme of her glory: she leads the fashion, that highest distinction in France; she is the recipient of all the adoration and affection that a Frenchman is able to spare from himself. And he can spare her a good deal, as she contributes perhaps more than anything else to his personal gratification. There is some dull respectability in the position of a wife, but there is nothing else, unless she manage to assimilate it with that other, unless she combine being the wife of one man with being the mistress of another; under such circumstances, that she does it sometimes is scarcely to be wondered at. For the unmarried woman who chooses to be, or is kept by her parents, chaste, there is no position, no influence, no social recognition whatever. She must serve some man as his wife or his mistress to be of any value or obtain any place whatever in the social system of France. The contempt for 'old maids' is a feeling fast dying out in England before an enlightenment that recognises a place and a work in the world for everyone independently of the condition of their sex or the exercise of its functions; while in France the '*vieille fille*' is still the object of the greatest social obloquy and contempt—an individual whose existence is scarcely tolerated outside the walls of a convent.

That women who have sold their human dignity, their liberty, and their self-respect, to become the mere slaves and toys of other human beings, should be occasionally somewhat greedy and rapacious in exacting payment from the buyer, that they should demand and obtain their highest possible value in the market, is but to be expected when

we consider the nature of the transaction. That they should sometimes cheat too is natural, considering that they have parted with all that is incentive to fair dealing in any bargain, besides that experience has taught them that cheating is their only safeguard against being cheated in this.

And while we condemn women individually whom we see engaged in this degrading traffic, we should remember that in this, as in other branches of trade, there is a law of demand and supply, that the former controls the latter, which increases and decreases in proportion with it. We have shown some causes to prove that the demand in this respect is very great in France; until it decreases we surely cannot lay all the blame at the door of those whom an inexorable law compels to supply it.

The French have long boasted themselves the most civilised people on the face of the earth, and too long has the assertion received from the rest of the world at least a tacit assent. But the recognition by the state and by society of the born equality of every human being, the combination of national prosperity with perfect personal liberty, is beginning now to be established as a truer test of civilisation than perfection in the arts of sensuous enjoyment and sensual indulgence which has been arrived at before by nations whose existence is now blotted out from the history of the world.

To the fulfilment of this test France can lay no claim so long as her whole social system designedly subjugates and degrades one sex to the other. A subjugation and degradation that, though concealed under a specious show of flattery and indulgence, is nearly as complete as if the harem were a recognised domestic institution, and the knout a recognised public punishment for women in France.

The consideration of this topic may not be unworthy the attention of those who see in the equality of women with men in education and independence, and consequently in social influence, the only true basis for the establishment of improved moral relations between the sexes.

A. P.

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

BY COMPTON READE.

CHAPTER XXII.

WEAVING THE WEB.

A TELEGRAM from Horace Blackley preceded the voyagers to London, and its purport infused for the moment new courage into Adine. He appointed to meet Mr. Lovett on the morrow at the offices of Plumley and Smith, Bedford Row. One o'clock sharp. Plumley and Smith were the professional advisers of the Rev. Horace.

Impatient Mr. Lovett arrived nearly an hour too soon, but was nevertheless promptly accorded an interview by Plumley, the senior partner, an elderly man with the blandest of smiles and the cruellest eye conceivable. This gentleman appeared much concerned about the failure of negotiation with Mr. Brown. He affected to attribute it to Mr. Brown's relations, who objected to Essex as a place of residence.

Mr. Lovett shook his head; he had his suspicions. Mr. Plumley, remarking his look of incredulity, attempted to reassure him. A scene between the two clergymen would be as disagreeable as useless.

'We shall be able,' he said, 'to place before your professional adviser, Mr. Lovett, such a proposal as——'

'But I haven't got a professional adviser,' interrupted Mr. Lovett.

'Not! My dear sir, respectfully but firmly I must ask you to permit your interests to be duly protected by a solicitor. It is, I assure you, most necessary for yourself, and indeed for our client, that you should be duly advised.'

'Can you give me the name of any clever man?'

Mr. Plumley hardly desired to take such a responsibility on his shoulders. He might say that in Bedford Row alone there were dozens of most able lawyers. In fact, the law as a profession might contain a few knaves, but indisputably very few fools.

Mr. Lovett reflected for a moment. 'Can you tell me the London agents of Mr. Chowner of Blankton?' he enquired.

Mr. Plumley referred to the Law List. 'Colquhoun, Rider, and

Priest, Bedford Row,' he said, adding, 'just across the way—most first-class firm. My clerk shall show you.'

Colquhoun he found engaged; Rider was at Westminster; Priest was devouring an early lunch.

This important affair ended, Priest condescended to give audience to Mr. Lovett.

He was quite a young man, perhaps five-and-twenty, of a very *nonchalant* aspect, and a distinctly dissipated appearance. Not the slightest attention did he pay to Mr. Lovett's rapid, but succinct, statement of his case. He seemed, on the contrary, deeply interested in his waistcoat and inexpressibles. As soon, however, as Mr. Lovett had talked himself fairly out of breath, being conscious that Horace Blackley must now be waiting for him in Plumley's office, Mr. Priest turned from him abruptly, and rushing to the door shouted desperately, 'Dawkins!'

A very seedy man appeared in answer to this summons.

'Get me the call book,' said Mr. Priest sternly.

Mr. Lovett tried to feel patient.

In a trice a dirty volume was brought, which Mr. Priest perused by means of tearing open leaf after leaf.

'Dawkins,' at length he murmured, 'Dawkins, did Sir Pounceby Uggleshorpe enquire for me yesterday?'

'Day before he did,' grunted Dawkins.

'Dawkins——'

After which adjuration followed a solemn pause, occupied by Mr. Priest in picking his teeth—nastily.

'Did Lord Asnapper send for his title-deeds?'

'They're gone back to the bank,' responded the functionary.

'Oh—ah! to be sure. Then, Dawkins, if Colonel Juggins sends round his cab at four, tell the man to wait.' This in a sort of half-whisper.

Dawkins, with a look of weariness unutterable, right-about faced.

'Or, hie! I say, look here, Dawkins, tell him to say that I'll run down to Richmond by train.'

Mr. Priest then turned to Mr. Lovett. 'I beg pardon; you were saying, sir——?'

'Time is an object,' replied Mr. Lovett angrily. He was excessively nettled at this specimen of town manners.

Mr. Priest, no way disconcerted, stared an unruffled and imperturbable stare. 'Who introduced you to us?' he enquired.

'I came to you as being Mr. Chowner's agents.'

'Chowner—who the deuce is Chowner?'

'My solicitor at Blankton.'

'Chowner of Blankton. Dawkins!—this *fortissimo*—'do you know anything of Chowner of Blankton?'

At this query the face of Dawkins exhibited signs of alarm. He

took Mr. Priest aside, and whispered a few words, which had the effect of magic. At once Mr. Priest's whole manner changed.

'I must apologise for my apparent preoccupation of mind, Mr.—Mr.'—looking at the card on the table—'Mr. Lovett, but business is really overwhelmingly confusing. You country people can have no conception—however, not to delay, you said something about a consultation at Plumley and Smith's. Eh?'

'At one o'clock,' suggested Mr. Lovett. 'It is now half-past.'

'Unfortunate, my dear sir, very. We must trust to the good nature of the other side. Ha, ha!' And without ado, Mr. Priest led the way to the office of Plumley and Smith.

They found Mr. Blackley evidently in a very evil temper. Plumley preserved his bland demeanour—it was his best capital, producing marvellous interest. In fact very friendly and jocular were both the lawyers. The greeting between the two clergymen was simply antagonistic.

'Coldhole is unsaleable,' began Mr. Lovett abruptly.

'Gubbins has offered six thousand five hundred for it,' retorted Mr. Blackley with a grim sarcastic smile.

'I've nothing to do with Gubbins, or anyone else,' cried unlucky Mr. Lovett. 'I attempted negotiation with Mr. Brown, and if I had met with fair play——'

'Quite so,' interrupted Mr. Plumley; 'fair play. That's the rub, my dear sir; *we* feel it, I assure you.'

'Mr. Lovett,' sneered Mr. Blackley, 'is not much concerned about anybody except himself.'

'Pooh! There is no reason why I should think of you. I am the loser. You promised me in so many words St. Mary's Chapel in return for my living, and I ask you to fulfil your promise. As for your precious advowson, that surely is your affair, not mine.'

'Look here,' said Mr. Blackley, turning to address the two lawyers, 'am I to be held accountable for the depreciation of my property? This gentleman has been hawking about my living for the last month, the result being that people imagine it's to be had for a song. Gubbins told me only the other day that he should purchase at 6,500*l.*, and refused in consequence to advance a shilling.'

'It was you who advised me to advertise,' rejoined Mr. Lovett.

'I didn't come here to indulge in recrimination,' grunted his opponent.

Whereupon, as by a wizard's wand, judicious Plumley waved everyone to a seat; the atmosphere was waxing too hot to suit his views. Said he sententiously, 'Gentlemen, I think our wisest course will be to regard this business from a practical point of view. The question arises what is best to be done under present circumstances in the interest of all parties?'

‘Just so,’ added Mr. Priest, who opined that he must say something. ‘In the interest of either side.’

‘The living evidently,’ continued Mr. Plumley, ‘if sold to the only purchaser in the field at present—namely, Mr. Gubbins—will be sold at a loss. Eh?’

‘At a decided loss,’ echoed Mr. Priest, as if he knew all about it.

‘Now our side are not prepared for loss,’ and Mr. Plumley enunciated this news benevolently and sweetly.

‘Quite so,’ replied Mr. Priest, beaming graciously and somewhat vacuously. Facts, figures, everything were to him a *terra incognita*. It was enough, so far, to agree to all that Mr. Plumley said.

But Mr. Lovett was not quite so complaisant. ‘Excuse me, Mr. Priest,’ he said, ‘I too am equally unprepared for loss.’

‘Oh, exactly!’ cried Mr. Priest in a tone of virtuous indignation; ‘we cannot consent to forego our just claims.’

‘Nor do we desire, my dear sir,’ rejoined saponaceous Plumley, ‘that you should. Do we, Mr. Blackley?’

Mr. Blackley shrugged his shoulders as if all the world were fools, more especially a considerable section of the company present.

‘What course do you suggest?’ enquired Mr. Priest by way of a feeler.

‘A very simple expedient. You, Mr. Priest, are aware that this firm have capital at command. We are, in fact, the managers of “The Peculiar Advance Co.,” and as such can practically dispense funds to our clients for short periods.’

Mr. Priest bowed significantly as if he knew all about that. It was in reality a bit of news to him. Mr. Lovett pricked up his ears attentively.

‘The case as regards Mr. Lovett stands as follows,’ continued Mr. Plumley. ‘He has purchased the Chapelry of St. Mary in Lingeville for sixteen hundred pounds. The Lingeville bank hold upon the title deeds an equitable mortgage for nearly twelve hundred pounds, and the vendor, Mr. Bulps, has a farther lien of six hundred pounds. Now, as matters stand, the bank can sell to recover their capital. We may presume that they will adopt that course. In that case Mr. Bulps will bring an action for the amount of his lien. Under the circumstances he could obtain a judgment with costs, and would act upon it.’

Mr. Lovett winced: the alternative of prison or the Court of Bankruptcy seemed horrible enough.

‘That,’ said Mr. Plumley with emphasis, ‘that is one side of Mr. Lovett’s case. On the other hand, Mr. Blackley, having accepted Mr. Lovett’s benefice of Mudflat, is naturally desirous that he should receive in some shape its equivalent. Unluckily Coldhole advowson, which was to have yielded that equivalent, is still unsold, and time is now of paramount importance.’

There was an acquiescent silence in these premisses, so Mr. Plumley proceeded :

'Mr. Blackley has asked me to interpose, or rather to make you an offer of interposition by means of "The Peculiar Advance Co." The course suggested I may briefly state thus. We shall lend you the sum required to extricate the title deeds of St. Mary's Chapel from the Lingeville Bank, and we shall retain those deeds as our security. Further, we will advance you five thousand four hundred pounds, which sum will enable you yourself to purchase Coldhole advowson from Mr. Blackley, which at your leisure you will be able to resell ; and I am advised that it ought to fetch eight thousand pounds. Therewith you can repay us, and redeem St. Mary's Chapel.'

Mr. Plumley paused to avoid laughing ; Mr. Lovett looked so ridiculously delighted at this proposal. To get rid of Petifer and that terrific bank appeared alone delicious. Present difficulties always are reckoned worse than future ruin.

Mr. Priest did not regard this method of ' plunging ' with so much favour. The mind of a lawyer is quick to realise the folly of borrowing to pay debts.

'How long would the advance be for ? ' he enquired.

'Three months,' replied Mr. Plumley.

'And who is to present to Coldhole ? Formally you cannot transfer the advowson during a vacancy. Still, I imagine that an arrangement can be made ; but we ought to have some sort of guarantee. Eh ? '

Mr. Plumley frowned—unwittingly.

'Mr. Blackley's father is patron of Coldhole, and will duly present your nominee. You may draw an agreement if you like to that effect.'

Mr. Priest reflected. 'And if,' said he, 'the sum borrowed be not repaid within the three months ? '

'Then,' answered Mr. Plumley, 'the property would of course be forfeited.'

'Hum ! I don't know. Yes. It looks well. What do you think, Mr. Lovett ? '

Now Mr. Lovett felt the greatest contempt for this whipper-snapper young lawyer. Oblivious of the fact that he had been clever enough to get himself into a serious mess, he was still vain of his own judgment. He therefore at once silenced the lawyer's hesitation by stating positively that he was quite prepared to accept with gratitude Mr. Plumley's terms.

At once Mr. Blackley, who during this discussion had been singularly taciturn, rose from his seat exclaiming with a sigh of relief, 'Thank Heaven, this worry is over ! I never knew such a disgusting fuss about a little matter. Perhaps, Lovett, now you are satisfied ? '

Mr. Lovett, however, although very much happier, did not feel himself equal to owning that he had been well treated. He sought refuge in a cold bow.

Then Mr. Plumley took up the cudgels for his client.

'It is, sir, of the greatest importance to Mr. Blackley that you should express yourself satisfied with his honourable action in this matter. If you recollect, supposing that Coldhole advowson sold at the minimum price, namely, seven thousand pounds, Mr. Blackley would have taken five thousand four hundred. You sixteen hundred. That was the agreement between you at Lingeville, was it not?'

'I must admit that such were the figures arranged, but——'

'Yes?'

'But I still think that I never ought to have had anything to do with Coldhole advowson at all. I agreed to exchange for St. Mary's Lingeville, and I——'

'My dear sir,' interrupted Mr. Plumley, smiling with an air of somewhat offensive patronage, 'Mr. Priest will tell you that nobody except a country clergyman could expect a negotiation to involve no difficulties.'

'Say rather risks,' observed Mr. Priest.

'Risks, if you will. Observe the risks my client has run. His property depreciated; a large private debt, and dilapidation money still undischarged; his good name staked on acting fairly by you, Mr. Lovett; yet for all that displaying singular intelligence, combined with a bright sense of honour.' And Mr. Plumley bowed gracefully to his client.

Mr. Blackley, however, had his little word to put in.

'Lovett, I insist on a written acknowledgement of my fair dealing by you. If you accept Mr. Plumley's proposal, I retire from this negotiation with simply a minimum. Do I or do I not retire with clean hands? I want to know, for I'm not going to be pitched into again through Canon Grabbe, I can tell you.'

Mr. Lovett flushed. So his letter to the canon had transpired. Awkward!

'I'll write what you wish,' he said.

'Perhaps,' added cautious Mr. Priest, 'we will defer this letter till the completion of the arrangements.'

'That will be satisfactory to us,' remarked Mr. Plumley. 'To ease your mind, Mr. Lovett, I will write by to-night's post to the Lingeville Bank, so that you need be under no apprehension in that quarter. Let me see. We can complete in the course of a week. What do you say, Mr. Priest?'

'I shall leave everything to you,' jauntily responded the young lawyer. 'Forward drafts for perusal, you know, and all that sort of thing.'

Mr. Plumley smiled assent.

And thus the meeting broke up, everyone feeling satisfied, Mr Lovett especially in high glee. He had now ample time to sell Coldhole, and comparative peace of mind into the bargain. He was quite irritated

by Adine declining to adopt his sanguine notions. She could view the matter all the more dispassionately, because her last hope of Horace Blackley's honour was at an end. She perceived now how cleverly he had shifted all responsibility from his own shoulders, and how completely entrapped her poor husband was.

'How are we to live?' she enquired.

'We must borrow on our furniture stored away at Blankton, and I must try for Sunday work in or near London,' was his reply.

She sighed forth, 'Heaven help us!'

At which he looked decidedly angry, and bit his lip.

'Adine,' he grumbled, 'little women don't understand business matters.'

This was the first snub he had ever had the folly to bestow on his pet.

The pet's eyes filled with tears.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'TIS A NEW LIGHT THAT BREAKS.

'CHASE away foul melancholy,' rang the merry tones of young Ralph, as he tried to cheer up his downcast friends of the dreary Portobello Park lodgings. 'There is truer wisdom in the maxims of the old madrigal writers than melody.'

'Very good advice,' said Mr. Lovett; 'let us adopt it, Adine.'

Whereupon, without further ado, Mr. Ralph offered them seats in a box at the Opera that very evening. Mdlle. Neillson was to sing in 'La Traviata.'

'Delightful!' exclaimed Adine, at once emerging from her cloud. 'Truly delightful. How kind of you. Whose box is it?'

'My friend Lady Montresor's,' responded Ralph timorously, not without a tell-tale blush, much observed of Adine.

'But I haven't a dress fit for the Opera, Doré.' And a little sigh escaped the fair breast.

'I shan't be ashamed of you,' smiled her husband.

But Adine was not reassured; she would go and think over her wardrobe, to ascertain if the proposed relaxation was compatible with her toilette.

In a few minutes she returned very much better. Art had hit upon a combination of vestments which would render the Opera a possibility and a pleasure.

Accordingly a brougham was ordered, a fan purchased, with two pairs of gloves, and sundry other essentials, all of which cost money, and in due time they found themselves ushered into a box on the grand tier, for the first time in their lives.

Rosa Montresor, when they were introduced by Ralph, was looking very lovely. Placed by the side of Adine, the contrast was, perhaps, rather between art and nature. Both were very beautiful; for Adine under all circumstances never lost one iota of her natural charms, and Rosa's art, occasioned by reason of her varying health, was so artistic as simply to restore to her the brilliancy which, not long since, had been hers. Perhaps by the glaring gaslight art showed to the best advantage—through an opera glass.

Of course the country people, gentle though they were, displayed the least little amount of *mauvaise honte*, not to say shyness. A title to some people acts as a repellant. Rosa, quick of perception, tried to form an estimate of them. 'Not a bad sort of fellow,' she thought, as she watched Theodore Lovett. 'He is engrossed in the music, and that covers a multitude of sins. Besides, he is the friend of my friend.' Altogether she thoroughly approved of the man. Of the lady her ideas were rather different: 'Very pretty indeed; knows how to blush; has known how to dress, but is rather deteriorated; over attentive to my friend Ralph; he, too, looks as if those great blue eyes had their influence. Bah! men are false, especially young men.' And, Lady Montresor, finding that Mr. Lovett would not flirt, and that Ralph paid Mrs. Lovett equal attention to herself, fell out of temper—genteelly of course.

She could not realise her lover's friendship for Adine. Jealousy positively caused her to imagine that her ideal man would be guilty of the gross baseness of making love to the wife of his greatest benefactor; and all because he wished to make a pleasant evening as pleasant as possible. Such is woman.

'What a magnificent representation,' cried enthusiastic Mr. Lovett, as he joined the thousand hands, who were testifying their warm approval of the exquisite Swedish vocalist.

'Yes,' answered Adine, 'but I don't quite like——'

'The morality,' laughed Lady Montresor, with a perceptible tinge of sarcasm.

'I—I didn't quite mean that,' apologised Adine, blushing.

'But it is bad morality,' said Lady Montresor, raising her eyebrows defiantly.

'And lovely melody,' added Ralph.

Whereupon the Lovetts, after the fashion of deputations to Cabinet ministers, thanked Lady Montresor for her courtesy, and withdrew.

'Do you like her?' asked Adine as the brougham rattled them homewards.

'So so,' replied her husband. 'She seems musical.'

'Shall I tell you a secret, Doré?'

'Eh?'

'She is in love with Ralph, and Ralph is in love with her.'

'Nonsense, Adine; what an absurd suspicion. I'm sure Ralph is much too high-principled to——'

But Adine's laugh rather rebuffed this very feeble philosophy of his before it could well gain utterance.

'People don't fall in love on principle,' she said.

Was she right?

Lady Montresor drove Ralph back with her to Westbourne Terrace. There they found poor Miss Poodle in a state of yawn, but striving nevertheless with praiseworthy zeal to exhibit her normal blandness.

'Poodle,' said her mistress sternly, 'you are tired and sleepy; drink three glasses of Moselle, and go to bed at once.'

'Indeed, dearest Rosa,' was the patient rejoinder, 'indeed I am not at all'—a yawn—'not at all sleepy.' To tell the truth, Miss Poodle was beginning to grow alarmed at Ralph's influence with her ladyship. Consequently she invariably did her small best to render a *tête-à-tête* either impossible or brief.

But Lady Montresor had a will of her own. Poodle, in spite of all remonstrances, did go to bed, in a very indifferent temper too; leaving Ralph to share with his lady-love lobster mayonnaise, and other gastronomic indigestibles diluted by *vins mousseux*, and 'settled' by b. and s., with cigarettes of some mysterious compound that rendered back the thousand and one sweet odours of Eden.

'You admire Mrs. Lovett?'

'She is indisputably pretty,' he answered, in his innocence of woman's nature, hardly appreciating the drift of her words.

Rosa Montresor sighed. She was reclining pensively enough on a sofa, which she was wont to compare to angel's wings, it so completely supported a frame recumbent thereon.

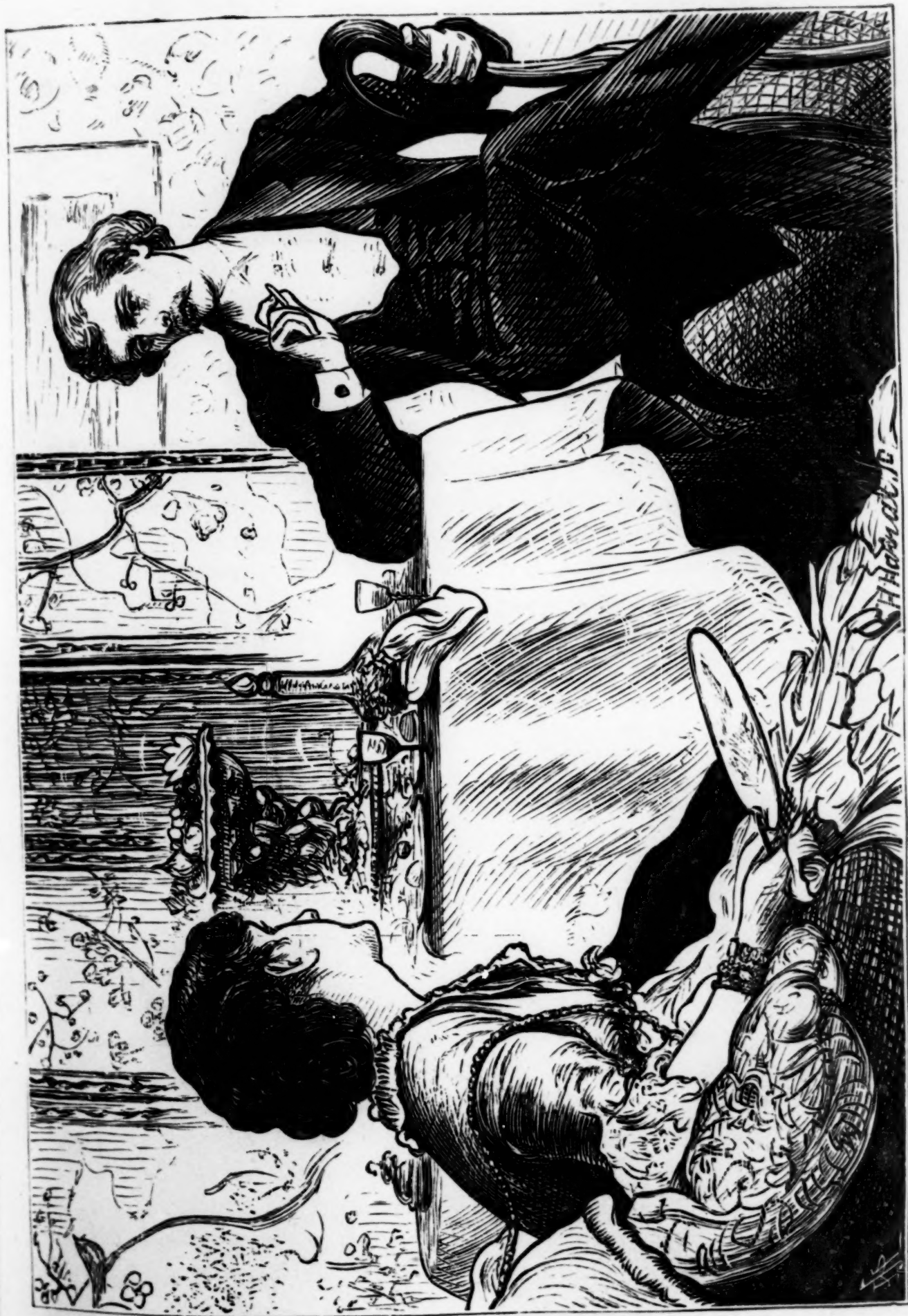
'And as nice as she is pretty,' continued Ralph, unheeding a sigh, which to tell the truth came from the depth of her heart.

'Ah!' broke forth Lady Montresor, 'how I wish I was indisputably pretty, and equally nice. Poor me! I languish here, the light of other days!'

And then Ralph began to perceive that he had committed a *gaucherie*. She was not offended: but there was a strange sadness in her tone. At once a brilliant flush rose to his cheek, and his tongue, which hitherto had failed to say aught but soft things, seemed nerved with a desire that he should quit himself like a man.

'You are the light of my to-day,' he exclaimed, 'dear lady mine;' and flinging his cigarette from him he threw himself by her on the sofa, and seized her hand.

She did not withdraw it. Nay, now he thought that he caught a strange look of pleasure in her softening eye, but the lids fell so as to hide her meaning as she murmured: 'I am not as she is; I have no health on my face; I have no natural charms. You cannot feign admiration for mere patchwork.'



ENGRAVED BY H. HARRAL

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

DRAWN BY W. T. HENNESSY



He was bending over her tenderly, and had pressed her unresisting hand to his lips and his heart, when a strange thought flitted across his brain. Could it be that this woman was playing with him? He was but little more than a boy, and very inexperienced, and she practised in the art of pleasing. It was but a passing thought, and he cast it forth from his brain as an evil.

'I cannot feign,' he murmured, 'for I know not how. I have never loved before, and I shall never never love again!' True words.

The noble eyes rose to ask his once and for ever if his lips spake the language of his heart, and they read in one long glance that so it was. Then the great soul of Rosa Montresor carried her away. In a trice she had locked her boy-lover in her own white arms, with a vehemence, which seemed to him as Elysium. She addressed him by a hundred endearing epithets, whilst the pent up stream of her mighty love, having burst its floodgates, welled forth with wondrous rapture. She called him her Seraph—a punning pet name she had thought out of his initials and surname combined—and her little lord, and own treasure: and then somehow she seemed to seek her rest on his bosom, for she lay there quiet, all except the breast which upheaved quickly at first, then slower, slower, slower still, until suddenly she fell helpless, and he knew that her emotion had ended in a dead faint.

His first impulse was to summon her maid. But no, that course might betray her. So he laid her tenderly on the sofa, and bathed her temples with iced water, and loosened her dress, though with fingers that trembled he knew not why, and just as despair began to whisper that Rosa Montresor had passed from him to the other world, and he cried to her to return, she awoke from her trance, smiling through her pain.

'Ah, heart! traitor, false heart!' she gasped, apostrophising the cause of her weakness. 'Dearest, you must leave me, or this great joy will prove too much for my weak life. To-morrow, perhaps, to-morrow I may be calmer. You told your tale, Seraph darling, too suddenly—and strange, I knew it before you spoke—but it was so delicious. Ah love! We must count our love by hours, as others do by years.'

'By many many hours, I pray,' he answered her.

And so these two started on the strangest journey. Neither ventured to estimate what each could be to each. In the delirium of the moment they placed all their hopes for the future, if indeed they thought of any future beyond to-morrow, which seemed to be gilded with a fascination so marvellous, that it was as if earth had suddenly been transformed into a paradise more vivid than even oriental imagination could paint for those brains to whom piety is love.

CHAPTER XXIV.

YOUNG MANHOOD ASSERTS ITSELF.

ON the morrow Ralph awoke early, dressed himself with the care and neatness, which he had learnt from his sojourn in London to be essential to civilisation, and, we regret to add, having displayed much moral obliquity by writing to put off five pupils on the ground of severe headache, sallied forth to purchase something pretty in one of the various flower shops, which are to be found in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove.

Having invested in about half a guinea's worth of stephanotis—no very great quantity by the way—he walked slowly towards Westbourne Terrace.

'Lady Montresor was ill—too ill to see anyone to-day,' said the servant.

'Send up my card,' replied Ralph authoritatively.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' was the reply, 'Sir Joseph Toadie just been here, sir—commanded puffed repose.'

'Could I see Miss Smith?'

'She is not at home' answered the domestic stolidly.

There was nothing for it but to retreat. He had lost five lessons, representing very nearly three pounds in hard cash; he was disappointed in not obtaining admission to his love; and he was very anxious about her health. Still there was nothing for it but patience. He resolved to employ the time before he could in decency call again by visiting the Lovetts.

At the end of Westbourne Grove he encountered Mr. Barwyn.

'Ha!' said that individual, 'here so early. Pray where do you hail from? Flowers, too! This is mysterious.'

'I've been to call on Lady Montresor,' he said simply.

Whereupon Barwyn burst into a hoarse laugh. 'Sly dog!' he cried. 'There is no fathoming the depth of you young men from the country. Seriously, however, Ralph, you must take care, you know.'

'Why?' enquired Ralph, amazed.

'Because our vicar and curates are devilishly sharp. Rosa Montresor is good game; in fact I had my own little affair with her, and very agreeable it was'—here Barwyn winked in vulgar style; 'but these things are apt to get round, so prudence intervened, and I gave it up.'

'Wha—hat the devil do you mean?' almost shouted Ralph, advancing in his wrath, as if to annihilate the man who dared asperse his love's fair fame in this unmanly fashion.

Barwyn paled. He was coward to the backbone. But his stock of inborn low cunning never deserted him.

'My dear fellow,' he replied, retreating a step by way of caution. 'I don't mean to hurt your feelings. Far from it. I had no idea you were so much in earnest. Bless the boy! why you're never going to commit an assault in the street.'

'You must unsay that insinuation of yours against Lady Montresor,' he said sternly, holding Barwyn by the collar of his coat.

Barwyn was silent, but looked right and left for aid.

'You have lied,' continued Ralph. 'I know all about your infamous conduct. Lady Montresor herself has narrated the story, and if I catch you again spreading such a false report about the purest and best lady, who ever condescended to utter to a rascal like you, I'll break every bone in your skin, Mr. Barwyn, and tell your wife into the bargain.'

A knock-down blow this last, for Barwyn the worthless and dissipated was mainly dependent on his wife's relations for his daily bread.

'If I could see a policeman——' began Mr. Barwyn, livid with rage.

'You'd give me in charge? No, you wouldn't, unless I were to strike you, and then perhaps you might—out of cowardice.'

With which he turned on his heel, leaving the man he had thus thoroughly insulted to devise vendetta with all the acumen of a mean, white-livered, and diabolical nature.

Mr. Barwyn's brain travelled very fast indeed. Ere ever Ralph was out of sight he had hit upon an idea, which he was not slow at putting into execution.

Turning down Westbourne Terrace he marched straight to Lady Montresor's house, and enquired for Miss Smith. To him that lady was at home, and she seemed, too, poor fool, very delighted to see his not very veracious face.

His greeting, when they were alone, was somewhat demonstrative for a married man, for he kissed her very warmly indeed, and to judge by the expression of her face she seemed in nowise displeased, or annoyed, or surprised. Mr. Barwyn's lips were something short of strangers to hers.

This Poodle—retriever would have been a better sobriquet—of Lady Montresor's hiring was certainly pretty. Perhaps, strictly speaking, she was prettier than her mistress, but she lacked the *spirituel* grace which is the very essence of real beauty. She looked lovely enough as she accepted the caresses of Mr. Barwyn; a bright, irregular-featured, ignoble, but fascinating thing, without one jot of moral principle, selfish and greedy, yet to her lover prepared for the very bathos of self-sacrifice.

'How is Rosa?' he enquired.

'What do you want to know for?' she replied snappishly, the whole form of her face changing in a moment.

'My pet,' said he, playfully chucking her under a very dimpled

chin, 'must not be silly. What do I care for Rosa Montresor! Didn't I tell you that my only motive in making love to her was exactly the same as yours is in being friends with her—a cheque?'

'I can hardly believe you,' she murmured, gazing at him dubiously. 'Rosa is far better style than poor I.'

How strange it is that women imagine that a rake of a fellow like this Barwyn, who had always a dozen or so of amours on hand, must perforce be in love with one woman, and with one woman only! Barwyn was quite as much in love with Miss Poodle as with Lady Montresor, and quite as much with Lady Montresor as with Miss Poodle.

A little fondling by a practised hand soon put the girl in a good temper with herself and her lover. Then he came to the point.

'Is that ill-mannered clown Ralph perpetually about her still?'

'He is,' she answered. 'But I've put a stopper on it for the present. Rosa came home with him from the Opera last night. He got her to give seats to some country friends of his, a minor canon of Blankton and his wife——'

'What, never Lovett?' cried Barwyn. 'Why he married the prettiest girl in Blankshire. I remember her as Miss Sinclair; such a foot and ankle, such a——'

'There, there!' interrupted his fair hearer, not over-pleased at this laudation of Adine. 'Well, as I was going to say, Rosa brought this fellow home, and I was *de trop*, and told so, too, to my face.'

'What impudence!'

'And, would you believe it, my lady had a fit, and when the maid came to help her to bed, she was found partially undressed. Wasn't it horrid of her?'

'Whew!' whistled Mr. Barwyn. 'Really the morals of this generation must be attended to. I wonder now that such a good, pious, straight-laced clergyman as Lovett doesn't remonstrate with this erring brother. Perhaps he is not aware of the depths of degradation, &c. Ha! ha! Well, I think I'll give the Reverend Lovett a hint.' And Mr. Barwyn seemed very much tickled indeed at his own sinister waggery.

'You haven't heard the whole of my story,' she continued. 'My lady is actually ill this morning, so I sent for Sir Joseph Toadie, who came direct from the presence of royalty, and at my suggestion prescribed absolute rest. Consequently'—and naughty Poodle quite lost herself in laughter over the notion—'when the elegant Mr. Ralph ventured to call this morning, at the rather early hour of 10 A.M., Lady Montresor wasn't at home, and she won't be for some time.'

'But he will write.'

'And I shall read and retain—all, mind you, under the doctor's orders and for dear Rosa's good.' And she looked so deliciously serio-comic, that Barwyn, in an ecstasy of enjoyment, began to waltz with

her round the room, treading on her corns till he caused her exquisite suffering.

'You're a very good girl,' he said, 'and with your aid we will eliminate Mr. Ralph from the visiting list of Rosa Lady Montresor.'

'You're not going—yet,' she faltered, crestfallen at seeing him take up his hat.

'Business, deary, calls, clamours. I've a dowager of fifty waiting impatiently to be ogled, and a miss of sixteen, her lovely daughter, to be saluted chastely over the piano.'

'You naughty man,' muttered Poodle, half vexed. Poor soul, her love for this creature was such fatal earnest.

He shrugged his shoulders complacently. 'When are you to have your holiday, sweet?' he asked with much *tendresse*.

'When she is well.'

'And then you are to go to your respectable parents in the north, eh? And if it should so happen that I should travel with you, and we stopped *en route* together at some pretty place for a week or so, should we be happy?'

She squeezed his hand assentingly. Yet why did she shudder as he returned her squeeze? Idiot! She had already put one foot over the brink of an awful precipice. That lover of hers, so accomplished in his acting, meant to effect her total ruin; and only *pour s'amuser—vogue la galère!*

Whilst these two amiable personages were plotting together against Ralph's happiness he had arrived at the Lovetts' unpretending lodging in Portobello Park, where he found Adine alone, and rather full of their many difficulties.

To her he presented the blossoms of stephanotis intended originally for Rosa Montresor. *Noblesse oblige*. They were in his hand, and he could not confess that he had purchased them as the first love-offering for his love.

Adine was charmed. 'What a pretty woman your friend Lady Montresor is,' she remarked, concealing a certain amount of slyness by burying her features in the stephanotis blossoms.

He was delighted. 'She is lovely,' he said, 'perfect, angelic. I hope you will know her, and like her; I'm sure she will like you. And I must tell you too that she is very hospitable, and her parties are the most jolly affairs you could conceive. She is to have one the day after to-morrow, and I will get you an invitation. Stop though, I was forgetting—she mayn't be well enough.'

Adine opened her eyes. 'Why?' asked she. 'Is Lady Montresor ill? She seemed well enough last night.'

Ralph looked foolish. 'The fact is,' he stammered, 'I called there this morning, and—and she isn't well; in fact, Sir Joseph Toadie has ordered her to be kept quiet.'

Adine opened her eyes wider still—very much wider. 'You seem

on very intimate terms with her ladyship,' and a mischievous smile played round the corners of her mouth.

'Ye—es. That is to say, we are very good friends, you know.'

'How sweet this stephanotis is.' I don't think there is such a fragrance to be found in any other flower. But it is expensive. I'm afraid it cost you a great deal of money.'

'You mustn't ask,' he replied blushing foolishly.

Whereat Adine laughed very knowingly indeed, causing his blushes to double.

'What is the joke?' he asked, biting his lips, for Adine continued her merriment.

'Why, you naughty boy, you never purchased these beautiful exotics for poor me. You know you didn't. Not that I'm the less grateful for them; under any circumstances they are acceptable. But they were intended as an offering to Lady Montresor. Confess now.'

'I'm very fond of her,' said he awkwardly, 'and I think, indeed I'm sure, she likes me.'

'But she's married,' rejoined Adine, a trifle more seriously.

'Yes, if you consider a confirmed lunatic a human being and a husband. She doesn't, and I don't.'

'Oh, but that isn't right. She at all events enjoys the poor lunatic's fortune.'

'Just so. It was settled before her marriage on her after his death, and he is dead—to all intents and purposes.'

'Fie, fie, Ralph! I'm afraid this charming lady has bewitched you.'

'She most certainly has, and I'm proud of it. Where is there such a heart as hers? Where could I meet with one so kind, so good, so loving——?'

'Hush, hush, I don't mind your rhapsodies, but you know that many people, Doré for instance, would call you both downright wicked.'

'Well,' said he, 'if to love Rosa Montresor be wicked, all I can say is, I'd rather be bad than good.' He was beginning to fume at opposition.

'Oh, that's shocking!' she exclaimed. 'That's very wrong-headed reasoning, I'm sure. Doré takes such a warm interest in you that he would be grieved to hear of such an entanglement.'

At this last word the countenance of the young man changed. It was in a curious constrained tone that he said: 'I should not wish to hurt Mr. Lovett's feelings—nay, more, I'm so fully sensible of my obligations to him that I would strain a point to please him. But in a matter of this sort I can but consider myself and her. I must live my own life.'

'Yes. But you are young, inexperienced, impulsive. You surely would not wish, by placing yourself in a false position, to cut yourself off irretrievably from our friendship.' Adine was quite in earnest now.

'For all the world I never could give her up,' he cried, starting to his legs. His was the fervour of a first and a wondrous passion. You could see the hold it had on every fibre in the nervous energy of his manner, and the too brilliant flush on his cheeks, which seemed to tell its own tale of that disease which was lurking in his constitution.

As for Adine she began to feel offence at his abrupt and excitable manner. 'Don't you value my husband's friendship then?' she asked, in a dry, half-sarcastic tone.

'I do, I do,' he rejoined, 'thoroughly. Indeed, Mrs. Lovett, I quite hoped that Rosa—Lady Montresor I mean—would have helped you in your money-difficulties, for my sake, but——'

'Quite so. You know that we could not accept assistance on such terms. It would be wrong.'

'Then good morning,' said he angrily. 'I hope you will think better of it for my sake, if not for your own.' And with these words he left her.

'One more drop of bitterness in my cup,' sighed Theodore Lovett as he listened to this recital. 'Adine dear, we have but ourselves to live for, and the little soul whom God has given us.'

[*To be continued.*]

DIDO TO AENEAS.

(Aeneid, Book IV. vv. 305-330.)

THOU breaker of all bonds, was thine the hope
 To hide the vastness of thy villany
 From me, and steal from these my shores without
 One word? That love once ours, that hand once mine,
 Can these not hold thee from thy flight; nor I,
 Thy Dido, brought to bitter death by thee?
 Oh hard of heart, why haste to sail beneath
 The frown of winter stars, amidst the rage
 Of Northern blasts? If Troy thou wouldst not seek
 Through seas of storm, did olden Troy still stand,
 Why fly upon the tempest's wing to fields
 Far off, and unfamiliar homes? Am I,
 Am I, the object shunned by thee? Then by
 These tears of mine, then by thy plighted hand
 (All that is left me in my misery),
 By all our bridal bliss, and bonds begun.
 If e'er my boon deserved a boon from thee,
 If ever aught of mine seemed sweet to thee,
 Smile on my home that sinks without thy smile;
 Put off thy flight—if prayer of mine can move
 Thy mind—seeing for thee, for thee alone
 I braved my people's wrath, bore all the hate
 Of Libyan clans, and Nomad chiefs, and quenched
 For thee the brightness of my blameless name,
 My only pathway to the starry heavens.
 Thus left with death alone before mine eyes,
 To whom wilt thou abandon me, my guest?
 (Guest of my present, husband of my past).
 Why should I longer live—until my walls
 Shall perish by Pygmalion's wrath—until
 The Moor Iarbas make a thrall of me?
 Yet if, before thy flight, a son were mine,
 A young Aeneas, born of thee and me,
 To make my palace pleasant with his play,
 And bring thy features back to me, not all
 Deserted and deceived my heart would feel.

T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L.

INTERNATIONAL.

LAST winter at Versailles, during the Prussian siege of Paris, military funerals were of daily occurrence.

Every afternoon about three o'clock a procession, marching with measured step timed to the solemn music of the military band at its head, wound its melancholy way from the château through the tortuous route which led to the city cemetery.

Borne aloft, each upon the shoulders of eight German soldiers, might be generally seen at that hour from three to a dozen coffins, containing the bodies of men who had been killed in battle, or who had died in hospital of wounds or disease, the biers of some of them adorned with wreaths of immortelles or crowns of laurel.

Escorted on either side by their comrades, or their enemies, with arms reversed, officers and private soldiers, friend and foe, were carried indiscriminately to their last resting-place in the soil of the land in the attack or the defence of the capital of which they had lost their lives. Reposing on the coffin lids, now the spiked helmet, dark and brass-mounted, of the German infantry, or the burnished morion of the cuirassier, now the red *képi* of the Frenchman, indicated the corps or the nationality of the dead within.

But whether the mournful procession escorted dead Teuton or Gaul, the French inhabitants of Versailles paid the customary tokens of respect as it passed : none, man nor woman, ever uttering a disrespectful word nor making a disrespectful gesture as they contemplated in solemn silence the daily *cortège* accompanying so many of their enemies to the tomb, while sometimes, in the case of their own countrymen, the spectators, perhaps friends or acquaintances of the deceased filed into and swelled the ranks of the mourners.

On these sad occasions it often happened that but a few miles off—at Bougival, Garches, or Montretout, at Ville d'Avray, Sèvres, or St. Cloud—the strife was sharply raging, and new victims for the morrow's sepulture were being struck down by the shot or shell of cannon or of mortar, by the bullet of musket or of mitrailleuse, the sound of the distant firing mingling faintly with the mournful music of the band.

If nations must still go to war to settle their real or imaginary differences, and each do its best to maim and slay, to burn and destroy

the subjects or the property of the other, the horrors of war are somewhat mitigated since civilisation has asserted itself, and in the name of humanity has gained the important point, that belligerents tend each others sick and wounded with impartial kindness, and bury each others dead with equal decency.

Soldiers in the field, civilians even in time of war, become hardened by the frequent recurrence of such sights as I have described. Those living for months where the solemn dirge in honour of the dead indicated each afternoon the hour of the day but rarely indulged in any reflections on the general evils of war, as, attracted by the music, they looked from their windows upon the passing pageant. Now and then speculative thoughts would find utterance upon the childless mother, the bereaved widow, the fatherless children, the unprotected sister, or the betrothed maiden, away somewhere in distant Germany or remote part of France, waiting with anxiety for tidings of the son, the husband, the father, the brother, or the lover, at that moment being carried to his grave, while they perhaps were still ignorant of his fate, and only more anxious than usual, because the accustomed periodical letter was overdue. Would it comfort or console them to be told, at the first moment of their loss being made known to them, that Fritz or Hans, Adolphe or Émile had died fighting for his Fatherland? No! The abstraction would be too much for *them*. More likely far that Emperor and King who began the strife, or Dictator and Kaiser who persisted in carrying it on to the bitter end, would be cursed in their inmost hearts when the sad tidings that the loved one, the bread-winner, had met a cruel and an untimely death far away from home and those he loved; and when the natural grief for his loss would be heightened by the thought that his dying pillow had not been smoothed, nor his eyes closed by loving hands, nor his body followed to the grave—which they would never see—by his friends and kindred, as would have been the case if he had died peacefully at home. The ceremonial of the funeral to them would be but an empty mockery; though by and by, perhaps, when their sorrow has become less poignant, they may tell with pride of their relationship to one who bravely met death with his face to the foe, and point out his name carved in stone or cast in more enduring brass amongst those of his brother heroes on obelisk or tablet in Platz or Kirche.

But to the nations engaged in war in the aggregate, the interchange of the courtesies customary on such occasions does much to soften the feelings of hatred which each nourishes towards the other; and at some future time, when the tale is told in Germany and in France of the tender care bestowed in both countries upon the sick and wounded by German and by French women—angels of mercy, who have with the widest exercise of the feelings of humanity tenderly wiped the death-damp from the brow of the dying enemy, and become the repository of his last message to those he loved; when the story is related of the

honour so scrupulously paid by both belligerents to the dead of the other side; who knows but that the graves of those who have been buried in the soil of either country where they fell in battle or died in captivity, while serving as a warning to both against lightly appealing to the arbitrament of the sword, may at the same time create a new bond of union between them and lead them to forget and to forgive the past?

Amidst all the horrors of war it is surely well that the nursing of the sick and the funeral obsequies of the dead should give occasion for the performance of those graceful acts of international courtesy which, like the little conventionalities of society, do so much to soften the asperities which often arise between individuals as between nations.

While the two countries at war were each day burying each other's dead, on December 9, 1870, an opportunity was given to the Germans at Versailles to pay martial honours to the dead of a nation with which they were at peace. An Englishman—a Captain of the staff of the Indian army—died suddenly in one of the hotels. Though he was not in good health, a zealous desire to learn something more of the art of war than he was likely to do so long as his country was at peace with all mankind, led him to employ his leisure time—time which one less devoted to the duties of his profession would have spent (and justifiably so) in quietly staying at home, nursing himself into health—in visiting the scene of the mightiest conflict of modern times in which the possession of the capital of France, the second city in the world, had become the prize for which the two greatest military powers of Europe fought, and where siege operations on a scale never heretofore undertaken were to be witnessed. Enfeebled by residence in an unhealthy climate, the hardships encountered in the tedious winter journey from England through Belgium and Northern France to Versailles proved too much for him. Ill when he arrived, after a few days' residence, ailing all the while but still hoping and manfully holding out to the last moment with true British pluck, he at length gave way and took to his bed, from which he was never again to rise. Attended assiduously by a devoted friend and brother officer who had accompanied him from home, and nursed by a kind Englishwoman, who, having come to Versailles on an errand of mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers of Germany and France, yet found the strength to devote the hours set apart for rest to the attendance upon her stricken countryman, who lay dying in a foreign land, for a few days he lingered, then the brave spirit took flight and the suffering body was mercifully permitted to be at rest.

As soon as his death was known, and the time of his funeral fixed, the German military authorities decided to pay to the body of the deceased English soldier the honours due to his rank. They did more, for they sent as an escort a body of cavalry more numerous than as a captain he was entitled to.

At the hour appointed, a considerable number of people assembled, and each being supplied with a piece of crape to tie round the left arm, two women amongst the number—one the Englishwoman before mentioned, the other an Italian countess well known for her untiring attention to the wounded in the hospitals—they followed, two and two, the body as it was borne by German soldiers to the grave, preceded by a mounted band and escorted by a squadron of cavalry.

Englishmen, countrymen of the deceased, Americans speaking the same tongue, walked intermingled in the funeral procession along the snow-covered streets. The French people as the *cortège* passed along, when they saw the Union Jack covering the coffin, filed in, and by the time the grave was reached the assemblage was about equally composed of English and Americans, Germans and French. Three nationalities besides his own joined in doing honour to the remains of the British officer. The beautiful service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read over the body most effectively and touchingly by Colonel (since Major-General) Walker, military attaché at the Prussian Court, the responses being devoutly and audibly made by the English-speaking people present, while the Frenchmen and Germans, most of them of another faith, stood respectfully uncovered during the simple service in, to them, an unknown tongue.

There was no volley fired over the grave, for it is not the custom in war-time with the Germans; but the defenders of Paris unconsciously gave their tribute of honour to the deceased, for at the very moment when Colonel Walker uttered the solemn words, 'Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust'—each couplet accompanied by the peculiarly eerie sound of the earth thrown upon the shell by the friend of the deceased—Boom—Boom—Boom—three guns from Mont Valérien distinctly marked the pauses, and the sound of the falling dust upon the coffin lid was partially drowned in the reverberations of the cannon.

As we were burying this man out of our sight, perhaps another, another, and another were sent to their last account by the shots which seemed as if fired to do him honour.

We English and Americans waited reverently till the grave was filled up, and then wended our way mournfully to our quarters, instinctively, and without a word spoken on the subject, avoiding the route taken by the band, which according to wont marched homewards to the sound of livelier music than we wished to hear.

That evening at the usual rendezvous of the English-speaking visitors to Versailles, our meeting was more quiet, our talk more subdued than usual, often turning to the subject of the widowed mother and sorrowing sisters in England of him whose body we had that day committed to the dust.

W. L. DUFF.

A STUDY OF WALT WHITMAN, THE POET OF MODERN DEMOCRACY.

BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL.

PART I.

I HAD just been reading Whitman for the first time, when I took up a weekly review, which always speaks, if not as one having, yet as one assuming to have, authority; and there I found it stated that Walt Whitman was an obscure impostor, and that his poetry was no better than Miss Codger's prose. I had thought otherwise; but upon a diffident person this unhesitating deliverance from our weekly oracle of critical revelation might well have a staggering effect. Not very long after, however, I read in the same literary arbiter, which so thoroughly fills among us the functions of any possible Academy (what could Mr. Arnold and Mr. Froude have been thinking about when they sighed for one?), that Charles Dickens was a rather inferior writer, a sort of Bavius or Mævius of his day, at least if compared with Mr. Tennyson. Upon this, I felt that the critic was speaking out of a sphere so entirely away from and elevated above mine, that, until he should have communicated his own superior nature to me, I must remain totally incapable of profiting by his revelations. Not without many a qualm, therefore, I betook myself again to my own feeble lights, having really for the nonce nothing better that I could look to.

To me, then, I will begin by owning at the outset, Walt Whitman appears as one of the largest and most important figures of the time. Of those who have publicly expressed a somewhat similar conviction, may be mentioned Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Conway, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and (I believe) Mr. Swinburne.

I think that what delights and arrests one most is the general impression he gives of nature, strength, health, individuality—his relish of all life is so keen, intense, catholic—the grasp of his faith is so nervous and tremendous—as he says, 'My feet are tenon'd and mortis'd in granite.' One of the notes of a man of genius is, that through life he remains a child; and there is something eminently childlike in Whitman. He is full of naïf wonder and delight—each thing, every

time he looks upon it, flashes upon him with a sense of eternal freshness and surprise; nor is anything to him common or unclean; but an aerial glory, as of morning, utterly insensible to vulgar eyes, bathes and suffuses all. He is tall, colossal, luxuriant, unpruned, like some giant tree in a primeval forest, whose feet root profoundly in a virgin soil. He springs out of that vast American continent full-charged with all that is special and national in it, in a supereminent degree representative of all that is richest and most fresh in that American life which, more fully than any other, embodies the present age's own individual life. He is very far from being hopeless and disdainful of his time; he does not, as many really great writers of his country have done, prefer distant lands, enriched with long and eventful histories, for his theme; he takes his own country and his own time, however ignoble they may seem to some fastidious tastes; he is by no means himself uninfluenced by the special errors and special weaknesses of these; but he is withal magnificently pregnant with all a seer's half-articulate previsions, with all a prophet's triumphant anticipations of that larger and more generous human future which is surely about to issue out of these travailing loins and from these most ominous birthpangs of the present. He is American democracy incarnate; and however much that leaves to be desired, yet it is great. As Mr. Buchanan has already remarked, he is more prophet than artist. He very seldom retires to create deliberate imaginative wholes, in whose many diverse forms may be deposited the truths he sees and must utter, the mastering emotions which dominate his soul. You never cease to see this man Walt Whitman. But then it is a very noble, and I contend a very poetic, personality you see—one in which, as in a magic crystal, all these men and women of the world, all the sights of city and of landscape, find themselves mirrored with most astonishing distinctness. He is too eager, too excited, to linger and to weave artistic poems out of his materials; yet in the flash of the dark-lantern he turns upon them for a moment as he passes, though they too often appear isolated and disjunct, they dart out upon you with all the marvellous solidity and reality which their images have in nature. It is certainly a poet's glance which has been poured upon them—piercing, remaking them; not the glance of an analyst, a practical man, or one apathetic and indifferent. It is always one of intense enjoyment, from complete vision of the essence and heart of a thing. And this atmosphere of keen buoyant personal sympathy and pleasure is more marked in Whitman than in anyone else, and is wonderfully bracing and refreshing to breathe. All the stale heaps of common, familiar things seem to leap up into their proper vitality as he passes: they glow like dingy metal filings in some electric light. And if he were otherwise, more of an ordinary artist, we should lose this refreshing novel sense of intense yet catholic and *impersonal personality* which is so eminently characteristic of Walt Whitman. He seems to revel in his own life, and

equally in that of every man, woman, and child he meets or can imagine. And now that so many people say and sing that they are weary and tired and despairing, that the world is worn out, and that you must go back to the classics or mediæval themes for any objects of warm poetic interest, that life now is 'a suck and a sell, and its end a bit of threadbare crape,' this spectacle of a poet and a man like a very child rejoicing in all the teeming forces and energies of this vulgar world of ours—this surely is something at least novel and 'sensational.'

True it is, however, that Whitman comes of the people; his past life has been active, adventurous, healthy, varied, and broadly human in experience. He dare not set himself above them, above the meanest of them, and look down from a height serenely benevolent upon them; he claims to be one with them; and what he sees more vividly than they, glories in more supremely, is—that he is, not an elect, a very intellectual or refined man, but a man, and has men and women for brothers and sisters. This honest and unfeigned use of greatness in rendering service rather than in exacting it—in pouring self out for the enrichment of mankind rather than in cunningly playing upon the weaknesses of mankind for one's own glory—this is after the ancient type of heroism, after Christ, 'friend of publicans and sinners,' the Divinest Son of Man, who 'drew all men to Himself;' and one can well understand the personal fascination and influence which we are informed Whitman is exercising upon so many of the youth of America. The life familiar to him is the picturesque, free, unconventional life of the people—not the pale monotonous artificial life of literary student, aristocrat, or plutocrat. He enters profoundly into all their difficulties, enjoyments, sorrows, and eager aspirations. Then, too, he has been in the great civil war, and been keenly penetrated with the noblest (as well as the less noble, but still powerfully human) of its principles and ideas. And in that war he was present personally in the sublimest and most heroic of capacities—he ministered constantly to the wounded on both sides, on the field and in the hospital. Such a man, therefore, has had exceptional advantages as man—and the raw material being heroic, such is the result. We who stay at home in the old country, with old traditions and prejudices rank in our blood, nurtured under the grand yet somewhat chilling shadow of 'time-honoured institutions'—we cannot pretend to call ourselves men of the age as that man can call himself man of the age. But of book-learning, of refined inherited culture-inculcated accents, words, and ways, this man has probably little—so far, he has not, perhaps, had all advantages, though, whether they would not have cramped and injured him, is to me very questionable.

There are those, I know, who affirm that a poet can never (except quite indirectly) be a teacher or a prophet. This is again a critical dictum so removed from me that I do not pretend to understand it. I should have thought it depended on *how* he taught and prophesied—

whether in doing so his whole nature was a-fire or not, his imagination and his heart all a-glow about the chariot way of his reason ; for otherwise Isaiah and Jeremiah, Lucretius and Shelley, would be no poets, which on the whole I rather take leave to doubt. But it resolves itself of course into a dispute about words.

If, again, a poet must necessarily mean a metrist after our established English models, certainly Whitman is none. His expression indeed must be admitted to be often slovenly, inadequate, clumsy, and harsh ; sometimes even stilted, bombastic, and inflated. But it is very far from uniformly or generally this. I read indeed in the same review of which I have before so reverently spoken, how it was now an axiom unquestioned by any judicious person that subject-matter in poetry was nothing, and style, expression, was everything. I felt terribly disconcerted at *always* having to believe exactly the opposite of all that is so categorically and without argument laid down by this our supreme authority in matters critical ; but really that did seem startling to the uninitiated mind. Whether a poet has anything to say, to bring out, to express, is of no consequence whatsoever. Whether it be nothing or something, whether it be nonsense or wisdom, whether it be empty wind or inspired revelations, gibberings of an idiot, pulings of a sentimentalist, or utterances of sublime imagination and divine passion—all this is of absolutely no account ; if only there be sibilants and labials and rotundities of sound in the slipping of any or of either of these things off the tongue, he who gives vent to them is a poet, in either case equally a poet ; but if there be not quite enough of these sounds, whatever else there be, by no means and on no account a poet. Well, then, must not musical glasses be a poet ? And since it would certainly be possible to weave intricacies of sound more exquisite and more varied by discarding altogether that old-fashioned hampering obligation of conceiving, imagining, and feeling with strength sustained enough to keep coherence, harmony, and distinctness among the ideal links we weave, would it not on these principles be well to lay down *ex cathedra* the grand, if novel axiom, that true poetry can only and shall only consist of nonsense verses ? On the contrary, I venture to believe that expression implies meanings to be expressed, and that the most perfect expression is that which most transparently and impressively fits and shows off the meaning.

The charm of 'Don Juan' is surely in that wonderful adaptation of the metre to all clear, luscious beauty of the pictures, all free, incommoded movements of the story, all sparkling turns of the satire, the humour, and the wit ; there is here no deliberate concoction of 'blessed words like Mesopotamia,' no triumphant exultation in the invention of novel tricks for saying ordinary things that must be said in a roundabout, coxcombical, and unintelligible manner, which now (as in the days of Euphues and Darwin) appears to be considered the one essential of great poetry. Wordsworth hoped vainly that he had

refuted that. I refuse to call him a great master of expression with whom words, whether in prose or verse, are not before all a medium of meaning; if they are employed with all manner of tricks and artifice, primarily for their own sakes, and the meaning has very much to take its chance of sanity and wholeness among them (the effect being that of a kaleidoscope, where bright broken fragments of ideas keep shifting their combinations in an endless and bewildering fashion), whatever the music of the sound be, it is not good expression, but the very worst. Poetry in this case usurps the place of music, for words can never be mere sound, but always must remain symbolic sound with a determined meaning. Just so precisely the latest fashion in music usurps the place of language and stultifies the very idea and specific difference of music, which implies sound for its own sake, spiritual suggestion only indirect and indefinite: a similar remark applies to the last fashion in painting.

Shelley himself, for example, wonderful poet as he is, was often carried into totally inadequate expression by his exquisite ear for melodious sound. His melody and harmony are glorious when they rise spontaneously into heaven, immediately responsive to the soaring and expanding impulse within, wholly obedient to the burst of impetuous imagination, to the divine stress and swell of immense human sympathies.

But of a poet—a maker, a seer, a singer—must first of all be demanded if he can make and feel and see; then afterwards, if he can sing. Yet the chances are that if he answer ‘yes’ to the first question, you are almost safe in leaving the other unasked. It is the very meaning and essence of poetry that a man who can make in the region of the ideal, who can feel and imagine (unless he be by nature impelled to some other than verbal form of plastic expression), will necessarily be driven to some form of rhythmical utterance. I do not depreciate the most gifted in the region of melodious metrical expression. I glorify them. If they have other things yet more essential, they are by far the most perfect of our poets; only Byron and Wordsworth, whose melody was less perfect than that of Shelley or Coleridge, cannot on that account be placed below the latter as poets; for they have abundantly filled for us vast spaces in the area of poetry which could not have been filled without them. They have ideal treasures not to be found in their contemporaries. What were the early rhapsodists, the story-tellers, ballad-intoners, bards, of an infant people? It is generally conceded that poetry among these is of the purest and freshest. Yet what do they know of our elaborate involutions of phrase-mongering? Therefore, especially do I welcome Whitman. In spite of all his faults, he brings us back to the matrix, to common sense and common nature, and makes us feel what poetry originally, what at the root of the matter poetry even now, really means and ought to mean. He is not himself indeed always an artist, a poet; but he is often a very great poet; and when he is, he shows himself to be one, because he must be, not because he would like to be, and can mimic those who are. He chants, declaims; *when*

his soul and subject bid him, he sings, quite in his own fashion, as the poets of a primitive people do.

After all, it is rarely that you find all poetic gifts perfectly balancing one another in any poet whatever. Nor can I concede for a moment that deficiency in the region of large vivid insight, affluent imagination, broad human sympathy, or rush and fire of passion, can be more perfectly atoned for by verbal daintiness and skill, or by a fine ear for verbal music, than some defect in these last gifts can be by possession on the part of a poet of those ideal gifts in ampler measure. Indeed, I distinctly believe that the contrary rather is true. There is more hope that a poet may be cured of hesitating utterance than that a mere voluble versifier may sober and strengthen into a poet.

We did want some infusion of robuster and healthier blood among the pallid civilised brotherhood of our poets. If admirers arise who strive to imitate Whitman's gait and form, they will probably make themselves ridiculous, puff themselves out and collapse; yet will he certainly give our jaded literature the prick and fillip that it needed. He at any rate is no closet-warbler, trilling delicately after the music of other singers, having merely a few thin thoughts and emotions only a quarter his own and a clever aptitude for catching the tricks of another man's manner.

He bears, however, a marvellous resemblance (I often think) to Oriental prophets. He is in manner of life, as well as manner of thought, feeling, temperament, marvellously like a reincarnation over there in the West of that special principle of personality which has been so much more frequently manifested in the East—in Derwîshes, for instance, and Sufis. He has so thoroughly assimilated Bible poetry on account of his profound personal identity with the writers of it. Yet is he very un-Hebrew after all. He is more Egyptian, Persian, Indian. Pantheist is he to the back bone; a nature worshipper, seeing God everywhere—God in all, even the meanest thing; bowing before good and evil as integral and correlative elements in the universal scheme of things, all going (as Hegel demonstrates) by the principle of identity in contraries. He is a desperate and shameless assertor of the sacredness of the flesh, the body, beauty of form and colour, and the fleshly instincts. This he is (let us freely admit and regret) wantonly, inartistically coarse in asserting; unutterably shocking of course to those who are unutterably shocked with nature for making us of flesh at all, and who hold that the only way to remedy her immodest mistake is to hush the fact up altogether.

The passages most capable of giving deep and permanent delight to lovers of poetry in all ages are certainly those in which a profound soul-moving spiritual signification rises without let or hindrance into that perfect rhythmic cadence which is proper to it. Here doubtless a careful training of the organ of expression has its place, as well as a fine original instinct for expression, and a genius for grandeur and

melody of sound. In proportion to the completeness, magic suggestiveness, and special beauty of sound concordant with idea and feeling, will be the penetration and lingeringly-inherent power of the poem. But the condition implied is that the sound be verily an echo, a reduplication of the sense. In that wonderful music of Coleridge's 'Ode to France' there is all the still floating of cloud, the long roll of wave, the solemn music of wind and swinging pine by night. In 'Lewti,' the delicious, how the mellow ripple of verse in its own 'meandering mazes' reflects and multiplies for ever that gleam of river-swans and the river! A marvellous and mysterious fellowship among sights and sounds makes such a marrying of them attainable. Not only is the word *thunder* next of kin to the very roll of sound in heaven, but very twins also are *blitz* and the flash that blinds. The name *gleaming* gently soothes the ear, even as soft tender light does the eye. And when the whole subject has a pervading tone, a characteristic movement, be it rapid tumultuous rush, solemn imperial march, pathetic pause, or tripping buoyancy of the dance, then must the true poet's measure breathe antiphonal response in the music. Take Shelley's marvellously lovely prophetic chorus in 'Hellas,' or the splendid music of his eagle-chorus in the same; out of Byron take the stern, sad warrior-lilt of his 'Isles of Greece;' out of Burns the abrupt exulting tramp, the clarion and the battle-shout of 'Scots, wha hae.'

But in no case can I find that any great poets made poetry to consist in mere ingenious allurements for the ear, busied themselves first of all about this, and let the spiritual fire fall into the midst of their word-altar if it would, or if it could. Alas! how often it will not, though the priests of Ashfaroth cry aloud, and leap, and cut themselves with knives!

Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan,' exquisite for music, even in spite of the line which brings in that 'blessed word' *Mount Abora*, is far too shadowy a vision from opium-land to be permanently remembered, as 'Christabel' or the 'Mariner' may be. To my mind, that sweetest little bit, called the 'Knight's Grave,' is, for atmosphere of tender sentiment, undefined yet far-reaching and profound, suffusing picture, thought, and melody alike (surely the melody is magical to a degree), worth many 'Kubla Khans' and similar pieces, arresting only or almost only from the music of the syllables.

So much I thought it well to premise, because in a day which has seen really beautiful artificial melodies in poetry brought to a pitch of rare perfection, the rough untutored guise of Walt Whitman's muse is likely to prove the most serious obstacle of all to any cardinal justice being done to his high poetic genius.

Yet in Whitman we shall often recognise that nobler kind of music which is bound up with a poet's language as a more thorough and effectual expression of thought, image, and feeling.

Turn, first, to his beautiful lament for the death of Lincoln, 'When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed':

Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
And he sang what seemed the song of Death, and a verse for him I love

Come, lovely and soothing Death!
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day in the night, to all to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death!

Praised be the fathomless universe
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love. But praise! O praise and praise
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death!

Yet each I keep and all,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star, with the countenance full of woe,
With the lilac tall, and its blossoms of mastering odour.

For the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands . . .
And this for his dear sake.

Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

Note here, too, the creation of a simple beautiful whole—a few ordinary sights, scents, and sounds, flowing quietly as by accident into his soul, and there taking a solemn tinge from the sublime atmosphere of a manly grief ready to kindle into the gladness of a triumphant faith—but nothing forced, nothing strained, nothing made up; these messengers from without just taking on an aspect of hallowed sympathy with the tone and temper of the soul they visit. I note this particularly as one instance out of many in Whitman, because what is most noticeable on the surface of him is a certain fragmentariness, a certain tendency to rush rapidly through a whole world of isolated details with an intensity of exhilaration, indeed, which is itself poetic, but which yet fails of creating high art, because there is no obvious wholeness, no sufficiently pervading idea or purpose to impart unity. It is not with him a question of painting a particular scene or even object with extraordinary lovingness and minuteness of touch, the whole being poetical because every touch helps to create, or indeed more strictly develop, a spiritual ideal of scene or thing by flashing upon the bare matter, as it appears to the cold unloving sense, a thousand tints and tones from kindred things

with which it has latent fellowship and sympathy. With Whitman rather, in such passages as offend many readers, it is a kind of rapid excited stride through brilliant but heterogeneous stalls of a great exhibition or bazaar, cataloguing objects with bare names as he goes.

And this is the notion he gives you always and everywhere. However barren, or even stammering and inadequate his naming and picturing, still he contrives to flash upon all a wonderful light of freshness, and glory, and triumph in the bare existence of all things, as he shoulders along, the great sane man, enjoying, praising, filled to the very brim, in an age of nervous hesitation, and question, and lamentation, with a faith as tremendous and unquenchable in the ultimate excellence and right of things as ever burned in prophet or saint of old. A faith not received by inheritance as an heirloom, and conventionally valued as a property, a propriety, a matter of course—but a faith grown out of the very roots and breadths of his own personality, and that the personality of a man who, with all reverence for the past, yet lives in, and assimilates the fresh results yielded by the present, sharing, according to the fuller measure of genius and unwonted human sympathy, the hopes and aspirations of his fellows for the future. His bright and large views of life may indeed be fairly attributed in some measure to his splendid health and physique, as Mr. Rossetti remarks. And I think this rapid, often unsatisfactory, nakedly prosaic cataloguing of innumerable isolated details, may be attributed largely also to the poet's exhilaration in the open air; he can hardly stop to meditate and get the precise character of the object opened out to him, he enjoys it so, and then so many other things everywhere press themselves on him to be noticed and enjoyed. In this respect, his fellowship with ordinary out-door, healthy men, his habit of loafing about and basking, does a serious injury to his artistic expression.

For it should be well understood that accuracy of detail may be either naked, cold, and mechanical, or intensely poetic because thoroughly spiritualised. It is unjust to apply the phrase '*photographic*' to this last kind of work. Coleridge and Keats always saw nature thus; Wordsworth's harder nature not perhaps always, though usually: and what I mean by the poetic vision is a more real and intense, by no means a less true, sight.

But generally Whitman's description appears to me thoroughly masterful. His epithets are few, yet precise and characteristic of the broad general image which a thing, a scene, casts upon a quick, passing, but piercing and sympathetic, observer. Thus:

In lower latitudes, in warmer air in the Carolinas, the large black buzzard floating slowly, high beyond the tree-tops;
Below the red cedar festooned with tylandia; the pines and cypresses
Growing out of the white sand, that spreads far and flat;
The waving drapery on the live oak, trailing long and low, noiselessly waved by the wind.'

But if Whitman be sometimes remarkable for incisive luminous distinctness of vision and keenness of all sensation, at other times he is no less remarkable for a certain magical, mysterious, half-Oriental, half-German mood that anon possesses him, vague and dim, tender, mournful, mystical.

'The Song of the Broad-axe' and 'Drum-taps' are poems that are almost all wholes—exquisite pictures drawn with a few broad telling touches, and exhaling the profoundest pathos, yet seldom morbid—a wind, as of bracing faith, blowing through all the sorrow and the horror; a bracing atmosphere of personal unselfish heroic endeavours, and most sterling human sympathy pervades them. On the 'Drum-taps' Whitman might be content to rest his fame with future generations. There is little philosophy or mysticism; there are few of those peculiarities in form or boldnesses of speech which shock people most—the art is certainly more perfect. There is here a definite theme through all the poems—the subject is large, grand, full of energy and strife, one for which Whitman's genius as well as personal experience eminently fits him. Have there ever been such a series of war poems written? I do not know of any. Here, however, not only the tender, loving, pathetic, as well as realistic and idyllic power of Whitman appears, but also his own ardent personal convictions, tastes, and aspirations, so that ever and anon he breaks into passages of tremendous lyric fire. And, except in that other great poetic figure of the day, Victor Hugo, I hardly know where we shall look in Europe for the like; for our verse does not excel row-a-days in *verve*, and fire, and rapid rush.¹ In that line is not the following magnificent?—

Beat! beat! drums. Blow! bugles! blow!
 Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
 Mind not the timid, mind not the weeper or prayer,
 Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
 Let not the child's voice be heard nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting the hearses,
 So strong you thump, O terrible drums; so loud you bugles blow!

And in 'The Uprising,' you can hear the surge, and whirl, and shriek of the wind; the tremendous upheaval and welter of the sea; the deep gathering overwhelming roar of a roused and maddening multitude. Then 'The Song of the Banner' is all alive with spirit of battle. In the few lines 'The Flag' there is a wild fierce delight, electrically communicated, from the mere upheaval of a people *en masse* to fight, it scarcely matters why or for what.

'What we believe in invites no man, promises nothing, sits in

¹ I wish to state that this essay was written more than a year and a half ago, and has been lying by. I have since seen Mr. Swinburne's 'Songs before Sunrise,' many of which are all alive with resonant lyric fervour inspired by great human emotions.

calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement, waiting patiently, waiting its time!' That to me is grand; he cannot define, will not pretend to explain precisely, the inevitable and Divine issue of all our strife, and hallowed endeavour and success, and failure—but It is there, in the Future, in the Forever; patient, silent, grand, adorable, inevitably To be.

The short, so perfect, pathetic pictures I spoke of in 'Drum-taps' are well worthy of study. 'A Letter from Camp,' is the simple relation of an affecting incident, without over-elaborate phrase, or prim precision of ornament, after the manner of idyls which become a little wearisome, but has the rare merit, for all its plain speech, of dropping directly into our hearts and remaining there.

'Vigil on the Field' is exquisite for tenderness, sadness, and large clear delineation of incident and scene. There is a rare freshness of personal feeling about that: the charm of it seems to me unutterable. He watches by a dying comrade whom he loved—a boy—on the field of battle, returns to find him dead, buries him in a blanket in a rude dug grave there. 'The Wounded' is another graphic picture. 'O tan-faced prairie-boy' and 'A Grave' are exquisite little sketches. 'Camps of Green,' too, is beautiful—the camps of the dead. So is the 'Dirge for Two Veterans' and the 'Hymn of Dead Soldiers':

Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living, sweet are the musical voices sounding;
But sweet, ah! sweet are the dead, with their silent eyes.

And what shall we say of this, called 'Reconciliation'?—

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again and ever
again this soiled world;

For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is dead.

I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin; I draw near,

I bend down, and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

Or of this?—He walks out in the dim gray daybreak, and sees three forms on stretchers, covered with gray heavy blankets. 'Curious I halt, and silent stand'—then he lifts one blanket:

Who are you, elderly man, so gaunt and grim, with well-grayed hair, and flesh all
sunken about the eyes? Who are you, my dear comrade?

Then to the second I step—and who are you, my child and darling? Who are you,
sweet boy with cheeks yet blooming?

Then to the third—a face nor child nor old, very calm, as of beautiful yellow-white
ivory,

Young man, I think I know you. I think this face of yours is the face of the Christ
himself;

Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again he lies.

We would now, before passing to consider shortly the general character of Whitman's philosophy and teaching, draw closer attention

to the nature of his music. We take another instance from the poem, 'When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed':

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Seawinds blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the prairies
meeting:

These, and with these and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

But of all our author's poems, surely the loveliest is 'A Song out of the Sea.' I only wish I could quote it whole, but it is too long. I hesitate not to say that to me there is no lyric in the language like it—out of Shelley.

There is a wonderful natural music running through this and similar poems of Whitman's: an outbreathing as in primitive times, and among a primitive people, that can come from nowhere but from the very depths of a poet's, a singer's soul. It is all his own—creation of spirit, body, vesture. He is intensely original; has not been imbued with the world's rich inheritance of treasured poetry: works under no strong (however flexible) traditions of art, speaks because he must, sings because he must; yet, with all his rare personal mass and intensity, sings only sometimes—would certainly sing more constantly did he condescend to condense and concentrate more; in which some respect for established forms would largely assist him. And yet in the links of poems where there is confessedly no intensity of fire possible, if at least we require that it shall be germane to the subjects, it is more than doubtful whether the poetic barrenness should be scattered over with sham flowers instead of real ones; as the established forms, or at least the standard poetry by which this English generation judges, appears to require. So you get either fine sound with no meaning whatever, or epithets ingeniously constructed in cold blood, which in either case seriously interferes with the natural and lifelike development of the poem. Pure honest prose, where prose is really proper, would be infinitely better.

However all this be, here, in the 'Song of the Sea,' and in similar passages from Whitman, you do assuredly find, if you are sensitive and competent, a certain artless harmony of sound that flows like a spell upon jaded ears, somewhat sated with cloying artificial harmonies from the study. One is reminded of some dreary nocturne, some slumbrous mystic voluntary breathed in twilight within a vast cathedral, or weird natural sounds we know not whence, wandering phantasmal over lowland wildernesses by night.

It is like the very voice of the sea himself, entangled in strings of the harper ; into the strain has passed the very plaint and murmur of winds over barren sand and briny briar ; rising alternately and falling ; harsh, interrupted, disturbed ; caught up unaware smooth and soothing ; stealing upon us forlorn and melodious, from unfooted wastes, and shadowy realms of some spirit land that is very far.

Just two personification-pictures, eminently rich in colour, firm in outline, distinct and pregnant with symbol, yet small in compass and condensed. One is from 'Old Ireland' :

Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave, an ancient sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tattered, seated on the ground ;
Her old white hair drooping dishevelled round her shoulders ;
At her feet an unused royal harp,
Long silent—she too long silent—mourning her shrouded hope and heir :
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow, because most full of love.

The other is from 'A Broadway Pageant,' written on occasion of the reception of a Japanese embassy :

The Originatress comes,
The land of Paradise—land of the Caucasus—the nest of birth,
The nest of languages, the bequeather of poems, the race of Eld,
Florid with blood, pensive, rapt with musings, hot with passion,
Sultry with perfume, with ample and flowing garments,
With sunburnt visage, with intense soul and glittering eyes,
The race of Brahma comes !

[*To be continued.*]

THE MOORS.

SUPPOSING the breadth and length of the wave bore any proportion to its depth: that is, supposing the importance of the Twelfth was as widely felt as it is felt deeply, what an important era would the Twelfth be! Even now its importance is extraordinary. If one only moved in certain circles—if, for instance, one belonged to ‘the best club in London,’ or if one were a guard or (say) a porter on the Highland Railway—one might judge there was really only one day in the year worth speaking of, and that was the Twelfth. Time would have to be measured by its comparative nearness *ab ante* and *à post*. Is it conceivable that in these islands there are whole millions to whom the Twelfth is a nothing, a yellow primrose? So conceivable that we hasten to anticipate the testy question, ‘What Twelfth in the world is he talking of?’ He is talking of the 12th of August; and he says again, that if you happen to move in certain circles, or by any accident come within reach of the stir, the bustle, the influences physical and moral, which August 12 calls into play, it would be incredible to you to what a slight distance the influence extends, and what calms pervade the remaining ocean while you are tossing and heaving on the yeasty waves. There is, to be sure, even within and in the very centre of the turmoil, an inner calm; there are those to whom the annual stir and bustle are so habitual, such a matter of course, that the mind has lost the power of feeling them: aristocrats, who take their places in the limited mail as they mount their horses for Rotten Row, with as little excitement and as little sense of pleasure. But these are comparatively few and need not be taken into the account. On the whole, to those to whom the Twelfth is anything at all, it is a very great deal. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, that carry us on toward the desired date! Scatter, envious shades of night, and break and blush, rosiest of dawns, whereon they of the feathered leg and gurgling crow shall bite the dust.

We may be pardoned a little enthusiasm, though in these ‘Philistine’ days it is the only thing rarely pardoned. Had we been born in the purple we should have exhibited, we trust, a generic coolness, and eye-glassed the man who could go into raptures over so ordinary an occurrence

as taking to the moors. But the Fates have bred us otherwise. We are neither of the Upper Ten, born as they say with the golden spoon between their perfect teeth and the purple heather beneath their feet; nor of those whose sires have invented coal-mines or canals, devised a galvanic process or popularised pins and needles. Speaking after the fashion of the day, the odds beforehand were 1000 to 1 against our ever travelling north of Auld Reekie, or seeing a ptarmigan or a grouse otherwise than on the dinner table. Grateful comes the hour which comes to the non-expectant.

One may seek to analyse the component elements of the pleasure which ordinary folk like ourselves feel in this particular sport. Part-ridge shooting is, of course, not to be compared with it. But why not? Is there magic in the grouse, as hydropathists say there is magic in their favourite element? Or, as it may be shrewdly suspected that the virtue of hydropathy lies mostly in the regular hours, the simple diet, the serene lives of the water-drinkers, so is it possible that to shoot grouse differs in no respect from shooting partridges, or even Hurlingham pigeons; but that the difference lies in the concomitants? One may pierce all the Highland valleys in turn by roads more or less macadamised, and yet know nothing of the Highlands. One may traverse by Northern Railway miles on miles of moor and glen, and yet not know what the scent of the moor heather means. But to the grouse shooter the moor has a meaning which it has for no one else:

Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know,

says the ballad. Moor heather and liberal air, the cloud-shadows walking the hillside, the exquisite sweep of view which every cairntop provides, the dip into the juniper-clad corrie, the rush of the mountain burn, the velvet moss that betrays the latent spring, these are to the grouse shooter more than bird and bee and blossom to the maiden; these and the promise of these, give to August 12 a secret sweetness which September 1 knows not, nor even the November morning where friends meet for the first time at the covert side. There is, of course, a difference between moor and moor, and you may get these concomitants in greater or less abundance; but in the main they belong to the Highlands, English or Scotch, and are of the essence of August sport. And though it may be stoutly argued that the sport would still be a noble one were all these advantages wanting—as one might argue that water would not lose its virtue were Ben Rhydding near London, or Malvern nestling in a valley—yet still there they are, *sit gratia Fatis*. Let us take the goods the gods provide us: let us take out our license to the full, and returning to our offices and stools 'soothly swear' that never was sport placed by nature amid nobler scenes, sweetened by purer pleasures, made exquisite by richer and fuller draughts of health.

These are, it is needless to say, mere notes of admiration; idle gossip

for the idle, *vacuis vacua* ; they do not pretend to method or system ; a device only by which the writer trusts to find himself *en rapport* with an appreciative reader ; and for their style, *sermo merus*. If the reader expects wisdom or method, an extract from a new edition of 'Sports in the Highlands,' or an essay on the proposed changes in the Game Laws, let him turn the page and look elsewhere. But if he is for a little chit-chat, such as one might indulge after lunch on the Twelfth, scene the depths of a mighty corrie with its native burnie tumbling over rocks or threading its way among the stones, *dramatis personæ* the half-wearied, half-exulting sportsmen inhaling the first draught of the sweetest pipe in the day, then have at him.

Is it not a pity, think you, that such a distance separates us from our work, or if you like from our play ? The sport ought to be unusually good for one to go so far for it.

For, first, there is the mental labour involved in calculating ways and means. We speak still only of the unpurpled Englishman, for your privileged grouse shooters have no need to calculate anything. But suppose *we* are invited—we, born *sub modico Lare*—to visit a friend who has gone in for a moor. Delightful man, we say, and we lose no time in accepting. Then come the ways and means. A moderate income is ours, with but scanty elbow-room, so scanty that we contemplate the vagaries of Mr. Lowe with lively uneasiness, and tremble whether he inflicts or removes a match tax. Now, a scanty income is a serious business north of the Tweed. It is the fashion to commiserate the extortions—well, we will say the exactions—practised on the wealthy lessee himself. He tells us that he bleeds at every pore. No sooner are hands clasped on the bargain and his cheque warming Mr. Snowie's pockets, no sooner is he *dans ses droits*, than the leeches fasten. There are extra keepers to be engaged, extra dogs to be bought and fed (and what a dog can eat whose appetite is braced by the highland air let the *experti* tell), peats to be stacked, an interview arranged with a whiskey merchant, a hue and cry raised for gillies, *et his similia*. But then, after all, these things are understood beforehand—they are, as it were, in the bond ; it is only as if another hundred was added to Mr. Snowie's cheque, and by the hypothesis an extra hundred matters little to my lord. But it is the friend with the moderate income who must beware ; *ignarus mali*, he may think a visit to the Highlands and the Lowlands the same thing, and that the difference lies only in the railway ticket. Blissful simplicity ! money multiplies itself *eundo*, as much as it does by lying out at *nty* per cent. : the Scot is a canny man, and 'stands in' with his canny brethren : extra gillies must be engaged—those cartridges won't do for the birds on these moors—you must just gang to Inverness for salmon-flies, if you want to fish this river—two ponies more for the increase of one solid Englishman ; and so on. Once bit, learn to calculate twice. Our respectable but not wealthy friend looks these facts in the face and falls to considering ways

and means. If someone would only tax the matches *he* consumes and give him the proceeds things would be easy. What is to be done? A happy thought occurs to him: grouse shooting comes only once a year, and to him perhaps once or twice only in a lifetime; he will plunge and 'chance it.' So he draws on his next quarter's salary, has a rather unsatisfactory interview with the chief of his office (everyone is in the Civil Service nowadays), and packs his portmanteau. But his anxieties have only begun. After all, as he has often heard his sisters ask without comprehending the necessity of the question, after all, *what is he to wear?* His metropolitan garments may adorn the metropolis, his boots may do for the Arcade or the Zoo; but for heather or a bed of juniper, *allons!* He remembers having once possessed a rough suit in his provincial days, dittoes which in their day were 'all the go at Cockermouth;' perhaps *they* will satisfy the occasion. So not without misgivings as to the verdict which the head keeper will pass upon them (and this reminds him ruefully that keepers have risen in the market since Californian times, and nowadays despise anything below 'paper'), he sits on his portmanteau till it reluctantly locks, orders his Hansom, and is off. Naturally he travels second class, and to save hotel bills travels all night. *Suave mari magno*; it is sweet to be under a roof of any kind when night falls, and some men can sleep anywhere; but no one will say it is easy to sleep in a second class limited Scotch mail in the first decade of August. His companions are of an order that he has been taught to consider inferior to himself: not to speak ambiguously, they are my lord's servants, with tickets for his own destination. They are affable and condescending by nature, or art; but scratch the surface, let them be a trifle drowsy and disturbed in their slumbers, and they disclose the Tartar. Pleasant as it is to be the prop and stay of confiding woman or even of confiding man, yet to have your future cook reclining heavily on one shoulder, and your future valet lunging convulsively on the other in all the abandonment of sleep, to interlace knees with a groom who apparently rides races in his dreams, to support the haunches of a favourite setter, too valuable to travel in his proper place, this—to speak within the truth—is not conducive to repose. He traverses the broad counties of England; stations appear from time to time, or seem to appear; he acquires the art of exhibiting his ticket in his slumbers; and sunshine dawns upon him, an unhappy man, as he staggers from his carriage in vain quest of refreshment at a station which for fear of consequences shall be nameless. But why pursue misery into its secrets? All these things have to be done, but come to an end at last; perhaps they enhance the pleasure that lies beyond, and even these things it will be pleasant to remember.

Yes! it seems a pity at first thinking that the sport should lie so far off: but is not the game worth the candle? Suppose it lays nearer to hand, and a man could drop down to Braemar or elsewhere

as a man drops down from town to his favourite meet, just between his first and second breakfast and over his cigar, would it not vulgarise the sport? For some purposes, Dingwall is quite near enough to the metropolis: we need only compare the past and present of Goodwood to see how sport suffers from anything that annihilates distance. There are moors, so called, within reach of cockney sportsmen, and we know what the sport is on them. These eyes have once seen a grouse on the wing within shot of Buxton; but so Brummell once ate a pea. In what year was it before the 'Dark Blue' was conceived that a solitary snipe was once reported as having arrived at Port Meadow? We forget the year, but we know that all the artillery of Oxford turned out in quest of it. And if these are sombre reflections, they are suggestive. Let us be thankful that all honest moors lie beyond the reach of the London School Board. Imagine the genuine gillie snapt up by the ubiquitous policeman, and hurried off to the nearest 'Denominational.' Besides, it may be acutely questioned whether the distance and the consequent difficulty do not in themselves lend a factitious charm. At least we Englishmen pretend they do. What sent Mont Blanc out of fashion? The happy sarcasm of a Zermatt guide, gibing at the comparative ease with which the 'monarch' could be mastered. Describe a matter as easy and you rob it of its attractions. Invest it with all sorts of difficulty, place it at the other end of the hemisphere and your true Briton solemnly girds himself for the task. This is what we love to say of ourselves: very likely the Parisian pencil, or the American, paints the matter differently.

Life is too short to be broken into many fragments, and our Civil Service sportsman, released for a limited number of days from the services he renders to an ungrateful country, must needs hurry to his appointed bourne. Otherwise, if any words of ours could prevail with him, we would say: Break your journey, and breakfast; whatever you do, breakfast! All things have changed, and the world improves; the wave of civilisation has almost obliterated the genuine old Scotch breakfast; still the last footsteps have to be planted. One may yet find here and there, lingering among forgotten landmarks, some delightful remnants of the ancient custom. If you can find a decent cleanly inn, not ambitious of the loftier title of hotel, lying it may be just outside the grand tourist route, a station perhaps for post-horses when post-horses existed (if they ever existed in Scotland), now the haunt of the contented angler or the solitary pedestrian, take our advice and stop there to breakfast. You shall have—well, we will not spoil the market by saying what you shall have, but (take our word for it) you shall be grateful for our advice. You may come a day late in consequence to your tryst, you may cause your friend to lose his time and his temper (for has he not sent dog-cart and man seventeen mortal highland miles to meet you?), but—fate cannot harm you; you have

breakfasted, perhaps for the first time *à la Scot*. Now you dimly understand what the man deserved who invented a new pleasure.

Ghosts, as has been observed since the days of Hamlet, and possibly before, vanish regularly at dawn. Our Nimrod of the uncivil service, so perplexed amid contending anxieties the night before, so vexed during a night to which that of Clarence was delightful, is by this time another man. He is in Moorshire, and at the very gates of the Highlands; already the purer breeze, a divine afflatus, stirs his dusty locks; a few more hours and he reaches his journey's end. It is worth, he confesses, it is worth the long travel, the overcrowded train, the scanty refreshments, the disjointed slumbers, to stand in front of 'the Lodge' door and survey the glorious prospect. New to the scene, he imagines the whole waste of hill and moor to be within his beat; he fancies he hears the cry of the very grouse that shall be the first to fall before his gun on the morrow; he populates yonder noisy stream with gigantic trout or ascending salmon. Oh the confused pleasures of that evening, with its well-earned repose and its anticipations of coming sport! The talk is all 'shop' of course: to-morrow's beat, the chances of the bag, the disease or no disease among the birds, the choice of the dogs. Later on, and equally of course, the keeper must be invited in to sketch his plan for the campaign, and to drink the Saxon's health. Surely Scotch keepers are among the most wonderful of men. Your English keeper, who defends his partridge nests, and counts his pheasants accurately before they are shot, is not without a mysterious presence: but for mystery, and profound depth of meaning, and veiled consciousness of power, commend us to a Scotch keeper! The reserve with which he deals with the flood of questions, and the thinness of the stream of information that he vouchsafes! Purchase your own moor, or rent the same moor year after year, and the keeper of course grows to resemble other men in your eyes; the *recedentes anni* take away much of his mystery with them. He is your own servant, and is sensible where his bread is buttered. But hire a moor once and away, and it is *autre chose*. The man has a hundred good qualities which you cannot mistake. Look at his clear steady eye, his well-knit frame, his commanding jaw; a hundred good qualities, but he is pre-eminently *canny*. He is as one who acts for ever on the defensive. Urged by conflicting motives, he obeys the laws of dynamics which dictate a passive equilibrium to a body placed between equal opposing forces. Is he anxious to show his employer good sport? Of course he is, and proud withal to show the triumphs of his breeding skill. But, on the other hand, are not the grouse his own rearing, dear to him as the apple of his eye, or the bairns of his hearth, or the poems of his brain? And has he a heart to doom them all to death? And, moreover, is he to unfold all the secrets of his craft, the slow results of patient labour, to the feverish questions of a stranger; to unbosom himself in the

twinkling of an eye to one whom his eyes never saw before nor perchance will see again? So the stream of information trickles only, and your keeper remains to the end, as he began, a man of deep abiding mystery. Not but what he is to be managed by an artist, given a perfect temper, and the perseverance of Bruce's spider, and good luck. Show him that you consider him your superior, and that you feel yourself to be playing the pigmy to his giant; pay due deference to his dicta, accept thoughtfully the somewhat overbearing opinions he lays down, and, above all, happen to make one or two longish shots the first morning, and he may possibly relax. Perhaps he will volunteer a grim joke or two, not without a shrewd glance at your Cockermouth habiliments. Receive these again good-humouredly, and you are making progress. Who knows but what you have risen or even hooked your fish? As for bringing him to land, time alone can decide that, as a man is not to be called happy before his death. But with all these little peculiarities Sandy is a fine fellow, a sort of Zermatt guide in his way; and if he does exhibit with too little disguise his sense of power, it is because he *has* the sense. A man is not to tread his native heath for years to acknowledge the first comer as his equal or his superior. Meet him in the Lowlands perhaps, and you are as good a man as he: but among his native moors, and in the sport to which he was in a manner born, it is *impar congressus*. What a stalwart stride is that with which he mocks the inequalities of ground! What a magical instinct for the whereabouts of an odd bird! What a superb accuracy of eye to mark the exact tuft of heather a mile away that conceals a lost 'towerer!' What a *maestro* with his dogs; never an impatient movement, hardly his voice raised a note in rebuke; but with significant and silent gesture ever marshalling them 'across and across,' and they seemingly gifted with the true canine instinct to anticipate his wishes! But we grow enthusiastic again, *capti amore*. In truth, we have ourselves known some splendid instances of the class, and their memories are pleasant to us; a class whose days perhaps will soon be numbered if things go on as they have begun. And we have heard with impatience some of our young sprigs of fashion, gilded and scented youth, take hasty and superficial account of these same keepers, and pooh-pooh them in a mass. 'You should treat these fellows in the proper way,' sneers young Auratus: 'snub them the first hour you see them: show them that you mean to be the master.' Amiable specimens of our future legislators, qualifying by doing their best to transfer the spirit of Hurlingham to the wilds of Glenduff.

But time moves, brother sportsman, and it is fitting that we move also. 'Tis a luxurious hour, everyone knows, this sacred hour of luncheon; and not the least enjoyable part of it the last half hour, when the divine hunger and thirst have been appeased, and with wide-awake pulled over our brows to keep off the sun we have been lazily

exchanging remarks while we drank in with eyes and heart the influence of the scene. 'Tis is a pity only, this *amari aliquid* that ever and anon bubbles to the surface of the cup. It is sad to hear the query so often raised nowadays, on the moor and in the club, by the seaside and in the express, How long shall these things last? The taste for moor shooting has in fact advanced so rapidly in the last twenty years that one might well have misgivings as to its future. Is it, like cricket, big with the visible seeds of its own decay? Well may the owners of Scotch property be uneasy at the little cloud in the distance, towards which so many eyes with speculation in them are turning. What will happen after the deluge? Where will grouse shooting be, if the Game Laws are washed away? Partridge shooting will take care of itself, and is to a certain extent safe; but the grouse business has been an artificial one, and artificially protected, and it will bear no liberties. The popular member's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, sees in imagination whole miles of mountain moor dispossessed of the native bird, and given up to imported sheep: they are music to him, these bleatings upon a thousand fells; he beholds, or pretends that he beholds, a vast population fattening on the juicy chop or the compact leg; and he flings his statistics in your face if you hesitate for a moment to swallow his Shibboleth. But, oh shade of Adam Smith! is there anything more dangerous than figures? And are there not gains which had a thousand times better been losses? Shall these romantic valleys again grow desolate, so hardly opened to sport, the pioneer of advancing civilisation? Shall the lodge and the shooting-box disappear, to make way for the shepherd's cabin? Shall the little village relapse into the silence, the stagnation, the barbarism, from which it was slowly emerging? These are serious considerations, and demand serious treatment. It may be that the threatened changes are good, that they admit of successful defence. But at least they should be discussed soberly and without clamour; appeals to an ignorant populace, that they should judge as by a single glance questions far-reaching and all-important for the future, are surely the last things to be resorted to: and the question of the probable operation of the Game Laws in Scotland is precisely such a question. We do not fear any consequences of a mellow and considered legislation: what we do fear is that imperious spirit of assertion on one side, assisted by that incomprehensible passivity and reticence on the other, which has led to so many leaps in the dark being made during the last few years, with no precautions taken as to the possible nature of the landing on the other bank. *Verbum sapientibus!*

ARTHUR FABER.

THE CATTLE SPOIL OF DAIRT.

BY THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

[The 'Cattle Spoil of Dairt' is one of a cycle of stories which group themselves round the 'Tain Bo Chuailgne,' or Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne, a tale which held a leading place in the romantic literature of ancient Ireland.

It may have been the good fortune of some of our readers to have met with a book entitled 'The Irish before the Conquest,' in which Mrs. Ferguson has given an analysis of the 'Tain,' and of other tales and poems belonging to the heroic period of Irish history; or they may have read the spirited poem in which Samuel Ferguson embodies the wild legend of the loss and recovery of the 'Tain' in the time of Guaire, the hospitable King of Connaught, in the sixth century. To these sources, or to the fuller information to be found in Professor O'Curry's lectures, we may for the present refer those who are anxious to know more than we have space now to relate of a narrative which in Irish legend holds about the same position as the story of the Argonauts does in Greek mythology. The 'Tain' and the tales connected with it if printed would form a series of ancient Irish romance of considerably greater extent than the Welsh Mabinogion; and though an element of fiction enters largely into their composition they contain in them an abundance of actual historical material.

Along with the supernatural agents who are introduced appear kings and chieftains in whatever histories have been handed down to us, and concerning whom these legendary tales bear a testimony so uniform as to prove that the names which we encounter in them stand for real persons, though we may still be allowed to entertain serious doubts as to the alleged dates of their exploits.

But even supposing that these characters and events be regarded as mythical, we may safely conclude that the general colouring and minor details of the pictures set before us are true to nature.

Most of what relates to the usages of everyday life, dress, manners, and institutions may be relied on as accurate. There is the more reason to believe this as these historical tales of plunders, courtships, battles, expeditions by sea and land, feasts, sieges, elopements, slaughters,

and tragical deaths, were carefully catalogued, and the recitation of them on public occasions in the presence of kings and chiefs was one of the qualifications of the higher grades of the literary order.

In point of antiquity they bear comparison with almost any of the extant romances of the Western nations. The 'Tain' itself appears to have been reduced to its present shape about the beginning of the seventh century, and a copy of it exists in a manuscript written in the middle of the twelfth.

Readers of the 'Dark Blue' with a fresh recollection of the Saga of Frithiof, admirably translated from the Icelandic by Mr. William Morris, cannot fail to observe how unlike is the ancient Irish romance to the Scandinavian Saga.

The difference is as great—and we ought to expect it to be as great—as that which we recognise in the national characters of the Teuton and the Celt.

If the Saga has more of homely truthfulness, of vigorous and continuous action, of sturdy common sense, and exact delineation of the various traits of human character, the ancient Irish romance displays imagination and pathos to a degree remarkable in so rude an age.

The short tale which follows—or at least the original of it—might have suggested some curious discussions concerning matters of archæology, topography, and philology, but I have thought it best for the present to allow it to be regarded from a purely literary point of view.

It cannot lay claim to any peculiar merit of style.

The narrative is in part obscure, and its conclusion so abrupt as to give rise to the conjecture that we are not in possession of the entire tale. It may be regarded, however, as a fair sample of this class of narrative.

It is also deserving of notice that its author has, with a few brief but happy touches, succeeded in giving a dramatic individuality to the characters introduced into his story.

In my translation from the Irish I have adhered as closely to the original as the difference of idiom between our language and the Celtic has permitted me.]

At this time, Eochaidh Beg, son of Cairpri King of Cliach, was dwelling at Dun Cuilli, in the country of Hy Cuannach. He had forty fostersons, of the sons of the kings and chieftains of Munster; and forty milch cows to feed his forty fostersons.

Now King Ailell and Queen Meavee sent messengers to him bidding him come and speak with them. 'I will go,' said he, 'in a week from this day.' So the messengers took back that answer.

And it came to pass, not long afterward, as Eochaidh was in his bed-chamber, that a maiden and a young champion appeared to him in a vision. 'Ye are welcome,' said Eochaidh.—'We have come from far for that greeting,' said the twain.—'I would we were neigh-

bours,' said Eochaidh.—'Our dwellings are not far apart,' said the maiden, 'though we do not see one another.'—'Where do ye dwell?' said Eochaidh.—'In Sidh¹ Chuile,' said she.—'Wherefore come ye to me?' asked Eochaidh.—'We come,' said she, 'to give thee counsel.'—'What counsel?' asked Eochaidh.—'As to what befitteth thine honour and thy name,' said the maiden, 'when thou goest into far countries as thou hast occasion. Thou must take along with thee a great company, and horses, goodly, wondrous, brought from foreign lands. For the appointment thou art about to keep, we deem that thy equipment should be better than ordinary.'—'What should be the number of our company,' said he.—'Thou must take fifty horsemen,' said she, 'with costly bridles for the horses, and thou shalt receive all these things from me to-morrow at dawn in thy courtyard. For thou shalt have fifty iron-gray horses with their bridles of gold and fifty suits of princely apparel. And let all thy fostersons go with thee. It is meet that we should help thee; for thou dost well defend our country and our land and our inheritance.' And when they had said this, the twain departed.

And when Eochaidh arose on the morrow, fifty iron-gray horses were seen standing in a row at the door of the court; and fifty purple cloaks braided with gold; and fifty shirts embroidered with thread of gold: and fifty golden rods with ferules of silver; and fifty white foals with red ears, and rolling eyes, and blue hoofs, and silver bits and curbs of brass.

Now all this was done by magic. And the people were amazed at this thing. And Eochaidh told his vision unto them.

And when that company went forth on their way to Cruachain, people were smothered in the press of those who thronged to see them; albeit the number of the company was not great; for they were a wondrous and beautiful sight; fifty champions all equipped alike as hath been already told.

'Who is this?' asked Ailell as the company drew near.—'I will tell thee,' said his servant. 'It is Eochaidh Beg, son of the King of Cliach.' Then the company were let into the fort and into the palace. They were made welcome, and abode there feasting three days and three nights.

Then said Eochaidh 'Wherefore am I summoned hither?'—'That I may ask a gift of thee,' said Ailell. 'We have to bear a grievous burden, the burden of feeding the men of Erin whilst they are harrying the cattle of Cuailgne.'—'What gift dost thou desire?' said Eochaidh.—'A gift to us of milch cows,' said Ailell.—'The cows that I have are not more than I need,' said Eochaidh.—'I have forty fostersons with me of the sons of the kings and chieftains of

¹ The reader will observe that she was a Banshee, i.e. a woman, *bean*, of the fairy hills, *sidhe*.

Munster. There are forty cows to feed them, and I have seven score milch cows besides for their maintenance, and fifty more following these.'—'I ask,' said Ailell, 'a cow from every householder who is subject to thee. If it had chanced that the burden was on thee I would cheerfully have given thee relief.'—'It is well,' said Eochaidh, 'thou shalt have the cattle thou requirest.' Then they abode there three days and three nights, and after that they took leave of the King, and set forth for their own country.

And on the way Eochaidh was met by the three sons of Glaschu of Irros Domnann; seven score champions was the number of their company. They joined battle with him. It was at Insenacouchada in Meath that they met; and Eochaidh Beg the son of Cairpri fell there, and his forty fostersons along with him. When the tidings of these things were spread through the land of Erin, three hundred of the women of Munster died in mourning for the young men.

That night, as Ailell was asleep, he beheld a maiden and a young champion approach, the fairest he had ever seen. 'Whence come ye?' said Ailell, 'and what are your names?'—'We are Victory and Defeat,' said they.—'Victory is welcome and Defeat is unwelcome,' said Ailell.—'Thou shalt be victorious,' said the maiden, 'however it be. 'How near to us is that issue?' said Ailell.—'I will tell thee,' said she.—'Send on the morrow for a prey of cows to be brought thee from Dairt the daughter of Eochaidh. It is thine own son Orlam that thou must send. And go thou to gather a company to attend him.'—'With what number shall he go?' said Ailell.—'Let him have fifty horsemen,' said she, 'men of renown; and fifty of the young men of Connacht. Thou shalt have from me this day the same equipment as was provided for the young men that were killed yesterday; in horses, and bridles, and cloaks, and brooches, and in the number of each. Thou shalt receive all these things from me to-morrow at dawn in thy courtyard. Let us return to our own country now,' said she.

Then the twain went away immediately that same night to Corb Cliach Mac Taisigh of Munster, who dwelt in his court on the north bank of the Nemain, and they appeared unto him as he slept. 'Whence come ye?' said he, 'and what are your names?'—'Attack and Plunder,' said they.—'Attack is welcome and Plunder is unwelcome,' said Corb Cliach.—'Thou shalt not be plundered,' said the maiden, 'but thou shalt be attacked.'—'How shall that befall us?' said Corb Cliach.—'I will tell thee,' said the maiden. 'Thou shalt be attacked by the sons of kings and princes and chieftains.'—'Who are they?' said Corb Cliach.—'We will tell thee,' said the twain. 'All the noble youths that are in Connacht will come to carry off your cows after first killing thy young men. They will come to-morrow at evening to carry away from thee Dairt the daughter of Eochaidh. It is not in great numbers that they will come.'—'They shall be hindered by the protection of the men of Munster if they attempt the deed; and what

is their number?' asked Corb Cliach.—'Seven score champions,' said she: 'and they are seven score men mighty in battle. Now let us depart,' said she, 'that we may gather a host to meet them to-morrow in the evening.'

And on the morrow at early dawn the Connacht men went forth out of the court of Cruachain to the green, and there they beheld the horses and the bridles and the apparel, all as had been promised, at the door of the court, and the same as what they had seen with Eochaidh and the princes on the day before. Then Ailell's champions were in great doubt whether they would go or not. 'Twere a pity,' said he, 'to give up the chance of good fortune.'

Then Orlam went forth till he reached the house of Dairt the daughter of Eochaidh, in Cliu Clasaigh in Munster, on the south shore of the Shannon. There they unharnessed, and Dairt received him gladly. Three beeves were sent to them. 'We shall not need to dress them,' said Orlam. 'Let our men carry their food with them on horseback.' This was because they were in fear of the enemy, being in the heart of Munster. 'Wilt thou come away with me, O maiden?' said Orlam.—'I will go, indeed,' said the maiden: 'and take thou the cattle with thee.' Then Orlam and his company surrounded the cattle and carried them away, and the maiden with them.

THROUGH KERRY.

A BREAK in the weather at last ! Looking from my window, I see that the mists have all cleared away, that the tops of the mountains bordering Killarney are not as usual invisible, and that their broad shoulders are bathed in most exquisite gradations of light and shade, instead of as heretofore being covered with one universal leaden hue. When I say that my quarters at Killarney are at the Railway Hotel people who do not know the locality will most probably stare at my mention of the word 'mountain,' imagining that the establishment, like others of its kind, has its back to the station and its face to the street, is shaken to its foundation by passing trains, and echoes in every corridor with the hoarse whistle of distant engines. I know all about such an hotel. In the course of a not inconsiderable amount of travelling I have stayed at several such caravanserais, and through the media of my eyes and ears have learned to understand how trains were 'made up,' 'shunted,' 'sided,' 'and 'switched ;' to know the nights when the goods might be calculated to be light or heavy, and even to distinguish the voices of some of the locomotives.

The Railway Hotel at Killarney, though approachable from the station by a covered way and commanding a distant view of a little branch of the Great Southern and Western line, stands in the midst of a large garden, charmingly laid out and beautifully kept, with the horizon, as seen from its upper windows, fringed on three sides by mountains, while at the back the emerald lawn is only separated by a scarcely perceptible undulation from a great nobleman's park, where elm trees, standing in soldierly array along an apparently interminable avenue, stretch out their long arms on either side, and afford a grateful shelter for the two or three brood mares now loitering beneath their shade.

The weather of late has been something fearful, and there is a general impression among Englishmen that it always rains in Ireland ; but even those most interested in maintaining the contrary are now compelled to allow that for the last six weeks there has not been a single day on which it has not rained a great deal, and scarcely one on which anything like one of the usual excursions was possible.

Men have come, and men have gone, but the rain like Mr. Tennyson's 'Brook' has gone on for ever. It has been impossible to make any head against the weather. People who went forth in the morning smiling and happy, gorgeous in the tourist's suit 'for mountain, loch, or moor,' in pretty costumes, or striped tarlatan petticoats, have returned to dinner sulky and dispirited, mere heaps of sodden clothing, having to be dragged out from beneath dripping umbrellas, and printing themselves off in damp impressions upon every floor they step on, or wall they touch. And the worst of it is that while the wet weather scares away all the pleasant guests, who hurry off to less isolated regions, it has an opposite and deterrent effect upon the unpleasant ones, who are perpetually exciting hopes in themselves and others, by discovering bits of blue sky, and by tapping and shaking the barometer in the hall, an unfortunate instrument which has been so much performed upon during the past month by the knuckles of irritated tourists, that it has quite abandoned all self-respect, and gives as answer whatever first comes into its metal face.

Thus, the American party, consisting of the well-known painter and his *piquante* and pretty little wife, the well-known author, so different indeed from his books in being grave, and earnest, and practical, but so courteous and fascinating in his conversation, and his two daughters so fresh and enthusiastic, have gone away, while the Yankee colonel, who is supposed to sleep in his boots, as he never puts them outside his door at night, but goes into the pantry for the purpose of having them blacked, and who entertains strong views on the subject of Irish independence, which he loudly expresses at the *table d'hôte*; and the Yankee family with the father who might be less objectionable in the manner of clearing his throat, the daughters who dress like caricatures of the Paris fashion plates, and the two sons of whom the elder is probably twelve, and who smoke cigars and occupy the billiard table—these still remain, and take a prominent part in all the proceedings. Similarly the pleasant military man who told such interesting stories of his service during the Indian Mutiny, and without the least attempt at swagger or show of professional learning showed us the ins and outs of the Army Bill, and the young officer whose very light eyebrows and moustache, standing out on his deeply-bronzed face, gave him an air of being perpetually in a state of surprise, and who kept us amused with all the mess table jokes, divested of the mess table slang; these two had gone away, while the two veterans at the end of the table, the one with a wig and whiskers, the other with a few sparse hairs brushed from his cranium, and the gummed and dyed moustache, remained as fixtures, growling out to each other their dull professional talk about 'Johnson of the 48th—man they used to call "Cockey Johnson," not Bob—little fellow with eyeglass, don't you know,' and in a rumbling monotone cursing the dinner, the waiters, and the company generally. The rather nice new married

couple, pretty girl and tall handsome young fellow, only stopped a couple of days, but the rather nasty married couple, the woman with the face like a bad photograph when the sitter has moved during the operation, and the man with tusks instead of teeth, and paws instead of hands, have been here for a week, are to be met with in the passages holding each other's hands like the 'Babes in the Wood,' and evince no intention of departing.

The fine weather, however, the first glimpse of which I see from my bed-room window this July morning will change all this, will scatter those who have remained so long amongst us to the far ends of the island, and will bring a totally different set to fill up their places. When after breakfast I make my way through the hall on to the steps, I find Mr. Curry, the manager, carrying in his hand his slate memorandum book, and attended by Stephen Spillane, the well-known chief guide of the district, giving instructions for the comfort of the various visitors, who, bent on excursions, are crowding round him. One by one he calls up the cars, wagonettes, or britskas that are in attendance, or summons in parties of two or four, the boatmen neatly attired in blue jerseys and white trousers (have I seen a pair of white-duck trousers since the death of the great Duke of Wellington?), and gives to each verbal instructions, supplemented by a scrap of paper on which is written the number of the rooms occupied by the party confided to boat or vehicle, which is afterwards surrendered as a check on their weekly account. Old Hector, the great black Newfoundland dog, is sadly put about, and worried out of his usual sedateness by the never-ceasing bustle of the up-driving cars. 'Now Captain Johnson,' says Mr. Curry, turning to an English gentleman who with two ladies has been throwing himself backwards like an acrobat in his endeavours to catch a glimpse of any passing cloud which may absolve him from the dreaded duty of making an excursion, 'this is the car for you! Hegarty' (this to the driver), 'though Muckross and Dinish, the Torc waterfall and O'Sullivan's cascade, and mind you are back by three at latest, as the gentleman is going by the four train.' The party mount, start, and in the very act of taking off his hat to them departing, Mr. Curry is giving instructions for the conveyance of another party to the Gap of Dunloe, who are to be driven as far as the Pike Rock, whence—with the exception of an old lady for whom a pony is specially ordered—they will walk to Lord Brandon's cottage, where they will embark in a boat manned by four stalwart rowers, who are simultaneously told off to meet them, and to whom are confided two large flat hampers, pleasantly suggestive of luncheon.

'No, Mr. Curry, no repetition of these smaller excursions for me to-day. I have done them all already, have listened to the dreary "patter" of the boatmen about O'Donoghue and his white horses, his library, eye-glass, and prison, have undergone an experience which would have been degrading if it had not been so comic, of sitting in a boat in the

middle of the lake in the midst of the pouring rain, while a tall aged boatman without any teeth joined his short and energetic companion in growling out seventy-four verses of the "Cruiskeen Lawn," and have in fact comported myself as a British tourist ought to do. Now I am going farther a-field.'

On a trip which with its return journey will take up two days and the distance being long and the roads heavy, I am provided with a light britska and a strong active pair of horses, driven by James, who is not only an excellent whip, but, as Stephen Spillane impresses upon me in a confidential whisper, 'can be depended upon for sobriety,' a quality not to be despised on a road in some parts of which, as I am afterwards informed, 'av the horses backed ye'd fall over into the say!' Further, going into wild regions where, though the accommodation is certain to be clean, the fare is equally certain to be homely, I am provided with some bottles of claret, which I am assured I can open without affront to my hosts, and on which no corkage will be expected. So thus well provided I start.

Down the avenue, through the gates, and out into the town, which has the characteristics of most Irish towns very fully developed. Nowhere, perhaps, throughout Ireland is there more dirt, stench, clamour, and idleness than in the town of Killarney. The pigs lie in the middle of the road and will scarcely move out of the way of the passing cars; the gutters are filled with vegetable refuse and filth of every kind; the men and women lounge against the walls, or stand in knots on the pavement and in the roadway, talking, wrangling, and gesticulating with something like foreign energy, or idly combing their hair with their fingers, and scratching themselves freely. The comic actor and the music-hall vocalist, good as they are at exaggeration, have never been able to approach, much less to exceed, the grotesqueness of the costume of these people. The picture of Mr. Sweeney as Paddy O'Rafferty, which is exhibited outside the Hall of Momus in some low London neighbourhood, is apparently highly coloured, but Mr. O'Rafferty's hat is a new Lincoln and Bennett in comparison with the conical article, in shape like an enormously exaggerated rifle bullet, which forms the headgear of the men. Mr. O'Rafferty's coat (on the tail of which, by the way, he is always requesting somebody to tread) is justly regarded as abnormal, but it is an ordinary garment when compared with the structure in hideous brown cloth, so squarely wide in the waist, so long in the tail, so overwhelming in the collar, and garnished with such dull spiritless metal buttons. Whence do they come, these hats and coats? They cannot have been new within the memory of the generation, for even Irish dirt could not have produced in the time that gloss of grease, those stains remindful of feast and fray! Are they heirlooms, and is that the cause of our seeing so many coatless vagabonds loafing in the streets? Sons waiting in their rags until their fathers' decease entails upon them the family garment. They

wear breeches, do these men, of the kind technically know as 'shorts,' good thick blue or gray worsted stockings, and heavy ankle boots; as for the women, the everlasting shawl, the perpetual red petticoat, and the never-failing dirty legs, are all to the fore with them. Oh, clever gentlemen, Irish novelists and dramatists, when you show us your Colleen Bawns, or Arrah-na Poguees, your Shelahs and Mavourneens, why don't you at the same time tell us that for one pretty face we shall see a hundred that are plain and fifty that are absolutely hideous? And why don't you confess that even of the pretty ones the majority are generally very dirty? Ulysses-like, I have seen cities and men—and women too for the matter of that—and I am willing to confess that while in the streets of Dublin I have in the space of a couple of hours seen more pretty and elegantly-dressed girls than any other city could furnish in a day's walk, I have never, save perhaps in the Canton Valais, encountered such very hideous females, and so many of them as in the provincial towns and rural districts of Ireland.

One thing specially noticeable as we wend our way through the town is the entire absence of all that liveliness and jocularity which is supposed to characterise the Irish peasant. Between Hamlet and the grave-digger—and that is not a happy illustration, for I am not sure that a certain quaint cynicism in each does not make an affinity between them—between Hamlet and Osrick, let us say, there is not a greater difference than between the 'rollicking boy' of fiction, with his stories, his songs, and his wondrous repartee, and the heavy, stolid, whiskey-sodden, sullen-looking men who line Killarney streets.

Quite a relief now to get out into the open, past the handsome Roman Catholic Cathedral built by Pugin, and ornamented with plenty of that 'stucco-twiddling' in which, as Browning tells us, that clever men delighted—and past the workhouse, not ornamental but decidedly useful, containing as it does between four and five hundred inmates. The roads in Ireland have always been highly praised; that on which we are travelling is excellent; even the vast amount of rain which has fallen has been only sufficient to give it a comparatively slight coating of mud. It is broad, sound, and well kept, and presents the advantage of being supported without a tax on the traveller in the shape of turnpike fees. A romantic high road too, now stretching for a long distance under the shade of huge trees, now winding over a sharply-inclined bridge under which rushes a broad brown stream, here singing over its pebbly bed, there silently urging its swollen course between the deep banks, and ever reminiscent of the torrents of the Scottish Highlands. Now on either side of our course lies an enormous tract of bogland, from many parts of which the turf has been stripped, and the 'sods' lie in heaps to be taken home and dried for winter firing. So, on and on, with the horizon on the left hand ever bounded by Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the other mountains whose feet are bathed in Killarney's lakes; past the great tourists' attraction, the Gap of

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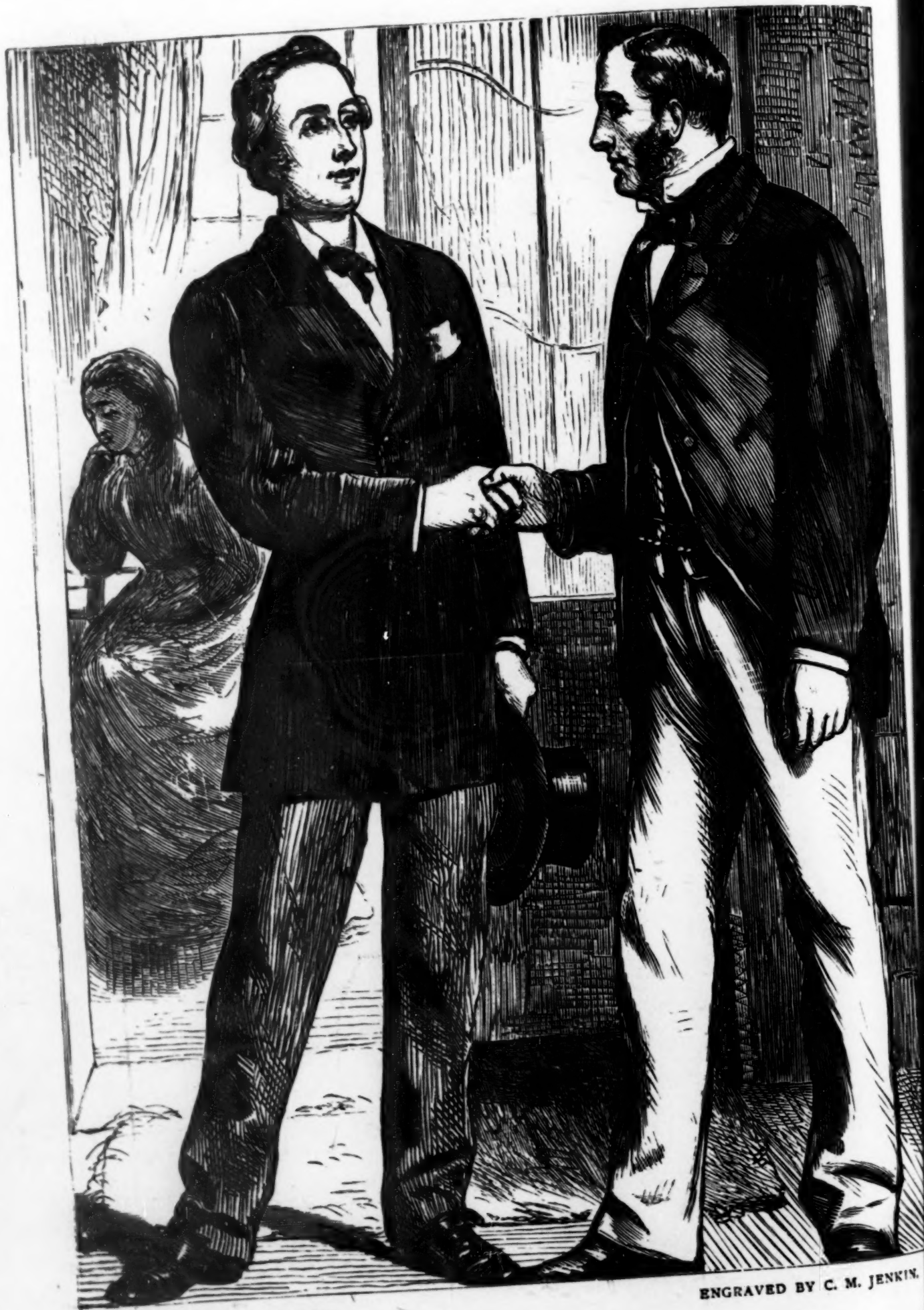
Dunloe, and away into a country grim, savage, and strewn with huge boulders. Farther on the aspect of the neighbourhood changes somewhat, and our course lies through a series of small fields or 'holdings' divided from each other by stone walls, and covered with that bright and luxuriant herbage which is only to be seen in Ireland.

Half of our journey is accomplished. It is luncheon time now, and James pulls up his steeds, which he has driven with great judgment, and which show but little signs of distress considering the distance they have traversed, at an inn at Rossbeigh—the Shea's Inn, to call it by its proper denomination, for Mrs. Shea is a great personage in the country, and rents all the principal fishing in the neighbourhood, which is placed at the disposal of the gentlemen staying at her house. These are principally military men, some still on active service, some retired, who make this their head quarters during all the months when fishing is practicable. I get my luncheon, capital eggs and bacon, in the room appropriated to them; they are all out engaged in their favourite occupation. Strange, to find in this wild, out-of-the-way spot recent copies of popular periodicals, 'scrofulous French novels' in their yellow paper covers, and even the latest London saying, for, written in a round hand on a piece of paper pinned over the mantelself are the words 'the fish rise and still they are not happy.' This inn, and two others within a circuit of twenty miles, the Carra Lake and Glencarra, the last of which I visited the next day, are models of cleanliness and comfort, and are regularly visited by determined anglers from all parts of Ireland and of England; who passing the whole day in the water or on its banks, mess together quietly in the evening, and after the consumption of a certain amount of tobacco, get to bed at an early hour, and thus lay in a splendid stock of health, or recruit that already exhausted by metropolitan dissipation.

In an hour's time we are again *en route*, but the scenery we now pass through is much wilder than any we have previously travelled; the tracts of bog-land are larger and more frequent, the cabins are smaller, worse built, worse thatched, and less ventilated than any we have yet met with. Through the low narrow hole in the cabin which serves at once as door, window, and chimney, and immediately before which is always a standing pool of reeking slush, dabbled in by a few dirty ducks, we catch a glimpse of female figures and children grovelling on the naked earth floor, the best place on which is nearly always occupied by a sprawling ill-favoured pig, while poultry roost on lines strung from one to the other of the inside walls and add their quota to the general filth and discomfort.

EDMUND YATES.





DRAWN BY D. T. WHITE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

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